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THE

WRITINGS

OF

ROBERT C. SANDS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
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MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT C. SANDS.

Robert C. Sands was born in the city of New-York, May 11th, 1799. He was the son of Comfort Sands, for many years an eminent merchant of that city, who had, during the war of the Revolution, and especially in its early and most doubtful stages, distinguished himself for his zealous and active support of American Independence, and who outliving all his colleagues and fellow-labourers in that cause, is, after the lapse of fifty-nine years, the sole survivor of the New-York Committee of Public Safety, and of the Convention which declared the independence of the State of New-York, and framed its first constitution.

Young Sands was remarkable at an uncommonly early age for great quickness of apprehension and facility in acquiring knowledge. In this instance, as in many similar ones, the influence of his mother's mind, information, and tastes, was very marked in the early development of her son's intellect, and the exciting in him an ardent thirst for knowledge and love of reading. He began the study of Latin at the age of seven. Some time after he removed with his father's family to Newark, New-Jersey; now a large, populous, and thriving town, but at that time remarkable as being one of the most beautiful and quiet villages of our land. There he pursued classical studies under the instruction of Mr. Findlay. He appears to have been singularly fortunate in meeting with such a teacher, for classical instruction was at that time at a very low ebb throughout the country. With a few very honourable exceptions (and those chiefly in the larger cities), this occupation was in the hands of young men, who looked to it only for a temporary support, and who, as they were imperfectly ac-

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quainted with the languages themselves, and wholly ignorant of their delicacies and beauties, could not teach what they did not know, and made no attempt to give their pupils a better instruction than they had received themselves. But Sands always gratefully acknowledged the high merit of Mr. Findlay, who, as he frequently remarked, early succeeded in inspiring him with a comprehension of the beauties of Virgil, and a relish for his poetry, which he never lost. The Æneid was always afterward his refreshment when wearied by severer studies; and to the last day of his life it was a common practice with him, whenever he wished to kindle his imagination, or excite that intellectual glow congenial to eloquent composition, to animate his mind by the harmonious verses of the Mantuan poet.

He was afterward placed under the care of the late Rev. P. M. Whelpley, subsequently pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New-York, by whom he was prepared for college. He was admitted into the Sophomore Class of Columbia College, New-York, in October, 1812. This college had long been distinguished for sound and accurate instruction in the dead languages; but just before Sands's entrance, its course of study had been remodelled and improved, and its discipline and instruction had received a fresh and vigorous impulse from the talent and learning of Dr. Mason, who had been elected provost the year before. Classical learning, in particular, was carried much further than had been heretofore usual in the academic institutions of America; and the Grecian poets, tragedians, and orators were taught not merely as the authorities of language, but as models of thought and style. Sands was fortunate here not only in his teachers, but in the companions of his studies. Among these were several young men of high promise, and especially his intimate and beloved friend the late James Eastburn, afterward a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a youth of great moral excellence as well as of a most fertile and highly-cultivated mind. Several years after, in some unpublished verses, Sands alluding to this early literary friendship, thus addressed his friend:—

E'en then that chastened purity of soul
Became the destined sacerdotal stole;
E'en then example checked my wider range,
Which precept vainly strove, I fear, to change.

Under such advantages and with such a companion he continued to pursue, with unflagging zeal, the study of the languages and authors of antiquity, especially the poets, whom he read with a deep and fine feeling for their beauties. The other branches of collegiate study, and particularly the mathematics, of which a very full and accurate course was taught, were mastered by him with the same ease and facility as his more favourite literary studies. But he seems never to have recurred to those studies in after-life, nor did they furnish him with many topics of illustration or of argument in his writings, so that the facility with which he mastered the academic course, seems rather an evidence of general capacity than of any inclination or taste for mathematical or physical studies.

In his second collegiate year (the junior or third of the academic course), he set on foot, in conjunction with his friend Eastburn and some other young associates, a literary periodical, entitled "The Moralist," which, however, lived only through a single number. Not discouraged by this failure, the same associates shortly after established a second and similar work, which was entitled, "Academic Recreations," and published in neatly-printed duodecimo numbers. The contents were entirely literary or classical, and though of course bearing sufficient evidence of the youth of their authors, yet did credit to their scholarship and taste. It lived only to the end of the year; Mr. Sands having contributed a large proportion both in prose and verse.

He was graduated A.B. in 1815, and soon after began the study of law in the office of David B. Ogden, a distinguished and eloquent advocate of the city of New-York. He entered upon his new course of study with an ardour and lively curiosity not very common among young law-students, who have ever been "smit with the love of sacred song," or familiar with the delights of elegant literature. His legal studies, however, were regular and even profound. His law reading was extensive and laborious, and he became not only well acquainted with the more practical professional knowledge, but soon acquired a relish for the abstruse doctrines and subtle reasonings of the ancient common-law, which, if he did not quite esteem as the perfection of human reason, he yet throughout life regarded with a certain filial reverence, that scarcely permitted him to feel much charity for what he

deemed the heresies of codification and reform. He frequently expressed such opinions, generally in jocose language, but always with a sober meaning. Thus, for instance, in a whimsical miscellaneous essay of his on various temporary subjects of the day, written after his admission to the bar:—"Why cannot I too uplift my testimony on the fertile topic of codification, and legislate for the whole New Continent? Because, oh my judgment, thou knowest that half of the smaller fry, who sing chorus to Jeremy Bentham, have not yet found out what the meaning of codification is; and never could nor can explain what they want. And, moreover, had these same Solons, who are the men and with whom wisdom will die, been born under the Old Testament dispensation, and raised in the Land of Promise, they would have been equally uproarious for codifying the moral law, and appointing a committee to revise Deuteronomy and Leviticus."

He was not stimulated in his legal studies merely by an indiscriminate curiosity and blind reverence for antiquity. His aspirations for professional distinction were noble and generous. In some verses, written about this period, not unlike in thought and feeling to the celebrated Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse of Sir William Blackstone, and perhaps suggested by it, he says,—

Farewell, delusive dreams! I ask not now
The wreath that crowns the immortal poet's brow,
Bought with a lingering pang of hope deferred,
While glad success in his cold urn interred,
Wakes not her taper's trembling brilliancy,
Till on his vision bursts eternity!
Far other prospects open on *me* now,
Wild wastes and mountains bleak with rugged brow,—
A mazy path that time hath ever strewed
With tangled weeds, and many a bramble rude;
Where patient toil alone the end can win,
This journey ever seeming to begin.
But, oh! how glorious is the meed obtained,
By honest labour and by virtue gained.
Who would not mount to live in deathless fame,
And link his own with Tully's honoured name;
A prouder boast than conquered armies tell,
Or vanquish'd realms, a victor's praise that swell.

The ardour with which he pursued his legal studies, and the

feeling which animated him in them, are strongly shown in a passage of a letter to a friend, written in 1817.

"I am now making an abstract of Coke upon Littleton, and do actually feel as much interested in it as I once was in Henry IV. Certainly there is no study in which those two grand faculties of intellect, reason and memory, are so much exercised as law. Venerable name! Pettifoggers have trod in its temple and sullied its Parian marble, and knaves have wove their filmy cobwebs around its walls, but the statues of Cicero and Hortensius, of Montesquieu, Coke, Hale, Blackstone, and Hamilton, are towering in all their dignity, and the mighty fabric rears its majestic head the prop and the glory of the earth."

Still he found time for the study of the classics, and in company with two or three friends, read several of the most difficult of the Greek authors, most exactly and critically. His love of composition, which he himself termed "his mental mania," continued to grow upon him. He wrote on all subjects and for all purposes; and in addition to essays, verses, &c., on topics of his own choice, volunteered to write orations for the commencement displays of young graduates, verses for young lovers, and even sermons for young divines. Several of the latter, written in an animated and perhaps florid style, were much admired, when delivered in the pulpit with good emphasis and discretion, to congregations who little suspected to whom they were indebted for their edification. One of them, at least, has been printed under the name of the clergyman by whom it was delivered.* In 1817 he published a poem, which he had begun and in great part written four years before. It was called "The Bridal of Vaumond," and was a metrical romance, in the irregular measure of Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, and founded on the same legend of the transformation of a decrepit and miserable wretch into a youthful hero, by compact with the infernal powers, which forms the groundwork of Byron's Deformed-Transformed. I know not whether both of these poems do not owe their origin to Pickersgill's spirited Romance of the Three Brothers, published some

* Lest from the previous mention of the intimacy between Sands and the Rev. James Eastburn, any reader should suppose that he was the clergyman alluded to, it is due to his memory to say, that he would never resort to his friend or any one else for such aid.

years before, a book that seems never to have much attracted public attention. The Bridal of Vaumond was harshly criticized in a review of some reputation and ability, then published in New-York; and whether from this cause or from the defects consequent upon the author's immaturity of mind, coupled with the then very general indifference to American literature, it sunk into oblivion. It bears, however, strong marks of talent and learning. The facility of its versification, the command of poetical language and imagery, the brilliancy of many of its conceptions, occasionally, and the daring wildness of its fancy, gave promise of greater things. But the author, after the first feelings of disappointment were passed, seemed willing to let it die as a juvenile production; and never referred to this early publication, in conversation, but with apparent dislike.*

I am not certain whether it is to this, or to some of his still earlier writings, that he alludes in one of his manuscripts, when he says,—

> And now when two short years have brought the cure
> That checks the mental mania premature,
> And shows how oft, when most I wished to rise,
> My grovelling muse was furthest from the skies;
> Still do I deem the public scorn unjust,
> That gave my labours to unclassic dust.

It was during the period of these studies that he and three of his friends, of as many different professions, formed an association, of a somewhat remarkable character, under the name of the Literary Confederacy. The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves solemnly to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavour, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. They stipulated that whenever any two or more members should be within two miles of each other for any length of time exceeding a week,

* It has, on this account, been omitted in the present collection.

they should meet together. This compact of friendship was most faithfully kept to the time of Mr. Sands's death, though the primary and purely literary objects of it were gradually given up as other cares and duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first years of its existence, the Confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical journals, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays, under the title of the Neologist, and another under the title of the Amphilogist, which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated and republished in the newspapers of the day. Mr. Sands wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse.

His friend Eastburn had now removed to Bristol, Rhode-Island, when, after for some time studying divinity under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold, he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and soon after settled at Onancock, on the eastern shore of Virginia. A regular and frequent correspondence was kept up between these friends; and the letters that happen to have been preserved, are filled with the evidence of their literary industry, zeal, and ardour. Mr. Eastburn had undertaken a new metrical version of the Psalms, which the pressure of his clerical duties and his untimely death prevented him from ever completing. Sands was led by his general literary curiosity as well as by his intimacy with Eastburn, to acquire some knowledge of the Hebrew. It was not very profound, but it induced and enabled him to try his hand too at the same translation; and he from time to time sent his friend a psalm paraphrased in verse.

The following extracts from one of his letters to his friend, in 1819, relating to this subject, as well as his other studies, are very characteristic.

"Touching the Psalms of David by J. W. Eastburn (Taylor's Sermons by Dr. Johnson), I am sincerely glad that you have set at them vigorously; and only hope that the indispensable prelude of Hebrew, and symphony of commentators, may not drown the melody they accompany. An English version of the Psalms, faithful, yet free; close, yet evangelical; poetical, but devotional; is unquestionably a desideratum: and if one of our Confederacy could accomplish it, it would certainly be the most durable monument that we can desire to perpetuate our remembrance. It

would be hard to produce a more enviable immortality than Watts enjoys, who is known by heart by so many Christians, and whose words, the vehicle of their most sensible devotion, are sounded so often in the most majestic of human temples. To produce the best possible paraphrase of the Songs of Israel, the poet should undoubtedly have in his eyes the whole map of the Holy Land, geographical and political; be familiar with the Jewish history, manners, and ritual; and then, feeling as a Christian, proceed to spiritualize his theme: remembering always that his only task is to correct the Hebrew future into the Christian present tense; and that he is unjustifiable in omitting a single allusion, since every thing was typical. By-the-way, the Hebrew language was singularly adapted to the state of the people, who had themselves no present tense; who, deep in the shadow of the past, seem to have flitted on the scene, as if in a pre-existent state; called up by the divine magician, like the images of the future on the clouded mirror of the wizard; and all whose institutions were only promises of their more glorious metempsychosis. Now, O Posthumus Terentianus, since we are willing to concede to the Deacon of Onancock a certain portion of imagination, and know from many specimens of his perseverance that the said deacon has considerable industry, we see no reason to doubt his capacity of executing the aforementioned version, on the plan and principles aforesaid. I am convinced that the process of paraphrase may be conducted mechanically. (If that term may be applied to the mind. As for the mere rhyme, we all know that it comes to *you*, of course!)

* * * * * * *

"We read Herodotus (in whose style of digression—as we are all creatures of imitation—this epistle is composed), from one to half-past two every day, as a change from poetry. We shall finish Clio this week, when we shall probably attack Æschylus again. I believe I wrote you that we had finished the translation of Prometheus. I am now translating the Orestes of Euripides. When we commence reading the Greek tragedians, with our heads full of modern poetry, we are most pleased with the wildness, unnaturality, and verboseness of Æschylus. I use these qualifying words not in a bad sense, for Æschylus has method in his madness, sublimity and consistency in his fables, and beautiful,

or rather admirable felicity in his compound epithets. I venerate him as much as Parson Adams did, and should be sorry to compare him with modern plagiarists. But I must confess, after reading the Orestes, Hecuba, Alcestis, and Cyclops, the admirable tenderness, simplicity, keeping of character, nature (and, perhaps more than all, the facility with which he is read) of Euripides, have made me a convert to his admirers. I do not like Sophocles. It may, however, arise from a vitiation of taste. I move that the Confederacy make it one of their objects to effect translations of the chef-d'œuvres of the Greek tragedians.

"You say you can give us dissertations on Hebrew poetry and oriental manners: I wish you would. It would add still more to the variety of our papers, and promote their reputation for scholarship. Could not you write a tale, and lay the scene in Judea? You can so easily find a plot in the Bible or Josephus, that you can soon finish one; or else take any fable, and the oriental costume will give it an original air."

* * * * * * *

But amid their severer studies and their literary amusements, the two young friends were engaged in a bolder and more sustained poetical enterprise. This was a romantic poem, founded on the History of Philip, the celebrated Sachem of the Pequods, the brave and almost successful leader of the great Indian wars against the New-England colonists in 1675 and 1676. It was planned by Eastburn during his residence at Bristol, Rhode-Island, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient capital of the Pequod race, where, and in the neighbourhood of which, the scene is laid. In the year following, when he visited New-York, the plan of the proposed story was drawn up in conjunction. "We had then," said Sands, "read nothing on the subject; and our plot was formed from a hasty glance into a few pages of Hubbard's Narrative. After Mr. Eastburn's return to Bristol, the poem was written, according to the parts severally assigned; and transmitted, reciprocally, in the course of correspondence. It was commenced in November, 1817, and finished before the summer of 1818; except the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto, which were added after Mr. Eastburn left Bristol. As the fable was defective from our ignorance of the subject, the execution was also from the same cause, and the hasty mode of composition, in every respect, im-

perfect. Mr. Eastburn was then preparing to take orders; and his studies, with that view, engrossed his attention. He was ordained in October, 1818. Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, in Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the first two cantos of this poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work when he returned to New-York, in July, 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, intending to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource, to recruit his exhausted constitution." He died on the fourth day of his passage, December 2d, 1819.

The work thus left imperfect, was revised, arranged, and completed, with many additions by Sands. It was introduced by a *Proem*, in which the surviving poet mourned, in noble and touching strains, the accomplished friend of his youth, with whom

> ——— —— began the love
> Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
> Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,
> O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams:—
> Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
> Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
> For ever lit by memory's twilight beams;
> Where the proud dead that live in storied page
> Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age;

and with whom he had essayed to

> ——— evoke the plumed chieftains brave,
> And bid their martial hosts arise again,
> Where Narraganset's tides roll by their grave,
> And Haup's romantic steeps are piled above the wave.

This Proem as a whole is beautiful; and our language has, I think, few passages of more genuine and more exquisite poetry than the first four and the six concluding stanzas. They have a sobered and subdued intensity of feeling, carrying with it the conviction of truth and reality, while at the same time they

glow with an opulent splendour of language and allusion, not unworthy of the learned imagination of Milton himself.

The poem was published under the title of Yamoyden, at New-York in 1820.

It unquestionably shows some marks of the youth of its authors, besides some other imperfections arising from the mode of its composition, which could not fail to prove a serious impediment to a clear connexion of the plot, and a vivid and congruous conception of all the characters. Yet it has high merit in various ways. Its descriptions of natural scenery are alike accurate and beautiful. Its style is flexible, flowing, and poetical. The language, more especially in Sands's part of the work, is enriched by an evident familiarity with Comus, and the minor poems of Milton; perhaps leaning a little too much to a fondness for more unusual archaisms of construction and phrase not always worth reviving. The poem is rich throughout with historical and antiquarian knowledge of Indian history and tradition; and every thing in the customs, manners, superstitions, and story of the aborigines of New-England, that could be applied to poetical purposes, is used with skill, judgment, and taste. Such is the power with which some of the almost repulsively horrible imagery of the savage superstitions is used, that the author of an admirable and most eloquent review of Yamoyden, in the North American Review, does not hesitate to say of it, "We do not remember any thing finer of the semi-infernal kind, except Shakspeare's witches. We are at a loss how to praise this part of the poem sufficiently to satisfy ourselves, without seeming extravagant. We think we see in it proof of an imagination equal to a story of the class of the Vampire, or the Monk, which should make those horrible fictions seem almost nursery tales."*

The publication of this poem gave Mr. Sands great literary reputation throughout the United States, to which the review that has just been quoted aided not a little. He became personally known to many distinguished literary men, and in a visit to Boston, in particular, received many and most flattering attentions, in

* North American Review, No. XII. p. 466. The concluding pages of the Review, in which the fitness of our early American history for the purposes of poetical and romantic fiction are pointed out, are splendidly eloquent.

spite of a harsh allusion in Yamoyden to the modern theology of Harvard University.

In 1820, he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the city of New-York. He entered upon his professional career, as has been said, filled with high hopes and an ardent love of the learning of the law. These were sufficiently strong to induce him to decline an offer of honourable employment in another walk, which would appear to have been more adapted to his taste or acquirements. A great effort had been made to resuscitate Dickenson College, at Carlisle, Penn., a respectable seminary of learning, that had been depressed by various adverse circumstances. The legislature of Pennsylvania had granted a liberal allowance for the salaries of several professors for a term of years. Dr. Mason, of New-York, was chosen president, and invited to select his own body of professors. He selected Sands, then just of age, to fill the chair of Belles Letters. After a short consideration he declined the office, and Dr. Mason, who was anxious to compose his academic corps of young men, as well as of men of talents, then solicited him to select a substitute from among his literary companions. But he was not destined to the success at the bar that his young ambition had pictured to him in such brilliant colours, and which in truth his talents and love of the profession seemed to authorize him to expect. His first attempt as an advocate, without being a failure, fell far short of his own proposed standard and expectations. It evidently disheartened him, and though he still pursued the business of an attorney and his legal studies, he made no renewed attempt of any consequence before a court or jury, and after a few years gradually withdrew from the profession to other pursuits. Why and how this happened is not easy to explain or even to conjecture. He had not that degree of pecuniary independence which so often proves the bane of young professional men, and he had long looked to the law for the means of support, independence, and distinction. He was not impeded by that fastidious dislike to the law as a study so often experienced by the literary, the speculative, and the philosophical. He had habits of great and intense industry; and though this industry was somewhat irregular, this arose mainly from the nature of his pursuits and occupations, and would have been corrected by the routine of professional labour. He had

already a considerable stock of law learning, which he did not lose in leaving the bar. He had great command of language, fertility of thought, power of illustration, and a playful, original, and overflowing humour, which might have been turned to great effect in extemporary eloquence. He had a singularly shrewd and quick observation of character; and while he was somewhat averse to metaphysical reasoning, was laborious and acute in the investigation and discussion of facts. With all this, nothing but a resolute will appears to have been wanting to have secured him a highly respectable standing at the bar, perhaps, (for of this it is impossible to speak with confidence of any one), to have enrolled his among the illustrious names of the law, with the Mansfields, Erskines, and Hamiltons, whose forensic glories had once fired his young imagination. While he was still loitering at the bar, and attending to some practice as an attorney, he continued his law reading, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with the poets of antiquity. Thus he acquired an intimacy, such as professors might have envied, with the Greek language and literature, and especially with "the lofty grave tragedians," whom he used to praise with Milton, as "teachers best of moral prudence." He retained to his death his youthful preference for Euripides, whom he used to call an English poet, born in ancient Greece, having, as he once said in conversation, "more of every thing that touches the sympathies of the modern reader than any other ancient." His admiration of Æschylus, that great master of the noble, the sublime, the pathetic, constantly increased with every perusal. In grandeur and magnificence of conception he thought him peerless, and said that there needed little study of what he had left to be convinced that even his own rich and flexible language was insufficient to supply the exuberant demands of his imagination. To this cause he imputed the difficulties found in his choruses and more poetical passages. "As with Shakspeare, expression sunk under the weight of his thoughts, or received from him a power which the same words never had before."* He had early learned French, and was familiar with

* These opinions Sands has put in the mouth of Mr. Jefferson in his *Ghosts on the Stage*, originally published in the Talisman. As that article, from the air of truth it bears, may hereafter be referred to as wholly authentic, and furnishing the actual conversation of Mr. Jefferson, it is proper to state, that it is a mixture of truth and invention. Every thing relating to the

its copious and elegant literature; but he never much admired it, and in his multifarious literary conversation and authorship, rarely quoted or alluded to a French author, except merely for facts. He now acquired the Italian, and read carefully and with great admiration all its great writers, from Dante to Alfieri. Those who knew the peculiar character of Sands's mind, and how rapidly his fancy rambled from the imaginative to the ludicrous, would naturally suppose that Ariosto and his school of wild sportive romance and capricious humour, must have been his favourite reading in this rich literature. It is rather a curious fact that this seems not to have been the case. He doubtless read those poets with much pleasure, but neither alluded to nor quoted them in his writings or conversation, nor translated or imitated them, as he frequently did the graver and more chastened strains of the Italian Muse. His translations and imitations of Politian, Monti, and Metastasio attest how fully he entered into their spirit. Some time after he acquired the Spanish language very critically, and after studying its more celebrated writers, read very largely all the Spanish historians and documents he could procure touching American history. In order to complete his acquaintance with the cognate modern languages of Latin origin, he some years later acquired the Portuguese, and read such of its authors as he could procure.

In 1822 and 1823 he wrote many articles for the Literary Review, a monthly periodical then published in New-York, which received great increase of reputation from his contributions. These were written in conjunction with his friends of the Literary Confederacy, or at least were submitted to their revision, and bore, as did the contributions of the other members, the signature of L. C. They were very multifarious; and as many of them, though bearing his marked characteristics of style and thought, were either careless productions or on temporary subjects, a selection only of them has been preserved in the present collection of his works. In the winter of 1823–4, he and his friends of the Confederacy published seven numbers of a sort of mock-magazine, en-

personal habits of the philosophic statesman, the curious particulars respecting his studies, literary tastes, his books, and even his compiled edition of Æschylus, are literally true; the conversation and critical opinions put in his mouth are a poetical license.

titled the St. Tammany Magazine. Here he gave the reins to his most extravagant and happiest humour, indulging in parody, burlesque, and grotesque satire, thrown off in the gayest mood and with the greatest rapidity, but as good-natured as satire and parody could well be. In May, 1824, the Atlantic Magazine was established in New-York, and placed under his charge. At the end of six months he gave up this work; but when it changed its name and somewhat its character, and became the New-York Review, he was re-engaged as an editor, and assisted in conducting it until 1827. He had now become an author by profession, and looked to his pen for support, as heretofore for fame or for amusement. When, therefore, an offer of a liberal salary was made him as an assistant editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, a long established and well-known daily evening paper, published in the city of New-York, he accepted it, and continued his connexion with that journal until his death.

His daily task of political or literary discussion was far from giving him sufficient literary employment. His mind overflowed in all directions into other journals, even some of different political opinions from those which he supported. Some one has termed the famous Shakspearian commentator Steevens "the Puck of literature." Sands had like him something of a propensity for innocent and playful literary mischief. It was his sport to excite public curiosity by giving extracts highly spiced with fashionable allusions and satire, "from the forth-coming novel;" which novel in truth, was, and is yet to be written; or else to entice some unhappy wight into a literary or historical newspaper discussion, then to combat him anonymously, or under the mask of a brother editor, to overwhelm him with history, facts, quotations, and authorities, all manufactured for the occasion; in short, like Shakspeare's "merry wanderer of the night," to lead his unsuspecting victim around "through bog, through bush, through brier." One instance of this sportive propensity occurred in relation to a controversy about the material of the Grecian crown of victory, which arose during the excitement in favour of Grecian liberty some years ago. Several ingenious young men, fresh from their college studies, had exhausted all the learning they could procure on this grave question, either from their own acquaintance with antiquity, or at second hand from Lempriere, Potter, Barthelemi, or the more erudite *Paschalis*

de Corona; till Sands grew tired of seeing so much scholarship wasted, and ended the controversy by an essay filled with excellent learning, all fabricated by himself for the occasion, and resting mainly on a passage of Pausanias, quoted in the original Greek, for which it is in vain to look in any edition of that author, ancient or modern.

He had also other and graver employments. In 1828, some enterprising printers proposed to supply South America with Spanish books suited for that market, and printed in New-York. Among the works selected for this purpose were the original letters of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico. No good Life of Cortes then existing in the English or Spanish language, Sands was employed by the publishers to prepare one, which was to be translated into Spanish, and prefixed to the edition.

It was not in his nature to content himself with such materials as the common English or French books furnished him, even though graced with the authority of names great in literature. The following extracts from letters to a friend then at Washington, are given, not so much for the history of the particular subject to which they relate, as indicative of the accuracy and research he was accustomed to bestow on every study that seriously attracted his attention.

February 10, 1828.

White, Gallaher, and White, of this city, are republishing, for the market of Mexico, the letters of Cortes to Charles V. I have undertaken to write a biographical notice of the Conquistador, with such reflections on his character and career as may be summarily suggested by the accounts of conflicting historians and the state of his age. I am very much troubled for want of books. I have read Robertson and Clavigero together, and am getting through De Solis. I want Guevara, Bern. Diaz del Castilio, and Herrera, the two former especially, as the latter is only a compiler. I found the second and third letters of Cortes in the N. Y. Society Library, edited by an old fool of an archbishop of Mexico, in 1770. The archbishop's notes and commentaries are of no value. As you had occasion to look through several of the old writers, in relation to Las Casas, perhaps you may remember having seen or had possession of some or all of these three I have mentioned as desired by me. You would do me a great kindness

if you can put me in the way of finding them. A friend of Mr. Ticknor has written to him for me, to ascertain whether he has them. I have barely two months to write the notice in, which must also be translated into Spanish in that time. If I find I can make any thing useful or interesting out of the subject, I will not throw away the chips, but make an English Life of Cortes out of it. I beg the archbishop's pardon for calling him an old fool *ut supra*, for he gives the most philosophical solution of the peopling of America I ever heard, and throws Carver, Judge Boudinot, and Washington Irving, to say nothing of the learned explorers of the subject, completely into the shade. I translate him literally for your edification, as it is easier to do so than to copy his obsolete orthography. "There is no use," quoth the most illustrious Lord Don Francisco Antonio Lorenzano, "there is no use," says he, "in fatiguing yourself about the ancestors of these people; for, from the tower of Babel, people straggled all over the world; and clear up to the north pole, no end has been found to land in this America. Therefore, at this day, it is a useless question how they came by sea; because by land they might come from other parts of the world, and nobody can assert the contrary because the end of New Spain has never been found at the north."

February 12, 1828.

"Since I wrote you, I have seen the catalogue of books offered to Congress. Some of the manuscripts are forgeries, beyond all question, as any sensible person who has looked into the thing can see. But among the books and manuscripts, there is all that the heart of man could desire (excepting B. Diaz del Castilio, which I do not find) in writing on the conquest of Mexico. I cannot, of course, see any of them; but I will be obliged to you if you will be good enough to send me the catalogue, as soon as you have leisure. It is numbered Report No. 37. I believe the City Library has received their copy through you. If the manuscripts and books which are offered are originals, they are, in a certain sense, invaluable. There are documents which the historiographers of the kings of Spain and England searched for in vain through all Europe and America. Par exemple, there are the whole six letters of Cortes. I don't believe it—that is, I don't believe they are the letters of Cortes;

but I would travel to Washington afoot if my engagements would permit it, to ascertain the fact. I do not understand from the report where these books are to be found, but take it for granted they are in Colombia."

He was fortunately relieved from any difficulty arising from the want of materials, by finding in the library of the N. Y. Historical Society a very choice collection of original Spanish authorities, which afforded him all that he desired. His manuscript was translated into Spanish by Manuel Dominguez, a learned Spaniard, advantageously known to his reading countrymen by other excellent versions from the English. It was prefixed to the letters of Cortes, and a large edition printed, while the original remained in manuscript until the present collection of Mr. Sands's writings. Thus his work had the singular fortune of being read throughout Spanish America, in another language, while it was totally unknown in its own country and native tongue.

Soon after completing this piece of literary labour, he became accidentally engaged in another undertaking, which afforded him much amusement and gratification. The fashion of decorated literary annuals, which the English and French had borrowed some years before from the Literary Almanacs, so long the favourites of Germany, had reached the United States, and the booksellers in the principal cities were ambitiously vying with each other in the Souvenirs, Tokens, and other beautifully printed and tastefully adorned yearly volumes. Mr. Bliss, a worthy bookseller of New-York, and an old especial favourite with Mr. Sands, desirous to try his fortune in the same way, pressed Mr. Sands to undertake the editorship of an annual volume of this sort. This he at first declined; but it happened, that in conversation with two friends, the writer of this memoir and Mr. W. C. Bryant, a regret was expressed that the old fashion of Queen Anne's time, of publishing volumes of miscellanies by two or three authors together, had gone out of date. They had the advantage, it was said, over our ordinary magazines, of being more select and distinctive in the characters and subjects, and yet did not impose upon the authors the toil or responsibility of a regular and separate work. In this way Pope and Swift had published their minor pieces, as had other writers of that day, of no small merit and fame. One of the party proposed to publish a little volume of their own mis-

cellanies, in humble imitation of the English wits of the last century. It occurred to Sands to combine this idea with the form and decoration of the annual. The materials of a volume were hastily prepared, amid other occupations of the several authors, without any view to profit, and more for amusement than reputation; the kindness of several artists, with whom Sands was in habits of intimacy, furnished some respectable embellishments, and thus a volume which, with the exception of two short poetical contributions, was wholly written by Mr. Sands and his two friends above named, was published with the title of the Talisman, and under the name and character of an imaginary author, Francis Herbert, Esq. It was favourably received, and on the urgent solicitation of the publisher, a second volume was as hastily prepared in the following year, by the same persons, decorated with engravings very creditable to the state of the arts among us, from spirited designs of Weir and Inman. The third year, the ambition of the publisher soared higher, all the artists of New-York were enlisted, double the quantity of literary matter was required, and the industry and ready fertility of Sands were redoubled. The public still gave a favourable reception. But the excitement and amusement it had afforded its authors now flagged, its primitive character of a joint miscellany began to be lost, in consequence of its style of decoration and publication, in that of the mere annual, and Mr. Herbert was suffered to die a natural death, as many better men of the same unreal family had done before him, from the time of Isaac Bickerstaff downwards. Sands always retained a great affection for his memory, and sometimes lamented the destruction (to use his own phrase) "of the individuality of Mr. Herbert; *tria juncta in uno*, which," said he, in one of his letters, "still floats in my mind not as a reminiscence or as fiction, but as a present idea." Of this publication about one-fourth was entirely from Sands's pen, and about as much more was his joint work with one or other of his friends. This, as the reader must have already remarked, was a very favourite mode of authorship with him. He composed with amazing ease and rapidity, and delighting as he always did in the work of composition, it gave him additional pleasure to make it a social enjoyment. He had this peculiarity, that the presence of others, in which most authors find a restraint upon the free course of their

thoughts and fancies, was to him a source of inspiration and excitement. This was peculiarly visible in gay or humorous writing. In social compositions of this nature, his talent for ludicrous description and character and incident, rioted and revelled, so that it generally became more the business of his coadjutor to chasten and sober his thick-coming fancies, than to furnish any thing like an equal contingent of thought or invention.

This joint-stock authorship, of which Sands was so fond,—not the simply putting together in one whole, parts prepared separately, nor the correcting and enriching by a second hand the rough materials of the first author, but the literally writing in company,—was common among the old English dramatists, but has few other examples in literary history. The joint labours of Beaumont and Fletcher are familiar to all. To these may be added a joint work of Ben Jonson with Chapman, others of Webster with Marston, and of Massinger with Middleton, with Dekker, and with Field. The Memoirs of Scriblerus had the same sort of origin. It is not easy to enlarge this list very much. Indeed for the purpose of such association it is necessary that one at least of the authors should possess Sands's unhesitating and rapid fluency of written style, and his singular power of seizing the ideas and images of his friend and assimilating them perfectly to his own.

In his own opinion, the volumes of the Talisman contained the best of his writings. The grave part of his contributions, and the poetical, are wholly his own; so too is the sly and subdued humours of the "Simple Tale." His "Dream of Papantzin," a poem, the fruits of his researches into Mexican history, is remarkable for the religious solemnity of the thoughts, the magnificence of the imagery, and the flow of the versification; for he had (I quote the opinion of an American author, whose exquisite poetry already constitutes an acknowledged, as they will an enduring portion of classical English literature),* "he had an ear for poetic measure, cultivated by the study of the varied and flexible rhythm of the ancient classics, by the reading of the old poets of our own language, and by the critical examination of the versification

* Mr. Bryant, in a brief but excellent sketch of Sands's life and character, in the Knickerbocker Magazine for January, 1833, to which this memoir owes much.

adopted in the several modern languages with which he was familiar. By those who consider metrical harmony as identical with monotony, who think Milton did not understand the harmony of blank verse, and charge Spenser with ignorance of the art of versification, because he wrote

Unweeting of the *perilous* wandering ways—

Sands may be said to have had a bad ear; but the fact was, that he understood how to roughen his verse with skill, and to vary its modulation."

The Talisman was reissued two or three years afterward by the first publisher, in its originally intended form, as "Miscellanies by G. C. Verplanck, W. C. Bryant, and Robert C. Sands," with a preface by Mr. Sands. Some of the most considerable of his contributions to the collection were reprinted in England in various forms, among the rest as part of Miss Mitford's selection of American Tales.

In the course of the publication of these volumes, an incident occurred which Sands always spoke of with so much interest and pleasure that it should not be omitted here. The volumes were very accurately as well as beautifully printed. Before the sheets of the second volume had reached the binder, and of course long before they could have fallen under the eye of any regular editorial critic, Sands was surprised to find a review of the book in the Mirror, a well known and widely circulating literary journal. It was written with great sprightliness of thought, and elegance of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On inquiring for the name of his good-natured and able critic, Sands was surprised to learn that he was a young journeyman printer in the office, the compositor who had himself set up the whole of the manuscript, and who knew the book only in that way. This was William Cox, who shortly after became a regular contributor to American periodical literature, and has since gained an enviable literary reputation by his Crayon Sketches, a series of essays, full of originality, pleasantry and wit, alternately reminding the reader of the poetical eloquence of Hazlitt, and the quaint humour and eccentric tastes of Charles Lamb.

Sands's next literary employment was the publication of a new Life of the famous Paul Jones, from original letters and printed

and manuscript materials furnished him by a niece of the commodore. He at first meditated an entirely original work, as attractive and discursive as he could make it; but various circumstances limited him in great part to compilation and correction of the materials furnished him, or, as he termed it in one of his letters, in his accustomed quaintness of phrase, "upsetting some English duodecimos, together with all the manuscripts, into an American octavo, without worrying his brains much about the matter." This he did with his usual facility of composition; but he did great injustice to his own overflowing fertility of thought in supposing that he could restrain himself to mere compilation. In spite of the author's own intention, there will be found, scattered throughout the volume, ingenious though rapid investigations of doubtful or disputed facts, and some passages of animated and patriotic eloquence. This biography was printed in 1831, in a closely printed octavo, and is doubtless the best and most authentic narrative of the life of this gallant, chivalrous, and erratic father of the American navy. For the reasons already intimated, as well as because the copyright is the property of the relations of Paul Jones, it does not form a part of the present collection of Mr. Sands's writings.

In the close of the year 1832, a work entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," was published in New-York. This was a series of original tales, grave and gay, by different American authors, Messrs. Bryant, Paulding, Leggett, and Miss Sedgwick. To this collection Sands contributed the introduction, which is deeply tinged with his peculiarity of humour; and two of the tales, the one humorous, the other grave. The latter, Boyuca, was another fruit of his Spanish American studies, being founded on the romantic story of the adventurer Ponce de Leon's search for the fabled fountain that could restore youth and perpetuate life—a search which, as is well known, led to the discovery of Florida. This tale has a wonderful fulness and familiarity of character, incident, and allusion, and a vividness of imagery and description that give it an air of perfect though picturesque reality, strangely contrasting with the wildness of the narrative. The striking and singularly beautiful effect thus produced, was well described by a friend, who compared it to the recollection of some strange but vivid dream.

His last finished composition was a little poem entitled "The Dead of 1832," which appeared anonymously in the paper he was connected with, a few days only before his own death. By one of those strange coincidences that so often occur to perplex human reason with suggestions which our philosophy can neither admit nor refute, he selected for his subject the triumphs of Death and Time over the illustrious men who had been gathered to their graves in the year then just ending—Goethe, and Cuvier, and Spurzheim, and Walter Scott; Champollion, who read the mystic lore of the Pharaohs; Crabbe, the poet of poverty; Bentham, the philosopher of legislation; Adam Clarke, the meek and learned hierarch of Methodism; the young Napoleon, "the heir of glory;" and Charles Carroll, the long-lived survivor of

> —The brave who perilled all
> To make an infant empire free;

a crowd of the wise and great, whom he who thus mourned them was himself destined to join within the few remaining days of the same year.

Mr. Sands, just before his death, had engaged to furnish an article on *Esquimaux Literature*, for the first number of the Knickerbacker Magazine, then just established by a young literary friend. He had consulted, for this purpose, all the common books containing any thing which related to that singular race of people; and on the sixteenth of December had procured a history of Greenland, by David Crantz, a German missionary, who, in the year 1761, was sent to Greenland by the United Brethren, and resided there a twelvemonth, for the express purpose of compiling a description of the country, and whose work is full of curious and minute information respecting those frozen latitudes and their inhabitants. He immediately gave himself, with his usual intense application, to the perusal of this book, in order to fill his mind with ideas of the Esquimaux modes of life, their traditions and mythology. He had already finished an introduction to the article, which was a review of an imaginary book of translations from the Esquimaux language, and had written two fragments, which he intended for supposed specimens of Greenland poetry. After another interval of close reading, he again, on the 17th of December, about four o'clock in the after-

noon, sat down to the work of composition. He merely wrote with a pencil the following line, suggested probably by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

O think not my spirit among you abides,

when he was suddenly struck with the disease which removed his own spirit from its material dwelling. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencil marks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber, and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. It was soon discovered that the disorder was an apoplectic stroke; he shortly after relapsed into a lethargy, from which he never awoke, and in less than four hours from the attack expired without a struggle.

Mr. Sands was never married. He lived with his father's family, always either in or near the city of New-York, and during the last eight or nine years of his life, at Hoboken, on the Jersey shore of the Hudson, opposite the city, to which his daily avocations regularly called him. He was exceedingly attached to his home and its domestic enjoyments, as well as the quiet of his study. Yet his were, by no means, the life and habits of the mere man of books. He had at different periods of his life mixed widely in society, and in all ranks, where he observed character and manners with a "spirit learned in human dealings," noting and treasuring up the odd, the singular, and the fantastical, in incident and character, as well as the natural workings of feelings, passions, and sympathies, under all the varied forms of artificial society, from the circles of wealth and fashion, down to the forlorn culprits of the inferior criminal courts.

Social in his temperament, he enjoyed the acquaintance and high esteem of the *elite* of the scholars, and men of talents of all classes, and especially the artists of New-York and its vicinity. With these his conversation was full of sprightliness and information; and the whimsical and lively wit, the odd and sometimes grotesque humours, that came into his mind unsought, heightened as they

were by quaint combinations of language, quite peculiar to himself, made him as entertaining as his learning and originality of thought did an instructive companion. His warmth and kindness of disposition attracted and strongly attached to him many intimate friends, whom he loved with an unwavering constancy and affection. He was peculiarly kind to those in an inferior station, and seemed to study to make up by gentleness and generosity for the hardships and inequalities of fortune. His affections and charities extended yet further; for, to borrow his own words—"Time has more baleful colleagues than disease and death. There are some whom we have once loved, and who yet live, marked by shame for her own, upon whom the dread sentence of disgrace has been passed, and the world's charity excludes them from 'fire and water.' The herd pass by, and the stricken deer must go weep in its covert, good for nothing but the moralities of some melancholy Jaques, but dead to the world and its sympathies."—He spoke from his own experience, for Sands's diversified associations and pursuits had numbered such unfortunates among his acquaintance; and for these, in their wants or their disgrace, his heart and his purse were always open, his counsel and his active assistance as much at their command as in their brightest days of youth and hope.

Next to conversation and the observation of human character, his favourite recreation was in rural rambles and amusements. He was exceedingly near-sighted from his childhood, and it was not until his sixteenth year, when he obtained glasses fitted for his sight, that he ever saw the stars,—a view which he used to describe as having filled him with the sublimest emotions. The knowledge of this imperfection of vision often gave the writer of this memoir occasion of surprise, when in their rambles or excursions together, he has remarked the intense delight that Sands received from the beauties of nature, and the graphic accuracy with which he observed and described alike their grander and more distant outlines, and their minute and more delicate features. His power of attention and habits of observation supplied the defects of the material organ.

The reader has already been made acquainted in part with his singular and varied acquirements. In ancient and modern literature, and languages, he had few equals, probably in our country

no superior. He read familiarly the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese authors. All the treasures of English literature, in the broadest sense of the word, were stored in his memory, from Chaucer to Charles Lamb, from Cudworth to O'Keefe. He had a general and more than elementary acquaintance with the mathematical and physical sciences, but for these branches of knowledge he felt little curiosity or interest. He held and maintained with Johnson, that the knowledge of external nature is not the great or the frequent business of the human mind,—that we have perpetual occasion for those principles of moral truth, and materials of reasoning or illustration, which are supplied by poets, orators, and historians, but are chymists or geometricians only accidentally or occasionally. He had laid a deep foundation of law learning in his youth, and though he abandoned the profession, he never quite gave up his legal reading. He was, therefore, probably as sound a lawyer as can be made without the actual and continued practice of the profession. His reverence for the law, and love of its peculiar learning and reasoning, led him to an extreme of prejudice against all reform or melioration of the system. He admired and defended even those narrow and inconvenient entrances which the ingenious and apologetic Blackstone himself allows to be found among the spacious apartments of the ancient castle of English common law. He had, also, something of the same sort of dislike against the metaphysics of political economy, a study he never relished and never did justice to. He frequently maintained that it was not entitled to the honour of being called a science, and that "all the trash about values, and wealth, and reproductive industry was not of the slightest practical use." There was scarce any other part of knowledge which had not at some time excited his curiosity, and more or less engaged his attention. Hence his mind was stored with an immense mass of miscellaneous information; such as, if it is not learning, is often found much more useful. He had read extensively, though irregularly, in divinity and ecclesiastical history; and had settled his opinions on most of the contested points of theological discussion. His opinions seemed in general to be those of Taylor, Barrow, and the old divines of that school in the Church of England, which, however, he held with great moderation.

He reverenced religion, and all good and moral influences, wherever he found them to exist.

His large stores of learning and of practical information on men and things, could not have been accumulated without great activity and versatility of mind, and these he evinced in all his pursuits; for he possessed the power of vigorously directing the faculties of his mind to any chosen object of study, inquiry, or speculation. His fancy was surprisingly fruitful of original and striking combinations of ideas; and if his peculiar vein of humour had any fault, it was that of excessive and unrestrained exuberance. But he had none of that bitterness of spirit, or keenness of sarcasm which frequently give edge to satire. His indulgence in the laughable sprung from the love of the laugh itself. He had no touch whatever of the sneering misanthropy, or the contemptuous hatred for folly which have so often lent their savage inspiration to comic and satiric talent. His humour, as it overflowed in his conversation and letters, even more than in his written compositions, ran somewhat in the whimsically broad vein of Rabelais, (though quite free from his grossness) delighting like him to mix the topics and language of learning with the humours and phrases of humble or even of vulgar life.

It strikes me as a remarkable circumstance (whether common to him with any other learned wits, I cannot say) that with this buoyancy of imagination, this constitutional tendency to the jocose or the whimsical, all his favourite studies and literary recreations were of a very grave cast. He had early read most of the witty and comic authors of note, but rarely recurred to them in after life. When fatigued with business or literary labour, he did not, as one might have expected, refresh himself with Swift or Smollet; admire the chivalrous fancies and noble horsemanship of La Mancha's knight, or "laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair;" but he returned with ever fresh delight to hold communion with ancient sages and scholars, or else,

> —— entranced to hear,
> O'er battle fields the epic thunders roll;
> Or list where tragic wail upon the ear,
> Through Argive palaces shrill echoing stole.*

* Yamoyden.

So, too, all his deliberately selected subjects of composition were of a serious nature, generally demanding grave reading and research. His pleasantry was all spontaneous, unpremeditated, unbidden. Nor were his laughable associations ever applied to subjects worthy of higher thoughts, for quick as he was in his perception of the ridiculous, he was equally sensitive to all that is beautiful in nature, or grand and elevating in sentiment.

The collection of his miscellaneous writings, now published, will enable the reader to judge of his ability in imbodying and expressing such thoughts, although both in kind and in quantity they give but an imperfect idea either of his genius and accomplishments, or his readiness, fertility, and industry; not in quantity, as they form but a portion of his writings; the selection being confined to his original literary compositions and his poetical translations; and of course excluding his writings on political subjects and passing events, and his numerous reviews and other publications of a temporary character. Nor in kind can they be considered otherwise than as indications of what he might have done had his life been prolonged. Most of the great works of literature were written at a later period of life than that at which Sands died. All of his, too, were composed with singular rapidity, and most of them published without the opportunity of correction or revision.

Still, such as they are, they show their author to have possessed the rare combination of humour and eloquence, of learning and originality, and prove that he made no false estimate of his own genius when in "the young delighted strains" of his Yamoyden, he expressed the confidence of his power rightly to invoke the muse, and to descry some of her nobler visions.*

* Proem to Yamoyden.

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HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

HERNAN CORTES,

CONQUEROR OF MEXICO.

[THE "Historical Notice of Cortes" was written at the instance of the publishers of an edition of his Letters in their original language, which appeared in the city of New-York in 1828. It was translated into Spanish by Manuel Dominguez, author of an excellent version of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and prefixed to the Letters, of which a large edition was printed and extensively circulated in Mexico, South America, and the Spanish West Indies. In compiling the "Historical Notice," the old Spanish historians, a considerable collection of whose works Mr. Sands fortunately met with in the library of the New-York Historical Society, were carefully consulted. The slight notice taken of some events in the Life of Cortes is accounted for by the fact that the Memoir was intended as an Introduction to his Letters, in which those events were fully related.]

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

HERNAN CORTES,

CONQUEROR OF MEXICO.

The publishers of the Letters of Cortes, contained in this volume, supposed that a brief account of the individual who is, in fact, the hero of the historical tragedy which they record, and who has unquestionably represented himself therein as the author and director of all its events, would form an acceptable, and to many readers, a useful introduction, to his own narrative of the Conquest of Mexico.

In this supposition they are certainly correct; for, besides the necessity of connecting thesel etters together so as to make them intelligible, by supplying references to the preceding and intermediate links in the chain of events, it is proper that the reader should have some means of estimating the real character of the man who led this handful of Spaniards triumphantly into the capital of a powerful and populous empire, and reduced it into complete subjection to a far distant kingdom, and who, in these his despatches, claims to himself the merit of originating every important scheme which led to such astonishing results. It would be also proper, that he who reads these letters should have an opportunity of ascertaining their truth, by comparing, throughout, the testimony of contemporary narrators; and of judging how far the Conquestador was himself misled and mistaken, in certain particulars; supposing him to have written only what he believed to be correct, whether matter of fact, or of opinion.

But while the limits of an introductory notice are altogether too narrow for such a perpetual commentary, neither the time nor materials for reference allowed to the writer of this introduction, are sufficient to enable him to attempt the task at present. All he can furnish is such a general outline of the life and character of Cortes, as may be gleaned from a rapid inspection of the pages of general history. To the antiquarian, and to him who has investigated the subject, with access to the authorities, and in a philosophical spirit, such a meager sketch must be nearly valueless; unless indeed, as sometimes happens, some idea may accidentally be suggested, which may throw light on his inquiry, in exploring the mass of his materials. To those, however, who have never read, or have forgotten the prominent events in the life of the conqueror of Mexico, this summary notice may perhaps prove neither useless nor uninteresting.

Hernan Cortes was born at Medellin, a small town in Estremadura, in the year 1485. He was the son of Martin Cortes de Minroy, and Doria Catalina Pizarro Altimezano. He was thus descended from four of the most illustrious and ancient families of his native city. Their fortunes had, however, decayed; and the parents of Cortes were by no means in opulent circumstances. It was necessary that he should be educated for some profession; and that of the law was selected by his relations. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to the university of Salamanca, in which he remained two years. Of his brief academic career we are unable to mention any incidents: but he undoubtedly found the monotony of a scholastic life too tedious for his active and ambitious disposition. We find him returning to his father's house, and declaring his intention to follow the profession of arms.

He was to have joined a reinforcement of troops, which sailed from Naples to assist the great captain Gonsalvo de Cordoba, in Italy, then the theatre of war and of chivalry;

but he was detained by a serious indisposition. The superstitious and the fatalist would dwell upon this incident, in connexion with others of a like nature, which afterward occurred; as indicating a direct and palpable interference of Providence, in preserving him for the end to which he was ordained. It may also be amusing to those who, according to the phraseology of the day, are the admirers of singular coincidences, to note this detention, in connexion with the others, by which the immediate intentions of Cortes were defeated: since, if they had not been so obstructed, it is probable that he would never have bound Montezuma in chains, or caused Guatemozin to be hung.

There was another great field just opened to the ambition, curiosity, and cupidity of the adventurers of those days,—the newly discovered world beyond the Atlantic. No notion, even general, had yet been entertained of its extent, or of its proportion and relation to the rest of the known world. It was as yet associated with visions of oriental splendour, conjured up by the exaggerations of Italian, Portuguese, and English voyagers to Asia, on which were superinduced the delusions and hyperboles of the followers of Columbus. Independently of romance, however, the actual value of the discovery, as contributing to the glory and the power of the Spanish crown, was (as subsequent events have proved, with relation to the whole continent of America, by whatsoever nation its different parts have been colonized) entirely overrated.

To this new world the views of the young Cortes were next directed; and he was to have accompanied his kinsman Ovando, when the latter embarked for Hispaniola, or Hayti, of which island he was appointed governor in 1502. An affair of gallantry, however, again procrastinated the departure of Cortes from Spain. In the act of scaling the window of a lady's apartment, he fell from the summit of an ancient wall; and received so much injury that he was unable to join the expedition. He was of an amorous tempe-

rament, and the impetuosity of his character in this, as in other respects, hurried him often into difficulties which his presence of mind and good fortune enabled him to surmount.

We have no means of relating any other particulars of his life, during the period which elapsed between his quitting the university, and his embarkation for Hispaniola in 1504, in the twentieth year of his age. A brief notice of the then existing extent of the Spanish discoveries in America seems here to be necessary.

Columbus, in 1492, after visiting several of the Bahama Islands, discovered Cuba, where he made no settlement; but having coasted among the adjacent islands, arrived at Hayti in December of the same year. Circumstances compelled him to leave about forty of his crew on the northern coast of this island, at a place which he called La Navidad; all of whom perished, by their own fatuity, before the return of any of their countrymen.

Columbus returned to Spain; and a papal grant gave to the crown of Castile a right to the newly discovered territories, without latitude or longitude, metes or bounds; or rather, with as accurate a description and idea of them, as the ancient geographers had when they described the Hyperborean regions. But it was a right, which, as sanctioned by religion, is better than any other nation has been able to establish, to its possessions in America. For if they found it on the sanctity of contracts, their own laws deny to the aborigines the capacity of making a contract on equal terms with their own civilized citizens: if on that of conquest, they will be found to have invaded the countries they subdued without provocation, and to have trampled on all national rights, national laws, and human sympathy. It was in the necessary course of things, that the strong should prevail against the weak. The power of superior knowledge, mental and mechanical, produced its natural and unavoidable results. These remarks are not now impertinent; as, with them, we despatch, on the threshold, several per-

plexing questions, connected with our subject. Libraries have been most unprofitably written, to justify what, on abstract principles, is unjustifiable,—the usurpations which have ensued, in the natural order of events, ever since the patriarchal age. But in estimating the character of an individual of any age, we are to judge of him, not by our own lights, but by the spirit of that age, and by the consonance of his actions with his own professions of faith, in its received dogmas or opinions.

In his second voyage, after touching at several of the Antilles, Columbus revisited Hispaniola, and found the fort which he had erected entirely demolished, while the men whom he had left in it had all fallen victims to their own rashness and cupidity. About ten leagues to the east of the site of the fortress was founded the first Christian city in the New World; to which the admiral gave the name of Isabella. In 1495 the general war broke out between the settlers and the islanders; the former of whom were so reduced in numbers by diseases and dissolute living, that they were only able to take the field with two hundred and twenty men. A terrible slaughter of the natives ensued; they were reduced to subjection, and a tax, too heavy for them to pay, was the origin of the subsequent system of *repartimientos*, by which this once populous and fertile island was, even before the death of the great admiral, nearly depopulated. Previous to the conflict just referred to, Columbus had coasted along the islands of Jamaica and Cuba, but no settlement was yet made in either of them. Fortresses were now erected in different parts of Hispaniola, to enforce the subjection of the natives. The colony was recruited in numbers by the arrival of Aguado, who was sent with equivocal powers and instructions to examine into the causes of existing dissensions. His conduct, and the mischievous representations made by the enemies of Columbus at the Spanish court, induced the latter to return to Spain in 1496, leaving his brother Bartholomew adelantado in his absence. On his third voyage, in 1498,

the admiral touched at Trinidad, and at several points on the coast of Cumana and Paria; which, however, he had no idea were part of the continent, so long the object of his search. During his absence a fort had been erected by the adelantado, which was subsequently called St. Domingo, and was the origin of the present city of that name. A chain of military posts had been established between it and the ill-fated city of Isabella. The indignation excited among the natives by a judgment consigning a number of them to the flames for heresy, and by individual outrages committed on their women, led to a formidable insurrection, which was quelled by the activity and courage of Don Bartholomew; but left the elements of hatred and discord rankling and fermenting. Francis Roldan, whom the admiral had appointed chief justice during his absence, and who had long been jealous of the glory acquired by the distinguished Genoese brothers, and bore with impatience the power superior to his own, exercised by a foreigner, secretly raised a strong party among the disaffected colonists at Isabella, who at length openly mutinied, and retired under Roldan, as their leader, to the province of Zaragua. Here they were reinforced by new emigrants, the sweepings of the Spanish jails, who arrived in three caravels, despatched by Columbus from the Canaries, and who deserted their commanders at the instigation of Roldan. This leader commenced intriguing with the caciques around him, and a general conspiracy was formed against the adelantado. The latter, however, having discovered the plot, and having received a strong reinforcement of troops and provisions from Spain, marched against the insurgents. The native chieftains, concerned in the insurrection, fled to the mountain fastnesses of Ciguay, whence they made descents into the plains on the straggling parties of the Spaniards and the villages of the natives who preserved their allegiance. The adelantado, with a determined body of followers, penetrated into the wilds, and scaled the heights occupied by the enemy, and finally captured Guariones, the most

redoubtable of the insurgents. He spared his life, and his generosity proved politic.

Roldan, however, and his turbulent followers maintained their attitude of defiance in Zaragua; and the admiral, after rejoining his brother at St. Domingo, found it expedient to adopt temporizing measures with this bold and reckless insurgent. The island was now divided into districts, in each of which the Indians were compelled to cultivate a certain portion of ground for the benefit of the Spaniards to whom it was allotted; which proved a heavier burthen than that imposed by the previous tax. Each party transmitted to Spain his own statement of the case; and, unfortunately, that of Roldan received most credit at court.

In the succeeding year, Alonzo de Ojeda, who had accompanied Columbus in his second voyage, sailed for the New World, coasted along the shores of Paria, and proceeded farther west along the main than the admiral had done. A Florentine merchant, named Amerigo Vespucci, accompanied the expedition. His history of the voyage, as is well known, procured for him the glory of giving his own name to the new continent. The coast was also explored in the same year by other adventurers, but no settlements were made.

Ojeda's commission to make discoveries was regarded by the admiral as an infringement of his rights. The conduct of this adventurer was calculated to increase this jealousy. On his return to Spain he touched at Hispaniola, and avoided an interview with Columbus, after promising to visit him at St. Domingo. So far from performing it, he colleagued with the discontented faction of Roldan on the coast of Zaragua, and espoused the cause of the most refractory. Quarrels and bloodshed ensued; but Ojeda retired on board of his ships at the approach of Roldan, who now affected a zeal in support of the government and for the preservation of order. Some skirmishing ensued

between these crafty leaders; and Ojeda, after committing several depredations, returned to Spain with a drove of the miserable natives, captured either in Hispaniola or Porto Rico, whom he sold as slaves in the market of Cadiz.

The malecontents, originally headed by Roldan, now resisting the authority he exercised, in pursuance of his hollow pacification with the admiral, engaged together with some of the natives in another revolt, which was put down with many executions, and caused the chains of the aborigines to be drawn yet tighter. While the affairs of the island were thus thrown into confusion, the enemies of Columbus at court were persevering, and but too successful, in their machinations against him. At their head was Fonseca, Bishop of Badajoz, and minister of Indian affairs; notorious as the consistent persecutor of all the truly great discoverers of the age, and subsequently the enemy of Cortes.

The idle, the disappointed, and the profligate, who returned to Spain from Hispaniola, were loud in their abuse of the admiral and his brothers; and the senseless clamour of these vagabonds, most of whom ought long before to have expiated their offences against the existing laws and society in the galleys or on the gibbet, proved far more potential than the representations made at long intervals by letters from Columbus; than the timid vindication attempted by his friends; or the feeling of gratitude for his services, through which the glory and value of the discovery had attached to the crown. But the most serious difficulty was, that the expected *gold* had not been found. Only enough had been transmitted home to whet the appetite of those who had made advances to promote the discovery; while the necessities of the colony created a perpetual drain on the treasury of Ferdinand.

Such was, in brief, the state of the affairs of the New World and its illustrious discoverer at the commencement of the sixteenth century. We should not omit to add,

however, that Queen Isabella, the uniform friend of humanity, was displeased with the course pursued by Columbus, in sending out at several times cargoes of the natives to be sold as slaves. The admiral was induced to take this measure from mixed reasons of policy and piety (we speak of the piety of the age), of which it is not our present business to discuss the sufficiency. The result of all these circumstances was, that Francis de Bobadilla was sent to Hispaniola, with dangerous powers confided to him, which he abused; and Columbus with his brothers returned in chains to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. This indignity was never practically atoned for during the life of the admiral, although kind words were said to him on the removal of his fetters, and Bobadilla was degraded. In his stead, Nicholas de Ovando, a knight of the military order of Alcantara, commander of Lares, was appointed governor of Hispaniola.

In the first year of this century, the coast of Brazil was accidentally discovered by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, a Portuguese, who steered westward to avoid the dangers of the winds and calms prevalent along the coast of Africa. In the year following, the coast of Paria and that of Terra Firma were explored by Spanish adventurers, among whom was Ojeda, in company with Amerigo Vespucci. In consequence of the reports of these explorers, vast expectations were raised in the mind of Ferdinand, of the wealth of the new countries to be attached to his dominions.

When Ovando arrived in Hispaniola in 1501, the policy pursued by Bobadilla, which was to make himself as popular as possible among the Spaniards during his temporary administration, had produced a much larger revenue to the crown, but had, at the same time, thinned the numbers of the persecuted natives, and reduced the miserable remnant to despair. The provisions contained in Ovando's commission (whose government was to extend over the islands of Terra Firma), though humanely intended by Isabella to

meliorate the condition of the Indians, did not virtually have that effect. A permission to compel them to work in the mines, for the royal service, and to engage them as hired labourers, gave a latitude for abuse and oppression which defeated the benevolent views of the queen. Ovando carried with him twenty-five hundred individuals, many of them of high respectability. This was the largest body that had yet emigrated to the New World. Bobadilla, Roldan, and the ringleaders of his mutineers were commanded to leave the island. By a singular retribution, they, together with the prominent enemies of Columbus and oppressors of the Indians, perished in a storm, with an immense amount of ill-gotten treasure, in the spring of 1502; when a part of the fleet which had accompanied Ovando set out on its return for Spain, in contempt of the predictions of the great admiral, who had then arrived in distress off St. Domingo, in the prosecution of his fourth voyage, and was inhospitably denied admission into the harbour of the governor. Among those who were lost in this hurricane was the unfortunate cacique Guariones, who had been detained as a prisoner since his capture by Bartholomew Columbus.

Columbus and the adelantado proceeded on their voyage, in search of the supposed passage to the Indies which the former conjectured to exist near the isthmus of Darien. In a small island near the southern coast of Cuba, they met with some Indians, probably from Yucatan, whose information, if it had been correctly understood, or properly appreciated by the admiral, might have led him to the discovery of Mexico, and of the Southern Ocean; a glory reserved for others. Variable winds and currents detained him for forty days, in the greatest distress, along the northern coast of Honduras, until doubling Cape Gracios à Dios, he ran along the Mosquito-shore to the province of Veragua. The inviting aspect of the country, and the specimens of gold which he found, induced him to attempt a settlement upon

the river called Belen. It was commenced accordingly, and eighty men selected to remain, under the command of Bartholomew. The jealousy of the neighbouring caciques however baffled the design, and a melancholy and bloody conflict with the natives ensued. Such of the garrison as were not destroyed were got off from the inhospitable coast with great difficulty. After abandoning one of his shattered barks at Porto Bello (a place which still retains the name he gave it), the admiral proceeded with the only remaining two, in a crazy condition, and crowded with discontented crews, as far as the gulf of Darien. Thence steering northward, after an unparalleled series of disasters, he finally ran his wrecks aground, in a harbour in the island of Jamaica, now called Don Christopher's Cove. From thence, two of his boldest and most enterprising followers undertook to convey an account of the situation of the crews to the governor of Hispaniola. They accomplished their voyage in two misshapen canoes, and spent eight months fruitlessly in soliciting Ovando for assistance. During this period those they had left behind suffered every extreme of danger and misery. A large party of them mutinied, and wandered into the interior of the island, committing depredations and enormities which roused the natives to vengeance. The admiral, with those who were faithful to him, were blockaded in the fortress they formed from their broken vessels, and all supplies cut off from them. His unbroken fortitude sustained him in these exigencies, and enabled him to exercise a control over his followers; when a small vessel, despatched by the suspicious Ovando, arrived to crown his vexation, not to relieve the sufferers, but to spy out their condition. He conciliated the natives, and the adelantado chastised the mutineers; who submitted, after losing some of their leaders and many of their body. At length the long looked-for ships arrived, and Columbus with his men were conveyed to St. Domingo in August, 1504. He returned to Spain under every circumstance of mortification and

disappointment; and in less than two years thereafter terminated his career. His patroness Isabella died in November, 1504.

Meantime, though the colony of Hispaniola was assuming a more regular form, a thousand of those who had accompanied Ovando had perished from the diseases of the climate and their dissolute habits. Hunger, oppression, and the sword had swept off several hundred thousand of the natives since the first discovery. The last independent district, that of Higuey, had been laid waste, in consequence of an insurrection of the cacique and his people. The inhabitants were hunted down like wild beasts; and the last of the five sovereign princes of Hayti was hanged at St. Domingo by order of Ovando. The original settlement at Isabella was at this time nearly abandoned, and soon after totally deserted. Superstition made its ruins objects of terror; and frightful stories were circulated in after times, of rows of ghostly hidalgos met in its streets by those who had the temerity to visit them.

This brief recapitulation may give a general idea of the state of the Spanish possessions in America at the time of the arrival of Hernan Cortes in Hispaniola, in 1504, with recommendations to the governor, to whom he was related.

Cortes met with a most flattering reception from Ovando, and soon ingratiated himself into the favour of the governor and of the colonists generally. He was intimate in the family of the former, under his immediate patronage, and entrusted by him in several posts both of honour and profit. He remained in the island of Hispaniola until the year 1510. What we are able to learn of his private life during this period amounts to little more than has been mentioned. We can only glance at the prominent events which took place, as connected with the progress of discovery during that time.

The restrictions as to the employment of the Indians imposed principally through the benevolent interposition of

Isabella, and which Ovando was induced to enforce, not from humanity (for he was treacherous to his own countrymen, and insensible to the sufferings of his heathen subjects), but from fear of being superseded in his authority, had disheartened the settlers; on whose constitutional laziness was superinduced the disappointment of their fantastic expectations of picking up ingots by stooping for them, and the effects of a climate to which they were unaccustomed. The governor, to save the colony from ruin, was obliged to relax his instructions, and allow a compulsory mode of enforcing the labour of the Indians, with a diminution of the fractional part of the proceeds of the mines payable to the crown. This temporary encouragement of the settlers led to a resistance on the part of the poor natives, whose yoke had been somewhat tightened, and to a consequent war, if it be entitled to that name, in which some actions were ascribed to Ovando, apparently of a horrible character, but which it is not our province now to examine or to pass upon. The result was, that the Indians were reduced to abject servitude, and that a compensation for their enforced tasks was no longer theoretically promised. While they perished, however, like dogs, or rather like animals far less esteemed, gold was produced in larger quantities, and new adventurers were drawn to the island. Large fortunes were accumulated, and many of them as quickly dissipated. New towns were built, and industry directed into other channels, by which agricultural labour rendered a regular return. The governor, from policy, was impartial in his administration. Ferdinand was pleased with the remittances he received; and his existing relations with the powers of the Old World, now enabled him to turn his attention more particularly to his new acquisitions. He established a board of trade, and an ecclesiastical government for America; reserving to the crown of Spain a monopoly of the commerce, and a right of presentation to the benefices of the New World.

But the Indians, as we have said before, were sadly reduced in number. By a necessarily vague estimate, the population of Hispaniola at the time of its discovery has been reckoned at a million. On the authority of Columbus it was stated at 1,200,000. But in 1506, when there was little difficulty in taking a census, the number was only 60,000.

This remnant diminished so rapidly that in 1508 Ovando obtained permission to import the inhabitants of the Lucayos islands, with 40,000 of whom the wretched servile population of Hispaniola was recruited. While gold was obtained in that country in sufficient quantities, the spirit of discovery was inactive. With the difficulty of working the mines, from want of labourers, the appetite for new conquests revived. Juan Ponce De Leon, by permission of Ovando, explored the island of Porto Rico, and established a settlement there. The island was reduced to subjection in a few years; and its native population vanished with rapidity. In 1508 also, Juan Diaz de Solis and Vincent Yanez Pinson, a captain in the first voyage of Columbus, sailed to the island of Guiana, and standing to the west, discovered Yucatan. Sebastian De Ocampo circumnavigated Cuba, now for the first time ascertained with certainty to be an island.

In 1509 Ovando was recalled, and Don Diego Columbus, the son of the admiral, having obtained a decision in his favour, in his famous lawsuit with the crown, was invested with the gubernatorial power of Hispaniola. With him came a great accession of inhabitants of high rank and character.

In a second voyage, prosecuted during the year, by Solis and Pinzon, new discoveries were made of the vast distance to which the continent stretched southwardly. For the first time, serious intentions began to be entertained of making a permanent settlement on the main. Alonzo de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa both formed designs of making new con-

quests on the continent. The former we have already mentioned, as having made two voyages of discovery. He had acquired by them reputation but no profit. Nicuesa was a man of large fortune in Hispaniola. Ferdinand encouraged both enterprises; appointed Ojeda governor of the region extending from Cape de Vela to the gulf of Darien; and Nicuesa of that stretching thence to Cape Gracios à Dios. Their commission was drawn up with great care and formality; and empowered them, in case the natives would not embrace the Catholic faith and submit to the authority of the Spanish crown, to attack them with fire and sword, and reduce them to unmitigated slavery. More than a thousand men accompanied these two adventurers in their small fleets. Among those of the number who were afterward most distinguished, were Vasco Nunez de Balboa and Francis Pizarro.

Hernan Cortes had engaged warmly in this project from its commencement. But on this occasion, as on a former one, it seemed that his hour had not arrived. He was seized with a severe indisposition at St. Domingo before the sailing of the fleet; and thus prevented from joining, and probably perishing, in the most unfortunate expedition ever yet attempted by the Spaniards in the New World.

The adventurers met with a resistance wholly unexpected, from the warlike and numerous tribes whose country they entered. The natives were ferocious and implacable, as well as bold and hardy. Their arrows were dipped in a mortal poison. In addition to their enmity, which could neither be overcome by conciliation nor the terrors of the Spanish arms, tempests and accidents destroyed most of the vessels of the fleet; the diseases of the climate swept off hundreds, and famine came, with every misery, the conception of which fills the mind with horrors. Though twice reinforced, by far the greater number of those who had embarked in this expedition perished. A feeble colony at

Santa Maria la Antigua, under the command of Balboa, alone remained upon the continent.

The conquest of the island of Cuba was next projected by Don Diego Columbus; and unintimidated by the disastrous result of Ojeda's undertaking, many of the chief men of Hispaniola engaged with avidity in the new enterprise. Iago Velasquez, a companion of the admiral in his second voyage, a man of courage, prudence, and wealth, was appointed to command in the expedition, in which only three hundred men accompanied him; among these was Cortes.

The conquest of Cuba was easily effected. The natives were of an indolent and peaceful character; unprepared for resistance; and terrified by the fate which had attended all opposition to the Spaniards, as far as their experience went, or their information extended. A bold chieftain named Hatuey confronted the invaders at their first landing, which he endeavoured to prevent; but his men were routed with some slaughter, and he himself made captive, and committed to the flames as a rebel. No further warlike demonstrations were made by the islanders, and Velasquez founded Santiago, called by his own christian-name, and assumed the undisturbed sway of Cuba, as the lieutenant of Diego Columbus.

In this conquest, and during a period of eight years which followed, there was no scope for the development of the extraordinary abilities of Cortes. He was however distinguished in many critical and dangerous circumstances for his bravery, promptitude, and self-possession. He had learned to curb the impetuosity of his natural disposition; though his appetite for pleasure often led him to overstep the bounds of prudence, and was in fact never subdued during his life. His frank and manly bearing, and the fascination of his manner, rendered him a general favourite with both sexes. He always, says Solis, spoke well of the absent; and was lively and discreet in his conversation. While he

easily obtained the regard and reverence of his inferiors, by the possession of these personal advantages, his sound judgment and quickness in applying the resources of his mind, in cases of emergency, secured to him the respect of his equals. He was accomplished in all the martial exercises of that age, and enjoyed a constitution which seemed unconquerable by dissipation, fatigue, exposure in all climates, or mental anxiety. In this respect he had the advantage of the great admiral; who, though his spirit never bowed or broke, was subject to attacks of lingering and wasting sickness. That Cortes, though liberal to his companions, was naturally avaricious, and loved the acquisition and accumulation of money for its own sake, seems to be true to a certain extent. This passion is not inconsistent with the possession of fearless courage, the love of pleasure or the love of glory, nor with a lavish expenditure for the gratification of those desires. The history of the great achievements of Cortes shows that in his own case it never interfered with policy, or stopped the march of his vast conquests. In person he is described as being of good stature, well proportioned, robust and active. His countenance was agreeable, and the expression of his eyes vivacious and amorous. His chest was prominent, and his beard strong and black.

The high spirit of Cortes, and his indiscretion in matters of gallantry, involved him in several private difficulties in Cuba, notwithstanding his general popularity. He had several dissensions with the governor Velasquez, some of which were of a violent character. An intrigue with a lady of noble blood, Doña Catalina Suarez de Pacheco, involved him in considerable embarrassment. Velasquez interfered, and kept him prisoner until a marriage was celebrated between the parties, after which the governor became the friend and patron of Cortes, who obtained, in consequence of this reconciliation, a valuable grant of land and Indians; together with the place of alcalde, in the town of Santiago—a high dignity at that day, conferred only on persons of the most estimation. Notwithstanding this

friendship, there can be little doubt that the remembrance of former quarrels stimulated the enmity of Velasquez at a subsequent period.

Whatever details or private anecdotes of the life of Cortes, during this time, may be collected at this day, if it were possible to introduce them in this brief notice, the writer has no means of ascertaining. It is essential, however, to refer to the events which happened in the progress of discovery, up to the time when Cortes was called upon to assume that independent command for which his natural abilities and his experience had fitted him.

In 1512, Juan Ponce de Leon, who had subdued and settled Porto Rico, made another voyage of discovery; in which, after touching at several of the Lucayo and Bahama Isles, he stood to the south-west, and coasted along the beautiful region to which he gave the name of Florida. He made no settlement, and returned to Porto Rico through the gulf now known as that of Florida. One of the objects of his voyage was to discover a fountain in one of the Lucayo islands, the waters of which, according to a romantic tradition of the natives of Porto Rico, had the virtue of renewing youth and vigour. This fable was well suited to captivate the imagination in that age, when alchymy, astrology, magic, and diabolism were believed in; because they were denounced by the church, and by which their supposed or self-deluded votaries were punished with fire and fagots. Let us thank God that we live in an age in which such superstitions are exploded; but with humility, since subsequent generations will probably laugh at us, whether Catholic or Protestant, for similar instances of credulity.

Balboa, who remained governor of the small colony at Santa Maria, on the Isthmus of Darien, had collected specimens of gold by negotiation and by force from the neighbouring caciques. From one of them he learned that at the distance of six days' journey to the south he would discover another great ocean, near which was a region

abounding in that metal. Balboa immediately conjectured that this was the sea which the admiral had sought for in vain, as opening a communication with the Indies. He exerted himself to the utmost in procuring recruits for his expedition from Hispaniola, and in September, 1513, with a hundred and ninety men and a thousand Indians, set out on his journey of discovery. After nearly a month spent in a toilsome march through the mountainous barrier of the isthmus, in which a severe rencounter took place with a ferocious native chief, Balboa first saw the great Southern Ocean from a mountain near Panama. Here he collected gold and pearls, and obtained information of a vague character as to the situation and wealth of the region to the south. He was unable, with the forces and supplies which he then had with him, to attempt the discovery. After four months' absence he returned to Santa Maria with more treasure than had been acquired in any former single expedition by the Spaniards, and with high hopes of reaping at some period the full profits of a discovery, of which he had the glory. Francisco Pizarro, the future conqueror of the country in question, attended and mainly assisted him in this enterprise.

Balboa's hopes were destined to be overthrown, chiefly, as historians agree in believing, through the same influence which was successfully exerted against all the distinguished discoverers of the age. Bishop Fonseca procured the appointment of Pedrarias Davila, as governor of Darien; the election of Balboa to that office by his companions having never been confirmed by the king. Pedrarias arrived with twelve hundred soldiers; superseded Balboa in his functions; instituted a formal inquiry into his proceedings and conduct while acting under Nicuesa and subsequently; and imposed upon him a heavy fine, the payment of which exhausted his fortune. Disease carried off many of the followers of Pedrarias. Six hundred men perished in one month. Those who retained their vigour were engaged in extorting gold and levying contributions,

until the whole isthmus, to the lake of Nicaragua, was made desolate. The result of the different representations made on the subject to Ferdinand was, that Balboa was appointed adelantado of the countries upon the South Sea; without, however, allowing any compensation for the injustice which had been done him. The quarrels in this small colony at this time were so numerous, that it was computed that every man had, on an average, forty lawsuits on hand. The dissensions between Pedrarias and Balboa were seemingly ended, in 1516, by the marriage of the latter with a daughter of the former. The different conflicts with the natives, and visits to the South Sea for the purpose of finding pearls, which occurred in the intermediate time, can only be alluded to in this notice. The arrival of six hundred Spaniards from Cuba, with other reinforcements, enabled the leaders to push on successive enterprises with vigour, from which they returned to Darien loaded with gold, pearls, and slaves. The Bishop of Darien, however, interfered in behalf of the latter, and forbade their exportation, which he denounced as unlawful. His opposition led to much quarrelling on the isthmus. Gaspar de Morales and Francisco Pizarro particularly distinguished themselves in the excursions to which we have referred. In 1517, Balboa had succeeded in finishing four small brigantines in the Islands of Pearls. In these, with three hundred men, he proposed to sail towards Peru, and communicated his intention to Pedrarias by letter. His messengers proved treacherous, and insinuated many things to his disadvantage. Pedrarias was filled with jealousy and rage. He sent a despatch to Balboa, requesting his presence at Acla, under pretence that he had some necessary instructions to give him as to his voyage; and subsequently, to enforce his attendance, sent an order to Francisco Pizarro to arrest him, and an armed force to take him wherever he might be found. Balboa, however, on receipt of the letter of Pedrarias, left the island of Tortuga, and repairing to Acla, met Pizarro on his mission with boldness and confidence. He

found Pedrarias now implacable. The command of the king to the latter, to treat his rival with respect and assist him in his enterprises, his jealousy of Balboa's superior talents, and his fear of being eclipsed by him in power, renown, and influence, combined with the remembrance of past feuds, had wrought up the governor's dislike to fury. Balboa was arrested and tried for disloyalty to the king, and an intention to rebel against the governor. The charges against him were preposterous; and the Licentiate Espinosa refused to pass sentence without the written order of Pedrarias. This was not delayed; and notwithstanding the intercession of the whole colony, he was beheaded as a traitor. Fonseca protected Pedrarias at court. He was continued in power, and obtained leave to remove the colony to Panama.

While these events were passing on the isthmus, many others of importance, as connected with the projects of discovery, occurred in Hispaniola. Don Diego Columbus had met with many difficulties and much opposition in his administration. He was vexed with the appointments which had been made, by which territories and islands had been assigned to others, without respect to his claim as viceroy, under the compact with his father, and by virtue of the decree of the court to which he had referred his rights. He had been unable to meliorate the condition of the remaining Indians in the islands; and was obliged from necessity to suffer the system of the repartimientos to continue unmodified. His prerogative of distributing these slaves was taken from him, and conferred on Rodrigo Albuquerque. A faction was arrayed against him and all his measures, at the head of which was Miguel Pasamonte, the king's treasurer. Owing to their misrepresentations, a court called the Royal Audience was established, in 1510, in St. Domingo; to which an appeal was allowed in all cases from the sentence of the admiral. Even the subjugation of Cuba, agreeable as the news of that event was to

the king, did not lead him to adopt a more liberal policy towards the governor. In 1512, Don Bartholomew Columbus was sent out, who still retained the nominal office of adelantado. He bore instructions, directing the labour of the natives to be reduced; and that negro slaves should be procured from Guinea to assist them. Under these circumstances, Don Diego asked and obtained permission to repair to court, and left Hispaniola in April, 1515; the adelantado and vice queen (as she was called in the island by courtesy) remaining. He was received with a great show of respect, but soon involved again in litigating his disputed claims to the share of profit belonging to him, from the provinces discovered by his father during his fourth voyage, in which he had coasted, as we have mentioned, along the region to which the name of Castilla del Oro had been given. Don Diego's uncle, the adelantado, died soon after his departure from Hispaniola.

In the month of October, 1515, Juan Diaz de Solis, before mentioned, sailed from Spain with the command of two vessels. The expenses of this expedition were defrayed by Ferdinand, who was incited by the contemporary discoveries of the Portuguese, and believed, on the authority of the geographers of the day, that the Molucca and Spice Islands might be found most readily by a western route. The experienced navigator who conducted this enterprise, stood along the coast of South America, with several variations of reckoning from the north of the line, until he arrived at and entered the mouth of the great river La Plata, which he at first supposed to be a strait opening into the Indian Ocean. He ascended the river, and was slain, with several of his crew, by the natives, at a short distance from the spot where he landed. He was, says Herrera, a more famous pilot than captain. His ships returned to Spain, no further discovery having been effected.

A highly interesting and curious topic for investigation is suggested here by the chronicles of the period. We allude

to the ineffectual and mistaken efforts, made by Bartholomew de Las Casas (a Dominican sent out with Columbus on his second voyage), in behalf of the natives. With this, however, we have nothing to do in this place. While Las Casas was pleading, as he supposed the cause of the aborigines in Spain, in 1516, king Ferdinand died, and his grandson, Charles of Austria, became the heir of his possessions. The policy of Ferdinand has been considered narrow; and so it was. But his reign was marked by some of the most illustrious events recorded in history, which happened under his auspices. In his domestic relations, no fault is ascribed to him; and if he was not worthy of Isabella as his consort, he paid to her that decent respect which affords primary evidence that he estimated duly her virtues and her worth. As to his jealousy of those who conquered foreign countries, or governed them in his name, all history proves that the feelings of mother countries for their colonies, are not maternal, but those of a stepmother; and the event has hitherto uniformly shown, that our incipient jealousy was not without foundation. The branch will fall off when the tree can no longer support its weight. Gratitude is not hereditary; and colonies will not long consent to be taxed for the benefit of what is to them a foreign country. The whole philosophy of this matter is comprised in the simple ὡς ἀνθρώπῳ πεφυχότι of old Xenophon. Such has been the experience of the past; and such, if we were paid for prophesying, we might predict will be that of the future.

The Cardinal Ximenes, after the death of Ferdinand, and before the arrival of Charles the Fifth, acting as regent, entertained the application of Las Casas, and sent to Hispaniola a deputation of three friars, a lawyer, and Las Casas himself, with discretionary powers both as to the condition of the Indians and the administration of justice. Those powers were used with wisdom; and the commissioners found it necessary to tolerate the evils which they could not remedy. Las Casas returned to Spain in disgust. He was

an amiable enthusiast; and yet was anxious for making captives of the natives of Guinea, that the bodies of the remaining miserable remnant of Indians might be preserved alive a little longer, and a few of their souls rescued from spiritual jeopardy. It is not our province to give an account of the projects of Bartholomew Las Casas, which terminated in an unsuccessful attempt to colonize Cumana. We shall now follow, in an unbroken series, the course of events which led to the conquest of Mexico.

In 1517, a hundred and ten adventurers in Cuba, who had for two or three years been looking out for settlements, elected as their captain a rich hidalgo, named Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, determining to set out on a voyage of discovery. They bought two vessels of considerable burthen, and obtained a third on credit from the governor Velasquez. Most of these men had served under Pedrarias in Darien. Among them went Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who has left a plain and unvarnished narrative of this and the subsequent expeditions. According to him, the fleet sailed from Agaruco, a small port on the north part of the island, passed St. Antonio, and in twenty-one days reached Cape Cotoche, the eastern point of the peninsula of Yucatan. Here they were invited on shore by the natives (whom they found far superior in dress and equipments to the other savages they had seen), with a show of friendship. They were led into an ambush and fiercely attacked. Having beaten off the assailants, they left the coast carrying off two prisoners and some gold ornaments. They found buildings of lime and stone, and other indications of the progress in civilization made by these Indians. Cordova sailed from thence to the westward, and arrived at Campeachy, and subsequently at a town some leagues beyond, called Pontonchan, situated at the mouth of a river. It contained buildings of lime and stone, and was surrounded by fields of maize. The adventurers could not account for one circumstance which was afterward explained. The natives

of Campeachy and Pontonchan, in the imperfect intercourse they had with them, frequently pointed to the east, and uttered the word "Castillan." Cordova landed all his troops, to procure a supply of fresh water. His apprehensions of an attack were justified by the event. An immense number of the warriors surrounded the Spaniards, and killed about fifty of them. They continually cried out "Al Calachiom," or "shoot at the captain;" and though he escaped with life, he received twelve arrows. The shattered remnant of the expedition retreated with difficulty to their ships. Their wounds were exceedingly painful; and only one soldier had escaped unhurt. They were compelled to leave their water-casks behind; and suffered the extremity of thirst. They were dissatisfied with their pilot Alaminos, who persisted in his original creed, that this land was not part of a continent. He steered for Florida, the coast of which he had visited before in his voyage with Ponce de Leon. Here they obtained fresh water, at the expense of another rencounter with the natives. Exhausted with fatigue and suffering, they arrived at Puerto de Carenas, now called Havana. Cordova died soon after.

Notwithstanding the disasters attending this voyage, the accounts brought to Cuba of the houses and wealth of the countries visited, and the gold ornaments carried off from plundered temples, were irresistible excitements to another attempt at settlement. A new armament of four ships was fitted out, two of which were purchased by Velasquez. The command was given to Juan de Grijalva, a relation of his, who had an estate in Cuba, and was a man of approved conduct and valour. The rendezvous was at Matanzas, whence the fleet sailed in April, 1518, carrying two hundred and forty volunteers. In ten days they passed the point called St. Antonio, whence they were driven by the currents to the island of Cozumel. Alaminos was also the pilot in this expedition. Here the natives fled from them, and would not be persuaded to any intercourse by their overtures.

Pursuing the route taken by Cordova, they effected a landing at Pontonchan (or Champoton), with the loss of three soldiers and half their number wounded. The natives met them with great fury, and in formidable numbers. They finally fled, but had removed all their effects from the town. After a stay of four days there, Grijalva pursued his voyage westwardly, examining the coast, until he arrived at the mouth of the river called Tabasco by the natives, but to which his own name was given. The houses and villages scattered along the coast, were magnified into palaces and cities by the imagination of the adventurers; and the name of New-Spain was given to the country with universal consent. The natives at Tabasco were prepared for resistance; but, on overtures of amity being made through the interpreters, entered into a friendly traffic, though they treated with contempt a proposition to submit to the authority of the king. They produced as a present some toys of gold, of no great value; but intimated that it was to be found at the west, in abundance. They frequently repeated the words "Mexico and Culua," which were not then understood by the Spaniards. Grijalva proceeded hence to the province since known by the name of Guaxaca; and here for the first time, from the signs of the natives, whose language the interpreters did not understand, the adventurers heard of a powerful monarch named Montezuma (or Motenczoma), and learned that he was the sovereign of the country. He had received information of the result of Cordova's expedition, and seems to have been apprized thus early of the designs of the invaders. At any rate, he was aware that gold was the great object of their search. An ancient prophesy had declared that men from the west would come to conquer his country; and the accounts he received, and the painted representations made by his agents, and transmitted to his court, had awakened undoubtedly his superstitious but well-grounded fears, that his dynasty was about to pass away.

It may admit of a question, whether he was privy to the resistance heretofore offered to the Spaniards on the coast of New-Spain. The presumption to be drawn from the whole tenor of his subsequent temporising conduct is, that he was not. His emissaries first made communications from him to the followers of Grijalva at the mouth of a river, which the latter named Vanderas, from the white banners waved by these ambassadors, as a signal of invitation. On landing, they were received with the honours paid to the gods. Incense was presented to them, with an abundance of the provisions belonging to that region, such as fowls, bread, pines, and sapotes. In exchange for glass beads and European trinkets, a quantity of gold was also obtained, equivalent in value to fifteen thousand pesos. Grijalva was treated with the greatest respect, and took possession of the country (with ceremonies of course unintelligible to the Indians), as the representative of Velasquez, and in the name of the king. After six days' delay he visited several islands farther along the coast, in some of which bloody evidences were found of the cruel rites of the natives' religion, in the relics of human victims, which had been sacrificed in their temples and round the altars of their misshapen divinities. That such an exhibition should fill the adventurers with disgust, and confirm them in the creed of the age, that it was lawful to captivate and slay these pagans for the good of their souls, can be easily conceived. Such, at a much later period, was the belief, and such was the practice of the grave puritans who colonized New England, where the custom of offering human sacrifices was unknown; and this reflection will chastise the natural indignation of every sensible man, in reading the accounts of the myriads subsequently slaughtered, under the pretext of proselyting the survivors. From a misapprehension of the pronunciation of an Indian word, the name of St. John de Ulua was given to one of the islands. Thence Grijalva despatched one of his officers to Velasquez,

with an account of his discoveries. The governor had been, in the mean time, extremely uneasy about the fate of the expedition, and was highly gratified upon the arrival of the messenger, Pedro de Alvarado. Grijalva proceeded to the province of Panuco, and in a river called "De Canoas," from the circumstance which occurred there, his smallest ship was attacked, while at anchor, by ten canoes filled with Indians, who succeeded in cutting the cable, but were repulsed with some loss. Grijalva, who was not destined to prosecute this discovery, then judged it most prudent to return to Cuba. Bernal Diaz says, however, that the commander wished to make a permanent settlement, but was overruled by his officers, who represented the lateness of the season and the want of provisions as insuperable objections to remaining. From this, the largest and most encouraging voyage yet made by the adventurers in America, the ships returned to St. Jago, in October. It was now known that Yucatan was not an island; and that the continent stretched many hundred miles in a direction not before explored—Velasquez was inflated with joy. He entertained the hope of slighting with impunity the rights of Don Diego Columbus (as his own were afterward disregarded by Cortes), and despatched his chaplain, Benito Martinez, to Castile, with letters to his patron, Bishop Fonseca, and other powerful men, requesting them to obtain for him a commission to procure gold, and to make such settlements as he might deem expedient, in any region of the New World. This he obtained; and Martinez also brought him back a commission of adelantado of Cuba. Before his arrival, however, Velasquez had been preparing a powerful armament in anticipation.

Here, before taking up the expedition of Cortes in an unbroken connexion, it seems better to make such few remarks on the then existing extent of the discoveries in America, and some other particulars, as our limits allow. All the West Indian islands had been descried, and the most im-

portant of them visited. The Spaniards at different times had visited the main from the coast of Florida to the 35th degree of south latitude. The English, in the mean time, had sailed from Labrador to Florida; and the Portuguese had visited the same region in exploring a north-western passage to India. Of Mexico, Peru, and the countries south of the parallel of latitude mentioned, nothing was yet known with certainty. The question which has produced so much wild and visionary discussion, of how this continent was originally peopled, is answered with a deal of simplicity, by the Archbishop of Mexico, who edited the letters of Cortes in 1770, from which imprint they have been now republished. He says:—"Es en vano fatigarse, sobre sus ascendientes; pues de la Torre de Babél, se estendieron las gentes por todo el mundo: y assi por el polo arctico, no se ha descubierto fin a la tierra en esta America; por lo que hoy es inutil la question de como vinieron por mar, pues por la tierra pudieron venir de las otras partes del mundo; porque ninguno puede asegurar lo contrario, pues por el norte de Nueva-España no se ha hallado el termino."* The archbishop is probably more than half right. Good sense concurs with the traditions of the Mexicans and those of some of the Indian tribes to the north, in assigning the north-eastern part of Asia as the quarter from which the ancestors of most of these nations probably entered this continent. At the same time, there are strong evidences of its having been reached at several periods from other quarters, in both of its divisions. And unless the poem of Ercilla is a pure creation of his brain, and the history of the Abbe Molina more apocryphal than that of Herodotus, there were

* "It is vain to fatigue ourselves respecting the question who were their ancestors, since from the tower of Babel the nations spread themselves over the whole world; and towards the arctic pole no end has been discovered to the land in this America; wherefore the question is useless how they came by sea, since they could come by land from the other parts of the world. No one can affirm the contrary, for to the north of New-Spain no termination has been found."

too many points in the Araucanian mythology corresponding with those of the Egyptian, to warrant us in setting them down under the head of "singular coincidences." But whether stray vessels were, in distant ages, carried quite across the Atlantic (a fact not exceedingly improbable), or whether the Polynesian islands are the vestiges of some mighty convulsion of nature, are points which the ingenuity of man does not seem likely to elucidate. The traditions of the Mexicans, with whom alone we have to do, were briefly and in substance as alluded to below. It is to be observed, that the story rests for its basis on the reports of traditions merely; for most of the pictures on cotton cloths, skins, and the bark of trees, on which this half-civilized people had chronicled the supposed events of their history, were destroyed after the conquest by ecclesiastical authority, under a notion that they were connected with magic and diabolism.* Several writers, however, of that period, both Mexican and Spanish, immediately wrote down the supposed contents of the pictures thus destroyed. These traditions, illustrated by the pictures, purport that the country called New-Spain by the conquerors, was named, in ancient days, Anahuac, or a region *cerea del agua* or *near the water*. This name was originally given to the valley of Mexico, and afterward extended to the circumjacent territories. The traditions of five of the nations who settled in this district concur in stating, what we have before mentioned, that their ancestors came from the north. Gigantic relics of bones found in supposed places of sepulture, whether they were those of men or animals, prove nothing which at present merits consideration. According to their chronological records, as made out by modern Europeans,

* Of those preserved, some found their way to France and some to England, by the fortune of war some are at Vienna. The tribute roll published in the original edition of Archbishop Lorenzana's publication, has not been engraved for this work. One specimen of the Mexican hieroglyphics has been copied from the illustrations of Clavigero's History.

a people called the Tolteques emigrated from a distant land, to the north-east of the Mexican valley, in the year of redemption 550. After a pilgrimage nearly thrice as long as that of the ancient Israelites, they founded a city at about fifty miles distance from the site of the future Mexico. This city is commemorated as the most ancient in Anahuac, and one of the most celebrated in Mexican history. The monarchy of these Tolteques lasted from the year 667 of the vulgar era, during 384 years; when famine and pestilence drove nearly the whole nation into different parts of the continent. Some went to Yucatan, others to Guatemala; and a few remained in what had been the kingdom of Tula, scattering over the valley of Mexico. These Tolteques were an agricultural people. They melted and wrought gold; and they kept the calendar as correctly as was done after its regulation in the time of Julius Cæsar. Such is an abstract of their annals. *Credat Judæus appella.* About a hundred years after the dispersion of the Tolteques, the Chichimecos, a half-tamed and half-civilized people, governed by immediate chieftains, a nobility, and a sovereign, after the feudal, or rather patriarchal fashion, left their settlements at the north, and established themselves at Terrayuca, six miles from the site of Mexico. They contracted alliances with some of the remaining Tolteques, and learned their arts and sciences. A few years afterward other tribes descended into Anahuac, from regions bordering on those whence the Chichimecos had emigrated. The greatest of these was the nation Acolhua, whose three princes married three princesses of the Chichimecos. The royal residence was indifferently at Terrayuca and Tezcuco. The entire kingdom soon assumed the name of Acolhuacan, though many of the Chichimecos, retaining their ancient savage habits, mingled more or less with the Otomites, a fierce and warlike nation, beyond the mountains to the north-west, who warred on the now civilized occupants of the plains below. The dynasty of the Chichimese

kings lasted in unbroken descent through six monarchs, until the commencement of the fifteenth century; after which two usurpers succeeded to the throne of Acolhuacan. There was a nominal succession of five other sovereigns, with whose reign the history of Mexico and that of the conquest is blended. We shall not particularize the other hordes who are said to have subsequently arrived in Anahuac. It is sufficient to mention the names of the principal branches of the same family, who severally emigrated from the province of Aztlan. These were, in the order of their arrival, the Xoquimilches, Chalmeques, Tepaneques, Colhuis, Tlahuiques, Tlascaleses, or Tlastaltecas, and the Mexicans. All historians agree that these were of the same great family. They arrived at different periods in the valley of Mexico; and we shall have occasion to advert to most of them. The Tlascalese claim some notice before we sketch the outline of the Mexican history. These people at first established themselves on the eastern shore of the Lake of Tezcuco, where they were obliged to maintain themselves as hunters, not having a sufficient extent of land to follow the quiet pursuits of agriculture. Their neighbours took up arms to drive them from the soil; and these western Ishmaelites defended themselves with the valour of desperation. Though victorious, they felt the necessity of a removal, and divided into two bands, one going in a northern and the other in a southern direction. Both divisions laid the foundations of several villages and cities in their routes. The most formidable and respectable part of the nation, however, still wandered and lingered in the neighbourhood of the lake, and wars ensued, which terminated in the settlement of the Tlascalese about forty miles or upwards to the east of the lake, under a republican form of government, which they had preserved at the time of the invasion.

The Mexicans are, historically, the most important of the seven tribes we have referred to; and we shall briefly

follow Clavigero in his synopsis of their annals. They, with the others, are said to have emigated from Aztlan, a country whose locality is altogether apocryphal. It was to the north of the Gulf of California; so that there is room enough for imagination to rove in. They commenced their wanderings in the year 1160 of the vulgar era, and omens, auguries, and prophecies are said to have occasioned and directed their journey, exactly resembling those which illustrated the voyage of Æneas to Italy. Whether Æneas did or did not find and colonize Italy may admit of much doubt; but the Mexicans certainly settled in Anahuac. We shall not follow their route, of which traces were left in their monuments and temples. From Culiacan, on the eastern shore of the Gulf of California, the seven tribes travelled many days together towards the east. At Chicomoztoc, six of them left the Mexicans, and proceeded in their journyings towards Anahuac. After a nine years' sojourning in those parts, the Mexicans, passing probably through Michuacan, arrived at Tula, at which place a difference is said to have arisen, which divided them into two parties, whose subsequent separation we shall notice. The course of their progress was circuitous; but, as they followed the path indicated by the low grounds, it is not to be wondered at. In 1216, A. D., they arrived at Tzompanco, in the valley of Mexico, and about twenty miles north from the lake, where an alliance was formed between one of their princesses and the son of the chief of the country, from which union descended the kings of Mexico. After a seven years' sojourn in Tzompanco, the emigrants wandered to Tizajocan, where a son was born to their new ally the Prince Ithuicatl. They formed other alliances in this region, but the opposition of a chief of the Chichimecos compelled them, in 1245, to take refuge in the heights, within two miles westward of the site of their destined city. After passing seventeen years in this district, in a constant state of warfare with their savage neighbours,

they took possession of a group of small islands at the southern extremity of the Lake of Mexico; living for fifty-two years in a state of nakedness and wretchedness, on fish, aquatic fowl, insects, and roots. Either by force or by their own consent they then passed into Colhuacan, and became, in 1314, the vassals of the Colhuis, whose territory lay to the north, north-east, and east of the lake. After several years, a war arose between these people and the Joquimilques their neighbours, who dwelt at the south side of the lake; in which war the new subjects of the Colhuis, the Mexicans, assisted them vigorously. But they celebrated their victory with human sacrifices; and shocked the feelings of their protectors so much by these and other practices, that they had permission, or rather received orders, to depart. After some farther wanderings, they arrived at the spot where they founded their city. They found a tree (nopal) growing out of a rock, with an eagle upon it, which induced them to give to the country, and subsequently to the city, the name of Tenochtitlan. The origin of the name Megico is much disputed. Clavigero says, it is derived from the appellation of the Mars of their mythology and their tutelary god, and signifies *the place Megitli*, or *Huitzilopochtli*. To this god they built a rude temple when they commenced their settlement, and consecrated it by sacrificing a human victim, one of the Colhuis. This was in the year 1325. They were again driven to fishing and hunting on the lake by necessity; and, by the product of their labours, and such barter as they could make with their neighhours, supported themselves in a miserable condition for thirteen years. In 1338, the quarrel among them, to which we have before alluded, and which had remained unforgotten, terminated in a division of the nation; a portion of them removing to an island of the lake to the northward, subsequently known as Tlatelolco, as the emigrants were also subsequently called Tlatelolques. About the time when the division occurred, the city of

Mexico was divided into four quarters, each dedicated to a tutelary god. The government was oligarchical, or managed by a few nobles, until 1352, when the want of an energetic executive and the example of their neighbours, led them to establish a monarchy. Their first monarch, Acamapichtzin was elected, as it should seem, by some twenty chieftains or nobles. There is a confusion among historians as to his genealogy. Here we enter upon a rapid survey of the Mexican dynasty; and it must be borne in mind that their early annals, vague and often unintelligible as we find them, relate to an extent of territory no greater than that of the Romans, when they first domesticated themselves on their seven little hillocks. The first king, after fruitless attempts to intermarry with the families of the other princes around him, effected an alliance with the daughter of the chief of Coatlichan, whose territory lay some seventy miles west of Mexico, and who was a descendant of one of the three princes *Acolhuis*. The Tlatelolques, in imitation of their brethren, and in a spirit of rivalry, also established a monarchy. They, as well as the Mexicans from whom they had separated, were dwelling within the territory of the king of the Tepaneques, which they acknowledged by paying him a small tribute. This monarch, who was also styled king of Azcapozalco, and whose capital was Tlacopan, now Tacuba, at the request of the Tlatelolques, gave them one of his sons to reign over them; and by their representations was induced to increase the burthens of their rivals and co-descendants, the Mexicans, to a most onerous degree. Hitherto they had paid, annually, a certain quantity of the fish and aquatic birds which they took in the lake and its vicinity. They were now required to render in tribute a double quantity; in addition to which they were to furnish many thousand bundles of willow and fir twigs, to be planted in the highways and gardens of Azcapozalco, and to bring to the court of the monarch a floating garden, planted with every variety

of the vegetable productions of Anahuac. With this and the subsequently increased exactions the Mexicans complied from necessity. The habit of industry thus enforced, no doubt, contributed to produce their subsequent wealth and influence. This oppression continued for fifty years. Their first king reigned for thirty-seven; and their limits, during his time, extended solely to those of the city—a miserable village of cabins, made of reeds and mud. He died in 1389, and the chieftains elected in his stead his son Huitzilihuitl.

This king, the second of the dynasty, obtained by the supplication of the Mexican ambassadors the daughter of the reigning monarch of the Tepaneques in marriage. Tezozomoc then ruled in Azcapozalco. He was a crafty and, apparently, a far-sighted chief. His youngest son Majtlaton, fearing that the issue of this marriage might succeed to his paternal throne, had the infant son of the Mexican king assassinated a few years afterward. At this time the Mexicans distinguished themselves, and acquired honour and power by assisting, in conjunction with the Tepaneques, their neighbours the Acolhuis, in putting down the rebellion of a vassal chieftain, who had stirred up to his assistance the tribes of the north-east of the lake. From this period the Mexicans seem to have advanced rapidly; forming alliances with their neighbours, attending to the pursuits of agriculture, and multiplying the number of their barks and floating gardens on the lake. The king of Acolhuacan died about the year 1402, and the ambitious views of the sovereign of Azcapozalco soon developed themselves. He enlisted in his projects the Mexicans and Tlatelolques; stirred up many of the chiefs of the Acolhuis to revolt; and a long war ensued, which was temporarily quieted, after some years, by the king of the Tepaneques hypocritically suing for peace.

In 1409 the third Mexican monarch, Quimalpopoca, ascended the throne, a brother of the preceding monarch,

on whose demise he was elected by the nobles. At this time the law of succession seems to have been either particularly recognised, or originally established; by which brothers of a deceased monarch were first eligible, and, in case of their being dead, nephews. The Caribees of the West India islands had a rule somewhat similar; but for which they assigned a better natural reason. They made the children of the uterine sisters of their chiefs capable of succeeding him; because they were certain of being at least half right in preserving the blood royal. This third Mexican monarch was the most unfortunate of the dynasty, before the arrival of the Spaniards, as the incidents of his reign will show. The king of the Acolhuis was driven by the intrigues of his neighbours into the adjacent mountains, where he wandered in a state sometimes bordering on starvation. He was treacherously slain by the emissaries of his enemy in 1410, leaving the prince Nezahualcojotl his heir, whose mother was a daughter of the first king of Mexico. The king of the Tepaneques, Tezozomoc, rewarded his allies, by giving to the Mexicans the city of Tezcuco, and to the Tlatelolques that of Huejotla, a few miles to the south, to be held by them as his tributaries. He placed the other cities of Acolhuacan under the government of his own officers. The Mexicans notwithstanding acknowledged the claims of the hereditary prince, the grandson of their monarch, and favoured them as far as they were able to do. Their hatred of Tezozomoc was augmented by new exactions, levied on them and the cognate family of the Chichimecos. Tezozomoc terminated his mortal career in 1422, nominating his oldest son as his successor. It must be borne in mind that his court was but four miles distant from that of Mexico, and the princes were in the frequent habit of visiting each other. Majtlaton, already mentioned, the youngest son of the deceased king Tezozomoc, soon found a pretext for assassinating his eldest brother at a banquet; and was also successful in

causing the Mexican king to be forcibly arrested in his own city, and thrown into a wooden prison in Azcapozalco, after having so far insulted and oppressed him that he was about to immolate himself to his gods, after the custom of his ancestry. The captive monarch was visited in his durance by his nephew the hereditary prince of the Acolhuis, whom Majtlaton, called the tyrant, did not see fit to destroy. By his uncle's advice, the prince privately withdrew from immediate danger; and the third monarch of the Mexican line, left to the solitude of his prison, put an end to his own life in 1423, as is said, by hanging himself with his girdle. Some border wars were waged during his reign, not specially commemorated in history. A hot search ensued, by order of the tyrant, for the prince of Acolcuahan, who had many hair-breadth escapes, until he took refuge in the little republic of Tlascala; where he was well received, and soon collected around him several princes, either declared enemies of Majtlaton, or his discontented tributaries.

Meantime the fourth Mexican king was elected by the suffrage of those nobles who were entitled to choose the sovereign. This was Itzcoatl, a natural son of the first and brother of the two preceding kings. A good understanding immediately took place between him and the Prince Nezahualcoyotl, who succeeded in chastising severely the people of Tezcuco, the capital of his hereditary dominions, for their adherence to the tyrant, while his allies reduced to subjection the two other principal towns. Motenczoma Ilhuicacuina, son of the third king of Mexico, general of the army, and one of the most illustrious men in their annals, now entered on the scene of action. We have no space for a detail of the particular instances of his valour and singular escapes from the perils into which his spirit of enterprise led him. The hostile intentions of Majtlaton towards Mexico were no longer disguised, and the prince repaired to that city, where a union was agreed upon for its defence, of its troops and those of Tezcuco. The Mexicans regarded

the approaching contest with the greatest alarm. The intrepidity and eloquence of Motenczoma, however, roused them to action, He undertook in person an embassy to Majtlaton, received and returned his defiance, and marshalled the forces of his countrymen for the exigency. At this period, it is probable that two of the causeways, at least, had been constructed; to wit, those of Tacuba and Tepeyacac; though they were undoubtedly much improved afterward. The patient toil requisite to make them at all passable marks an advanced stage in the system of government. In two battles under their valiant leader, the Mexicans routed the Tepanequcs, entered their capital, and slew the usurper Majtlaton. Most of the nation submitted to the victors, now lords instead of being tributaries; and conquered lands were distributed between Motenczoma and the warriors who had most distinguished themselves in the conflict. The Mexican king, with a due regard to justice, and to prove his gratitude for the assistance he had received, restored Prince Nezahualcoyotl to the throne of his paternal ancestors, monarchs of the Chichimecos, and put him in possession of Tezcuco. He was also assisted in quelling the opposition of several chieftains, and the allied armies separated with songs of triumph and much booty. The Tlascalese had been very serviceable in this war. The armies of the Mexicans and Acolhuis did not however pause in their career of victory; but subjected the adjacent tribes who had given cause of provocation, to the distance of about thirty miles south-west from Mexico. It should have been mentioned that before the battles with the tyrant, the Mexican populace, in a solemn meeting, pledged themselves to support the authority of the nobles, and of the king chosen by them, in case of victory; to be their tributaries, labour in their fields, and follow them in their wars. After the success of his arms, the Mexican king, from a sense of justice, or from motives of policy, conferred on the grandson of Tezozomoc the title of king of Tlacopan (or Tacuba),

investing him with the government of part of the country subject to his forefathers, including the district of Mazahuacan, extending to the mountains north-west of the lake. A triple alliance was thus formed between the three powerful princes of Mexico, Tacuba, and Acolhuacan; the two latter, however, being bound to render aid in case of war to the former, and to yield up to him by far the greatest proportion of the spoil. They were each to have a voice, as honorary electors, in ratifying the choice of every Mexican monarch, to be made by four of the Mexican nobles, who were recognised as being invested with that privilege. The Mexicans reciprocally covenanted to aid their tributaries and allies. Here we arrive at the first great landing-place in the history of their advances to vast power and domination. This alliance, formed with great solemnity in 1426, remained unbroken for a century. During the ten remaining years of the reign of the fourth king of Mexico, the tribes at the south of the lake, to the distance of thirty miles or more, were subdued, and agreed to pay him tribute. In his time the capital was much increased. Buildings of stone and mortar, and temples were erected. His obsequies were celebrated with much pomp.

The general Motenczoma I. was elected his successor, being, as we have mentioned, his nephew, and son of the second king, Huitzilihuitl. Before his coronation, either in compliance with old precedents, or to create a new and barbarous one, he set out on an expedition to procure prisoners, by whose sacrifice his coronation might be solemnized. An ancient cause of offence was found against the Chalqueses, a tribe between the lake and the mountains to the south-east. Many of them were taken captives; and Motenczoma was crowned with all the ceremonies of barbaric pomp. The horde of Chalco soon after retaliated the sacrifice of his people, by putting to death five nobles of Mexico and Tezcuco, who fell into his hands. He caused their bodies to be dried and salted, and placed them in his hall

to support the pine torches with which it was illuminated. In consequence of this outrage, Motenczoma with his allies attacked the Chalqueses both by land and water; sacked their city, and executed their chief. A great quantity of booty was obtained in this war. Soon after the Tlatelolques, whose inveterate jealousy of their kindred nation remained unabated, and between whom and the Mexicans no intercourse took place except clandestinely, meditated putting themselves at the head of a general conspiracy to overthrow the power of Motenczoma. He anticipated their designs by attacking them; killed their sovereign, and compelled them to accept a king of his own nomination. In the first nine years of this monarch's reign, he extended his conquests more than 150 miles south and south-west of his capital, and subjected to his dominion the extensive province of Cohuixco. In the tenth year, or 1446, the lake became swollen with excessive rains, and the city of Mexico was inundated; many houses were destroyed, and the streets were rendered impassable except by boats. To prevent a recurrence of this calamity, a most laborious work was undertaken and accomplished. A dike was constructed to keep out the waters, nine miles in length and sixty-six in breadth. It was composed of stakes, driven down in parallel rows, the intermediate space being filled with stones and earth. In this work all the allies and neighbouring tributaries assisted. The princes set the example to their subjects by toiling themselves in its construction. As the water was in some places very deep, ingenuity must have supplied mechanical contrivances to overcome the difficulty. This dike was not entirely sufficient to prevent partial inundations; but was exceedingly useful to the city. Another calamity soon visited it. Untimely frosts and a want of seasonable rains occasioned a failure of the crops for four successive years; and in 1452 the wants of the people could not be satisfied. The magnates threw open to them their own granaries, but the supply was inadequate to the necessity.

In this strait, Motenczoma allowed his subjects to sell themselves as servants to other nations. Many of them died of exhaustion on their way, and many never returned to their own country. The body of the people supported themselves as their ancestors had done, by hunting and fishing. In 1454 an abundant crop of maize, vegetables, and fruits, restored them to comfort. This famine, like all the difficulties with which this people had to struggle, increased their greatness in its ultimate tendency. It strengthened the hands of the government; led to prudent calculations against the recurrence of a similar evil, and to an apportionment of tribute among the nations from whom it was exacted, by which the capital was always supplied with provisions sufficient for any ordinary emergency. With returning prosperity, the warlike Motenczoma was soon led to take up arms again. His subjects having been ill-treated, his couriers detained, and the travelling Mexican merchants despoiled by the people to the south-east and east of his kingdom, pretexts for war were found, and readily embraced. In a few years he reduced to subjection the principal towns in the large districts of Mixtecapan and Mazatlan; pushing his conquests in both directions near to the Gulf of Mexico and to the coast of the Pacific. In 1457, with a powerful army of all his confederates and dependants, he waged war on the people of Cuetlachtlan, or Cotasta, whose country lay on the gulf. They formed an alliance with the three martial republics of Tlascala, Cholula, and Huejotzingo, whose territories lay between them and the lake. But the fortune of Motenczoma prevailed. The province of Cuetlachtlan was subdued; and six thousand captives were sacrificed at the dedication of a new Mexican temple, destined to preserve the bones of victims. After this signal victory, celebrated in Mexican song, Motenczoma rewarded his ally the king of Tlatelolco, by giving him in marriage his cousin, the sister of the three succeeding monarchs. A rebellion of the people of Chalco at this

time was punished with terrible severity; the yoke of their servitude was made heavier; and their district was apportioned to the principal captains who had signalized themselves in the war. New conquests followed in rapid succession. The dominions of Motenczoma, at the time of his death, 1464, extended eastward to the Mexican Gulf; south-eastward to the centre of Mixtecapan; in a southern direction 150 miles, to Chilapan; and west and north to the mountains which enclose the valley. His garrisons were placed in every tributary region. This king is celebrated for his civil, as well as his military talents. The ceremonial of his court was regulated with great nicety in all its details; his penal code was rigidly enforced, he built many new temples and established new rites, all of them stained with blood, according to the atrocious superstitions of the people; and while his authority was respected with awe and fear, he was personally beloved with an idolatrous reverence. His obsequies were celebrated with a pomp corresponding to his dignity.

Ajayacatl, his successor, and the sixth of the dynasty, was, as were his two brothers, who succeeded him on the Mexican throne, son of Tezozomoc, by the princess Matlalatzin, his own niece, and daughter of Itzcoatl, the fourth Mexican king. He made an expedition to Tehuantepec, on the Pacific Ocean, four hundred miles south-east of the lake; took many prisoners; and extended his conquest to Coatulco, a maritime town beyond. He returned with booty and with prisoners, who were sacrificed at his coronation. He suppressed rebellions, and strengthened his power within the limits of his predecessor's domain. In 1469 and 1470, the kings of Tacuba and Tezcuco, so long the firm allies of Mexico, died at advanced ages. The latter (Nezahualcoyotl) was one of the most renowned heroes in that age and country. Undaunted and enterprising in war; severe and inflexible in the administration of justice; benevolent to his poorer subjects even to beneficence; ingenious him-

self in the useful and ornamental arts, and their liberal patron; enlightened as to religion, and believing in one true God only, while he tolerated from necessity the superstitions of his subjects; endowed with a fine imagination, which gave vent to itself in his poetical compositions, not in celebrating in barbaric strains the mere gests of warriors in battle, but in aspirations to the invisible fountain of existence, in hymns to the Omnipotent, and in elegies on the instability of human grandeur;—such is the character ascribed to the Lord of Acolhuacan. The story of his romantic fortunes in youth, and of his splendid reign after his restoration to his rights, seems to be not altogether apocryphal. The most memorable event in the reign of the sixth Mexican king, was the conquest of the Tlatelolques; whom his predecessor was either unable or unwilling to reduce to actual dependency. We have mentioned that Motenczoma I. dictated to them the choice of their king, to whom he subsequently gave his cousin in marriage. This unfortunate lady was badly treated by her husband, and gave regular notice of his plots against her countrymen to the Mexicans. A brief but sanguinary contest terminated in the entire subjection of the Tlatelolques. Their king was slain; their city made a suburb of Mexico, and a heavy tribute imposed upon them. Their confederates were severely punished. The sixth king of Mexico subsequently extended the boundaries of his empire to the west as far as the kingdom of Michuacan, and reduced the people south of that country to his subjection. He died in 1477, leaving many sons; one of whom was the celebrated and unfortunate Motenczoma II.

He was succeeded by his elder brother, Tizoc, whose reign was less illustrious than that of any of his predecessors. He made, however, farther conquests to the south during the five years of his administration. He is said to have been taken off by poison, administered through the malice of a discontented tributary chieftain.

The eighth king, brother of his two predecessors, was named Ahuitzotl, who had like them proved his military talents by conducting the armies of the kingdom and its allies to victory. He was crowned with much pomp, after completing the great temple; having in the intermediate time captivated many prisoners, who were sacrificed at the ceremony. The number mentioned by historians (more than 60,000) is altogether incredible. This king was engaged in a constant succession of wars and conquests until 1496, when the triumph of his arms received a severe check from the people of Atlixo, whose city, though not more than thirty miles from the south-east corner of the lake, yet preserved its independence, as did that of Huexotzinco, a few miles to the north. In 1498, Mexico was again inundated in consequence of the king's obstinacy in persisting to introduce by a canal the waters of a well in Coyoacan into the lake. In the two last years of his reign, a famous Mexican general, Tliltolotl, marched with his victorious troops as far as Guatemala, more than nine hundred miles south-east of the capital. At the time of the death of Ahuitzotl in 1502, the Mexican dominions were nearly as extensive as they were when the Spaniards invaded them.

Motenczoma II. was elected his successor. He was, as we have mentioned, son of the sixth king;* and had not only distinguished himself as general of the armies, but also in a sacerdotal and civil capacity. He was grave, dignified, aristocratic in his feelings, and withal inclined to be superstitious. When his election was announced to him, he retired into the temple, declaring himself unworthy of the honour. Perhaps his reluctance was not altogether affected. He had perhaps good sense enough to know the vacillation of purpose to which his mind seems to have been constitutionally subject; and may have conscientiously shrunk

* Llorenzana says, he was the son of the first Motenczoma. We have followed Clavigero, who adopts the statement made by the greatest number of chroniclers.

from the responsibility of controlling a great empire, whose component provinces were heterogeneous, and many of whose vassals were restless under the yoke. The king of Acolhuacan congratulated him and the people over whom he was to rule, in a speech to which he was for some time unable to reply, being overcome by his feelings even to shedding tears. They were prophetic of his misfortunes. The Atliqueses, who had rebelled in the last reign, were selected as the subjects to supply victims for the barbarous rites of the coronation. He returned from an incursion into their province with many prisoners. The ceremonies were splendid, and attracted to Mexico the Tlascales from the east, and the Michicuaneses from the west, who, by the new monarch's commands, were treated with princely hospitality. Dances, sports, theatrical representations, and illuminations, enlivened the capital for a long period. Tribute poured in from every subjugated tribe. The wealth of the crown and of the nobles was displayed with profusion. Such was the commencement of his unfortunate reign. He soon gave offence by displacing all such officers of his court as were of plebeian origin; whom the wisdom of his predecessors had selected for their ability, without reference to the dignity of their ancestry. Six hundred tributary princes or nobles discharged the offices of his palace, and the number of women connected with the establishment was as great. His passion for the sex was extravagant, but has no doubt been exaggerated. But without anticipating further the particulars which Cortes has himself given, or describing the magnificence of his regal establishment, it is sufficient to say, that boundless luxury and uncontrolled power produced on him their invariable effects. Though of a naturally amiable and mild temperament, pride, superstition and rigour predominated in his administration. The Tlascaleses, whose stubborn little republic had never paid tribute to the Mexicans, had fortified the circuit of their small territory with ditches and forts. Mexican garrisons

were posted around them; and they were precluded from carrying on any regular traffic with their neighbours. They built their famous wall, six miles in length, in consequence of the threats of the Mexicans. Shut up thus in their impregnable barriers, they experienced one great evil, the want of salt, which their soil did not supply. The small provinces between them and the lake, jealous of their preserving an independence which they had lost, attacked them in this reign, and were driven back discomfited, to ask support from Motenczoma. The king despatched an army to their assistance, under the command of his eldest son, which was routed by the Tlascaleses with the loss of the general. Either the Mexicans were unable, with all their power, to subdue this democracy, which existed in defiance of them, at only sixty miles' distance from the capital, or, as some writers have supposed, they were willing to permit them to remain, in an attitude always half-belligerent, in order to have the means of exercising their armies in practical warfare, and obtaining victims for their gods. The former is by far the most probable supposition. Revolts took place in the more remote provinces, between the time of Motenczoma's accession and 1508. They were not suppressed without many losses, which disheartened the nation. The crops failed, and a famine drove many into exile. A comet appeared, which excited their superstitious terrors; and the king of Acolhuacan, renowned for his wisdom and skill in astrology, announced, as is said, impending calamities, from the arrival of a strange people. Very probably he did predict misfortunes; and it is equally probable that something had already been heard of the settlement of the Spaniards in the Isthmus; and it is very possible that news had been received of their other expeditions to the main. A wizard, employed by Motenczoma, gave him a reply not more favourable than the royal astronomer had done. It is also very likely, that there were in reality some traditionary predictions to a similar effect; for such have

been current among all nations; and when any thing happens to which they can be made to apply, the legend becomes a prophecy. There is also a romantic story, but which is palpably a pure invention of that age, about a trance into which a sister of Motenczoma (who was afterward converted to Christianity) was thrown at this period; in which the coming of the believers in the true God was revealed to her. Other phenomena followed. The towers of the great temple took fire, and strange shapes were seen in the air, &c. Similar portents are gravely recorded by the historians of the settlement of New-England. They happened also in the most interesting epochs of Roman and Jewish history, according to poets and annalists. A melancholy presentiment of impending evils sunk deeply into the mind of Motenczoma. His generals, however, were still successful in quelling the troubles of revolting tributaries; and in 1512 his dominions were extended some distance to the north. The king of Acolhuacan died, or resigned in 1516. Dissensions arose between his sons. One of them, Cacamatzin, ascended the throne. Ihtiljochitl, the other, agreed to accept a large portion of the paternal possessions in lieu of that dignity. He kept an army in motion, and defied the authority of the Mexican king.

Here we shall pause, and carry this outline of the Mexican dynasty no further. It is obvious that the empire was full of the elements of discord. Some small territories remained independent and always hostile, within its boundaries. Most of the tributary provinces were only kept in seeming subjection by terrors arising from former punishments, and the propinquity of Mexican garrisons. Had there been no disaffection to the government of Motenczoma, and had the resistance to the Spanish arms been hearty and unanimous, it seems altogether improbable that the small armies of Cortes, even with all their discipline, and the superstitious dread of their arrival in their favour, would ever have made their way within sight of the capital.

The form of the Mexican political system is said by most modern writers to have resembled the feudal, and they employ terms in speaking of it, borrowed from those appertaining to the latter. But it certainly has but a vague resemblance to the constitutions of the northern conquerors; and was made more on a small scale, like that of the Roman empire, with its dependent kingdoms and provinces. The population of the country was very dense; but we shall not attempt to estimate its probable amount; as to which all the authorities differ. The nations in the vicinity of the lake were exceedingly procreative. The number of children borne by the wives and concubines of some of the kings, as reported, is almost incredible. The poorer class, however, who constituted the great majority of the people, were unable to maintain large families. Agriculture depended on the natural fertility of the soil. They had no beasts of burthen subjected to the yoke. In the handicrafts cultivated by the artisans, the division of labour was carried to some extent. The priests and principal warriors were selected from the numerous progeny of the kings and the large body of the nobility. It is not our province to enter into more minute details of the state of this country, which Velasquez was preparing an armament to explore.

The governor of Cuba, not waiting, as we have mentioned, for the return of his messengers from Spain, had collected a fleet of ten vessels, in addition to those which had returned with Grijalva. He expended twenty thousand ducats from his own resources, in getting up this armament. He was involved in great perplexity in choosing a captain-general of sufficient talents and energy to conduct the enterprise, and who would at the same time be true to his (the governor's) interest.* His own proceedings had taught

* The dilemma of Velasquez is well expressed by Solis, who says that he was endeavouring to find a man de mucho corazon y de poco espiritu. The English historian, Robertson, paraphrases the remark, as he does whole pages of the work of Solis, without giving credit to his original.

him to be jealous of entrusting power to others; and the event was precisely what he anticipated and dreaded. The common voice was in favour of Grijalva; but as Velasquez remained irresolute, many competitors urged their pretensions. It is said that the governor offered the command to Beltazar Bermudez, a native of Cuellar, where he was born himself; but that Bermudez was disposed to exact conditions, which occasioned his angry dismissal. Antonio Velasquez Borrego, and Bernardine Velasquez, relations of the governor, were also prominent candidates; but the soldiers and volunteers were generally opposed to the appointment of either of them. In this juncture, Amador de Lares, royal treasurer in Cuba, and Andres de Duero, private secretary to the governor, urged upon him the nomination of Hernan Cortes. The treasurer is recorded to have been a man of great subtlety and business talents, who had filled several important stations without knowing how to read or write. Cortes was very intimate with him; and it was currently reported at the time, that, by an arrangement between them, the treasurer was to share in the profits of the expedition. It is natural to suppose that neither his intercession nor that of the secretary was purely disinterested. Their representations were effectual; and Cortes received an ample commission, drawn by the secretary, to make discoveries, to traffic with the natives and obtain gold, as captain-general of the armada, under Velasquez. It is proper to mention that the powers assumed by the governor, in granting this instrument, were not actually granted to him until the 13th of November, when a capitulation was signed with his agent by Fonseca, at Barcelona. This was only five days before Cortes sailed. When the appointment was made public, it of course did not give satisfaction to the friends and dependants of the rejected candidates. On a Sunday, as Velasquez was going to church, with Cortes walking by his side, one Cervantes, a licensed buffoon, cried out, "Friend Diego, you have made a rare choice! How

soon will you want to send another fleet after Cortes?" The relatives of Velasquez were assiduous in insinuating to him the doubts and suspicions which he ought to entertain of a man at once popular and ambitious; who, as they urged, made frankness and liberality a cloak for deceit and cupidity; and who only smothered the resentment he entertained at having been formerly coerced and imprisoned, until he could take full revenge. These suggestions gained upon the mind of the governor daily, as the time for the departure of the fleet drew nearer. Meantime Cortes assumed the state belonging to his office; with his military attire, and the other ensigns of his dignity. He erected a magnificent standard of gold and velvet before his own door; with the royal arms and the sign of the cross embroidered upon it, and with the motto in Latin, "Brothers, let us follow the cross, for with it we shall conquer." He had little difficulty in obtaining volunteers. The fame of the enterprise drew around him the most active and valiant men of the island. It was, however, necessary for him to provide arms, munitions, horses, and provisions, to a considerable amount, at his own outlay; and his private means were very scanty. He had two thousand pesos in the hands of Andrea Duero; and he borrowed four thousand more from two of his friends. Captain Bernal Diaz mentions that he had been extravagant in maintaining the state and appearance of himself and his wife; by which the income of his property had beeen wasted. The difficulties he had gone through to obtain the lady, no doubt operated on his pride, and induced him to run into unnecessary and imprudent expenses in his domestic display. Three hundred volunteers soon joined his standard in St. Jago. Many of these were personal adherents of the governor; and among them was Diego de Ordas, his first major-domo, said to have been specially commissioned to act as a spy on the actions of Cortes. Captain Bernal Diaz, as we have before mentioned, with many of the former adventurers under Grijalva, went

to seek his fortune on his own account. Without giving a catalogue of all who were subsequently distinguished, who joined Cortes before his final departure from the island, we shall only mention the names of Pedro de Alvarado, Cristoval de Olid, and Gonzalo de Sandoval, all of which belong to history. The two first met with a violent death on the field of the conquest; the last, who always remained faithful to the fortunes of Cortes, died at a premature age, in Andalusia, while accompanying the conqueror to court. The preparations of Cortes being now nearly completed, the reluctance on the part of the governor to intrust him with the armament grew stronger. Herrera says that Velasquez determined to revoke the commission, and communicated his intention to the secretary and treasurer, who gave timely intimation of it to Cortes; and that the latter departed from the port at night, without the ceremony of taking leave. This story, with its other embellishments, as compiled by that worthy and laborious annalist, is improbable on its face, and is contradicted by Bernal Diaz, an eye-witness. According to him, Cortes certainly departed in great haste. Devolving on his wife the charge of procuring what supplies remained wanting, he warned all who had enlisted to be on board the vessels at a certain hour; which summons being complied with, he repaired, with the secretary and treasurer to the governor's house, to receive his final commands. On the ensuing morning, the 18th of November, 1518, he set sail. The governor accompanied him to his ship, in seeming amity. As the fleet was to touch at other ports in the island, and remain there for some time, there can be little doubt that Velasquez preferred postponing any open rupture with the leader of so many brave and impatient men, all, except his own creatures, uneasy to depart. He was deficient in moral energy if not in courage; and the want of sufficient confidence in himself, the consciousness of which deterred him from undertaking in person the glorious enterprise in which Cortes was now embark-

ing, necessarily led him to hate any lieutenant whose success must throw his own pretensions into the shade. What he dared not do himself, he meditated doing by deputy; and reckoned upon having Cortes sent back to St. Jago as a prisoner, upon some frivolous pretext, before the fleet left Cuba. How absurd his policy was, is manifest from what followed.

The fleet arrived in a few days at Trinidad. Cortes had several particular friends in this town, who gave him a hearty reception. Here he again erected his standard, and made a proclamation inviting volunteers. He was joined by many cavaliers of good birth, who contributed from their estates provisions and other necessaries, and by a hundred soldiers from Trinidad and the town of Santa Spiritu. It was difficult to obtain horses; and those which could be procured were bought at a dear price. A vessel arriving with a cargo of provisions, the owner enrolled himself under Cortes, who bought the ship and her lading on credit. The enemies of Cortes at St. Jago continued to work upon the mind of Velesquez; and even employed a crazy astrologer named Juan Millan to predict the revenge which the captain-general would take for former grudges. They hinted at a secret treaty between him and the secretary and treasurer; and urged his abrupt departure, as an evidence of what his future course would be. Velasquez may have been glad to listen to these suggestions by way of finding pretexts for what he desired to do. At any rate, his indecision was brought to a close, and he despatched two confidential persons to Trinidad with orders to Francisco Verdugo, the alcalde mayor of that town, who was his brother-in-law, to divest Cortes of his command, and take from his control the fleet and troops, announcing that he had been superseded, and that Visco Porcallo had been appointed in his stead. Diego de Ordas, and the immediate friends and connexions of the governor, received private orders to the same effect. But Cortes was not unprepared

for this message. He had a large and well-appointed body of men around him, eager to serve under him, and sufficient to overawe the few who were attached to the governor's interest, or might be inclined to respect his authority. Cortes chose, however, to put in requisition his talents of persuasion. Diego de Ordaz was induced by him to represent to the alcalde the danger of attempting to execute the order by force. Verdugo had good sense enough himself to see the folly of such a measure, even if he had been inclined to carry it into effect. This he communicated by letter to the governor, as did also Diego de Ordaz and others. Cortes wrote to him too, in a courteous and submissive strain, expressing his attachment to him and his interests, and his surprise at the steps he had taken; entreating him not to listen to the calumnies of his rivals, or to the ravings of a madman. One of the messengers who had brought the order, returned with these despatches. The other remained and enrolled himself under Cortes. We have no right to suppose that Cortes did not intend to keep strict faith with Velasquez at the time when he received his appointment. But after all the jealousy and doubts of his fidelity, which had been so poorly disguised, and this attempt to take from him all participation in an enterprise in which he had invested all his property, and to further which he had pledged his credit to the uttermost, and involved his friends and their fortunes with him, it is not to be supposed that he felt conscientiously scrupulous as to the rights of the governor.

He now gave orders for the fleet to sail to the Havana. The smiths of Trinidad were busily employed in the intermediate time in making arrow heads for the cross-bows, and other necessary implements. They accompanied the expedition. Pedro de Alvarado, with fifty men under his command, proceeded to the Havana by land, in order to take the horses there, and receive some expected volunteers. Juan de Escalante sailed to that port in the vessel under his command,

by a northern route; while Cortes with the fleet took the southern direction. Alvarado and Escalante arrived safely, as did all the other ships of the fleet, except that in which Cortes had embarked. This vessel parted from the others during the night after they sailed, and had not since been seen. For seven days the adventurers remained in great anxiety, fearing that the missing ship had been lost on the shoals called the Gardens. A proposition was made and agitated to elect a new commander. Diego de Ordaz urged this measure very strenuously; expecting, it is said, that the choice would fall on him, on account of his enjoying the confidence of the governor. But on the eighth day, Cortes arrived. The ship, which was one of the heaviest burthen, had in fact struck upon a shoal, and been got off by lightening her cargo. The captain-general and his forces were received with distinguished honour and hospitality by Pedro Barba, lieutenant of Velasquez at the Havana. At his house Cortes took up his quarters; displayed his standard before the door, and beat up for volunteers. Many gentlemen and soldiers joined him. Finding that Diego de Ordaz had manifested symptoms of a want of attachment to his interests, and that his presence might prove dangerous under existing circumstances, he despatched him in one of the barks to Guanicano, a small settlement round Cape Anton, directing him to procure provisions there, of bread and bacon, and wait until the arrival of the fleet, or till further orders. He then caused his artillery to be drawn on shore and put in order; the arms and equipments to be inspected, and the horses to be examined and taken care of. He exercised the soldiers every day with great diligence, in the management of their arms and in all the military evolutions; regulated his own family, and enforced the strictest discipline. The neighbouring country yielded abundance of cotton; and the soldiers provided themselves with jackets of that material; which, being well quilted between pieces of linen cloth, was said to be a more effectual defence

against the arrows of the Indians than the ordinary kind of armour. When these preparations were nearly completed, a messenger named Garnica arrived at the Havana, bearing peremptory despatches from the governor to his lieutenant Pedro Barba, commanding him to arrest Cortes and send him to St. Jago under a strong guard; and to detain the fleet and forces until further orders. Letters were also brought of the same purport, to Diego de Ordaz and Velasquez de Leon, entreating them to assist in carrying the order into effect. The former, as we have mentioned, had been previously sent away. Solis, and those who have followed him, are in error in saying that it was afterward. Cortes was apprized of the object of Garnica's mission as soon as the governor, if not before him; for the messenger brought with him letters from a friar of the order of Mercy, to the chaplain of the expedition, Bartolomé de Olmedo, of the same order; and it is supposed that the secretary and treasurer also took occasion to give timely notice of the tidings. Cortes communicated the intelligence to his officers and men. A great tumult ensued, and they all vowed to support their captain-general, in defiance of the governor and his lieutenant. Velasquez de Leon himself was dissatisfied with the mandate, and took the same side with the troops. In the midst of their indignation, Pedro Barba came among them, and assured them he had no intention of offering to enforce his instructions. The messenger returned with documents similar to those sent back from Trinidad on a like occasion, the lieutenant assuring the governor that any attempt to arrest Cortes would only occasion the town to be sacked, and its inhabitants to be carried off in the fleet. Cortes also wrote as before, professing his devotion to Velasquez, and regretting that his enemies should so misrepresent his motives and actions. But it is obvious that he thenceforth considered himself absolved from the tie of obedience to the capricious governor. What respect he may have meant to pay to the rights of the latter in the vessels

and property which he had purchased in the first instance at his own expense, and in the profits of the expedition according to the agreement between them, he probably left to be developed by circumstances—as we shall also do.

Not deeming it prudent to delay his departure longer, the whole fleet sailed on the ensuing day, being the 10th of February, 1519, for the island of Cozumel. The experienced Alaminos acted as chief pilot, in which capacity he had sailed before with Cordova and Grijalva. A solemn mass was celebrated before departing; and St. Peter, whom Cortes had always invoked as the patron of his undertakings, was named as presiding over the destinies of the armada. The armament consisted of eleven vessels, the largest of 100 tons, three of from 70 to 80 tons, and the rest of smaller size and without decks. On board were five hundred and eight soldiers, and a hundred and nine seamen and artizans. Each ship contained a company under the command of its captain, who commanded the vessel at sea, and the company on shore. Only thirteen soldiers were armed with muskets, and thirty-two with cross-bows; the rest had swords and spears. The train of artillery consisted of ten small field-pieces and four falconets. There were also sixteen horses, and some fierce dogs of Spanish breed. With the past experience of their countrymen in their adventures on the main, this force seems entirely inadequate to effect the objects they had in view. Could they have known the actual power of the Mexican empire, it must have seemed to themselves a most Quixotic enterprise to undertake its subjection. The disparity between their force and that which might have opposed them, is infinitely greater than we can find a parallel for in all history, taking it as it is handed down to us. Had the twelfth Charles of Sweden overturned the throne of the czars, the seeming disproportion between cause and effect would not have been greater than that exhibited in the instance of Cortes and Motenczoma, the relative resources of each party being fairly weighed, according to the evidence left upon record.

Pedro de Alvarado was directed to proceed with the ship commanded by him to Guanicanico, to join Diego de Ordaz, and wait with him at Cape St. Anton, for the arrival of the admiral and the rest of the fleet. A tempest arose during the night subsequent to its setting sail, which rendered it necessary for the vessels to part company. Pedro de Alvarado, a faithful soldier, but a landsman, left the control of the vessel to his pilot, who, contrary to the instructions of Cortes, proceeded to Cozumel, where the ship arrived two days before the others. Alvarado's company marched to the town of Cozumel, which they found deserted by the natives. Proceeding further, they saw the people flying from their approach; and, entering their settlements, they found some fowls and other provisions, with idols, utensils, and rude ornaments of debased gold. Returning with this miserable booty, they took captive two males and a female, who had wandered from their tribe. Cortes arrived with the fleet, including the ship of Diego de Ordaz, with which he had fallen in; and was extremely incensed, not only at the neglect of his orders, but at the unauthorized inroad into the country. He ordered the pilot Camacho to be put in irons, and solemnly reprimanded Alvarado for his imprudence and assumption of authority, in what he had done. It was his wish and policy to proceed by pacific measures, while they could accomplish his object; and this first disobedience of orders certainly called for a more severe example, had it been possible to hold the bonds of discipline as tight, at so early a period of the enterprise, and among such a high-spirited band of adventurers, as the nature of the service required. He ordered the property to be restored through the captives whom he released; and the interpreter, Melchor (an Indian captured in Cordova's expedition), was directed to tell them to call back their fugitive countrymen, with assurances that they would not be harmed. Presents of beads and trinkets, and a shirt to each of them, satisfied them so well, that on their representation the chief of the place with the inhabitants returned the next day, and a most

amicable intercourse and commerce ensued between them and the Spaniards. Cortes, while at Cozumel, gave another specimen of the sort of discipline he meant to enforce, by causing seven sailors to be severely flogged, who had been detected in stealing bacon. The whole forces here passed muster and were inspected, with their equipments. Solis, after the manner of the ancient historians, makes a good speech for Cortes on this occasion, which might perhaps have been delivered to advantage; but which is in a style very different from that of the conqueror, as we find it in the following letters. It is a handsome speech, nevertheless. Before departing from Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to acquire a valuable auxiliary, in the following way. Having heard from those who sailed with Cordova, that the Indians of Cotoche, the northern point of Yucatan, frequently made use of the word Castillan, a circumstance for which the Spaniards could not account, he questioned the native chiefs upon the subject, and was informed by some of the natives who were travelling for the purpose of barter, that there were two Spaniards at a place about four leagues from Cotoche whom they had seen and conversed with a few days before. Cortes immediately despatched two light vessels well manned, under the command of Diego de Ordaz, with letters to his countrymen and beads to pay for their redemption. The Indians who gave the information went along; and the letters in two days were delivered to Jeronimo de Aguilar, one of the captives. He had been ordained a deacon in the church; and was wrecked eight years before, with seventeen others, while going from Darien to St. Domingo. They took to their boats, and were driven by the current on the coast of Yucatan, where they were made prisoners, and some of them sacrificed. Disease and ill-usage had carried off all the others except Aguilar and a man named Guerrero, who had married and adopted the Indian mode of living. The latter refused to leave his wife and children; but Aguilar

joyfully received the messengers, and his Indian master accepted the proffered ransom. His deliverance, however, came near being defeated; for Ordaz having waited during eight days according to his orders, and hearing nothing of the messengers, returned to Cozumel, much to the vexation of Cortes. When the fleet put back, from a cause hereafter to be mentioned, Aguilar crossed the gulf in a boat, with the Indian messengers, and was taken on board. His complexion had become so altered, and his habits were so like those of the natives, that his countrymen at first could not distinguish him. He was squalid and nearly naked; but had preserved the tatters of a book of prayers, which were tied under his shoulders. He proved of essential and indeed indispensable service, having learned in Yucatan the lengua Maya, currently spoken in those countries, by which he was enabled to act as interpreter. While at Cozumel, Cortes took a step calculated to affront the natives, which seems, at first, inconsistent with his reproof of Alvarado. He attended with many of his followers at a religious ceremony of the natives, performed in one of the rude temples of the island, decorated with uncouth and grotesque images. An old priest ascended to the summit of the temple, and harangued to the Indians. Cortes, after a few brief inquiries from Melchor as to the purport of the sermon, interrupted the ceremonies, and expostulated with those officiating, and with the audience, on the folly of their idolatry. Through the medium of an interpreter, and under the excitement of the moment, his exposition of the merits of his own creed must have been truly edifying. The Indians, however, are said to have replied, in a spirit of philosophic reasoning, at least as profound as that of Jean Jaques Rousseau, that their ancestors had always observed this religious ritual, and lived comfortably under it: adding, that if they prostrated their temples, the gods of the violated sanctuaries would forsake and destroy them. By way of showing them what their gods were worth, Cortes directed his fol-

lowers to tumble them from their elevations, and break them to pieces. Indian masons were procured to build with stone and mortar an extemporary altar and chapel. The cross and an image of the Virgin were erected; and mass was performed; to which the Indians listened with great decorum and gravity. Cortes was no hypocrite. He believed in the efficacy of the symbols and sacraments of his church, even among these pagans, who only saw one figure, strange to them, substituted for others with which they were familiar. We cannot, without distorting historical evidence, and avoiding the plain conclusions of good sense and common reason, believe that the indignation of the conqueror at the sight of idolatrous worship in temples stained with human sacrifices, was affected, and assumed for politic purposes. His plain policy was to conciliate the natives and win their confidence; leaving them, at the same time, under a due sense of the puissance of Spanish valour and discipline, and of the extraordinary engines of destruction which could be used against them. And this policy he uniformly followed. The abrupt prostration of temples and images was impolitic, and prompted by sheer enthusiasm. And yet there is no point on which the memory of Hernan Cortes has been more assailed, by writers of different creeds, and of no creed at all, than this. In his whole career as a conqueror, he was a persevering Iconoclast; and, as will be seen from his letters, resistance often ensued on the part of the Indians, which led to the shedding of blood. Let us therefore despatch this reproach against him here, as we think may be done, with brevity. The rigid and the liberal Catholic will justify or find an apology for his zeal. He was superstitious; but the wisest and greatest of men have laboured under the same excess or weakness of feeling, whichsoever it may be, or ought to be termed. Pious Protestants must not throw the first or the last or any stone at Cortes, for they will be referred to the history of their own doings; from the burning of Servetus by John

Calvin, to the shooting of poor Indians like wild beasts in swamps and morasses, as "pestilent heretics;" the roasting of poor Quakers and Baptists as schismatics; and the hanging and drowning of poor crazy old women as witches, by the enlightened puritan settlers in New-England. If the philanthropist who disregards sects, in his love for the whole family of man, be disposed to censure Cortes on this score, it is a sufficient answer to him to say, that, on the most moderate estimate, a thousand mangled carcasses of human victims had been every year precipitated down the steps of some of these temples, which the zeal of Cortes purified with fire and sword, or levelled to their foundations. There was therefore an immense saving of human life effected. We mean to employ no sophistry in these suggestions, but only to meet the several vituperators of Cortes with their own weapons. He believed that his cause was good; and he certainly meant to make it such, by success, whether it was so or was not.

The fleet sailed from Cozumel in the beginning of March, but were obliged to return for a day or two to repair some damages done to the ship of Juan de Escalante, which contained the bread. By this fortunate circumstance, as we have before mentioned, the deacon Aguilar was enabled to join the expedition. Few incidents occurred in this voyage to Tabasco. The fleet arrived at the mouth of the river of Grijalva on the 13th day of March. The smaller vessels and boats only could ascend the river; and in these the troops proceeded to the level and marshy shore, disembarking about a league from the town. The borders of the stream were filled with canoes containing armed Indians; and a numerous body, computed at 12,000 warriors, had assembled at the town of Tabasco. Their demonstrations were hostile; and they replied to the overtures of Cortes, made through Aguilar, by threatening death to all who should attempt to approach their capital. It subsequently appeared that the neighbouring nations had taunted them as

cowards, for their amicable treatment of Grijalva; and that they had collected their forces and those of their allies en masse, being determined to repel their visiters. Cortes made his dispositions accordingly. Dividing the artillery, muskets, and cross-bows among the vessels, he directed Alonzo de Avila to march with a hundred men, by a narrow road leading from the point of Calmares, as the first place of disembarkation was called by the Spaniards, towards the town. The main body proceeded in the vessels to the shore near it; and De Avila had instructions, when he heard the firing of artillery, to attack the place on one side, while Cortes was to assault it on the other. This was carried into effect the next morning, after celebrating mass. As the vessels approached the shore they were surrounded by a countless number of canoes, filled with armed Indians, shouting defiance, and sounding their trumpets, horns, and rude timbrels. Cortes again caused it to be made known to them, through the formality of a royal notary, that he came only for a supply of wood and water; and that they must be responsible for the consequences of any violence they might offer. The Indians, in reply, gave with their drums, signals for an attack, closed upon the Spaniards, and discharged their arrows and lances. The Spaniards fought up to the middle in water; and were embarrassed in their progress by the deep mud on the shore, in which Cortes left one of his buskins. Attaining the firm land, they drove the enemy before them, who fell behind a circular stockade. They were successively driven from this and the other barricades and defences of their town. De Avila came up at an opportune moment, having been retarded in his march by marshes and other obstacles. The Indians retreated in good order, parting the enemy; but were compelled at length to evacuate the last disputed post, which was a court in the centre of the town, containing some large buildings and temples, in which they had collected their effects. Here the Spaniards halted, and Cortes, drawing his sword, took

possession of the country for his majesty, with a ceremony of his own device, declaring himself ready to defend it, with the arms he then brandished, against all who should deny the royal claim. No mention being made of Velasquez, or his rights, in this chivalric flourish, the partisans of the governor murmured in secret at the omission. In this affair fourteen Spaniards were wounded, and eighteen Indians left dead on the field. On the next day the interpreter Melchor was missing, having deserted during the night, leaving his clothes behind him. He joined the Indians; and by his representation of the small number of the invaders, induced them to persevere in opposing them. It is said that he was afterward sacrificed, in revenge for the discomfiture and slaughter which his counsels occasioned. Cortes sent out two bodies, of a hundred men each, to reconnoitre the country for two leagues round the post. They were attacked on all sides by large bodies of warriors, and compelled to retreat, with the loss of two men killed, and eleven wounded. Those who remained in the town were in the mean time fiercely assailed; and a prisoner who was taken that day informed Cortes, that by Melchor's advice, he would be attacked both by day and by night. He was sent to his countrymen with an amicable message; but never returned. In addition to those wounded, a number of the most active young men in the Spanish force were unfit for service, from a debilitating sickness. Cortes sent the invalids on board the ships. He brought the horses on shore, and assigning them to the most skilful riders among his officers and soldiers, took the command of the small body in person. On the 25th of March the whole force sallied from the town; and in the plains of Centla, distant about a league, they met the army of the Indians, covering the ground as far as the eye could reach, well appointed according to their military fashion, and advancing with great fury. Seventy soldiers were wounded by the first discharge of their missiles. They closed up, and

fought hand to hand, yielding very little ground at any time during the engagement. Whenever a cannon was fired they raised a deafening shout, closing their dense masses around the range of the ball, and throwing up dust into the air, to conceal the loss they had sustained. At length, Cortes, who had made a circuit for the purpose, suddenly attacked them with the cavalry in the rear. Not expecting this assault, and bent only on fighting those in front, a complete route soon ensued. The horsemen rode through them as they pleased; and the information Melchor had given does not appear to have removed the terror which the sight of these strange animals naturally inspired. Thanks were given, under a grove of trees on the field of battle, to God and the Virgin, for the victory. A town was afterward built on the spot, called Santa Maria de Victoria, in honour of the day, which was that of our Lady, and of the occasion. This town was deserted during the middle of the last century. The Spaniards bound up their wounds and those of the horses, using the fat of Indians for ointment. Two of their number only were killed in the battle. They found on the field upwards of eight hundred of the enemy dead or dying. Five prisoners were taken, two of whom seemed to be principal men. Cortes treated them kindly, and sent them, with presents of beads and trinkets, to their countrymen. The result was, that after some little negotiation, in which Cortes preserved a politic show of anger, to enhance the value of the peace he was desirous to establish, the principal chiefs of the vicinity waited on Cortes with great humility. They approached him with the reverence they paid to their gods, throwing up incense from their censers; endeavoured to assign excuses for the hostile reception they had given him, and besought him to receive them into his friendship. They brought presents of gold, wrought in the form of different animals and objects, with mantles of cotton and feathers. Their most acceptable offering seems, however, to have been twenty female slaves,

whom the Spaniards were well content to take. Among them was the celebrated Doña Marina, as she was called afterward, at her baptism, or malintzin, as it was pronounced by the Mexicans. She was a native of Painala, in the Mexican province of Coatzacualco. Her father was a great chief; but having left her mother a widow, the latter intermarried with another tributary noble, by whom she had a son. In order that the whole inheritance might devolve upon him, the daughter was sold to certain merchants who came from the vicinity of Tabasco, and it was given out that she had died. She was brought up among the Tabasqueses, and understood, in addition to her native Mexican tongue, the lengua Maya, spoken in Yucatan and Tabasco. Her quick intelligence enabled her to acquire, in a short time, a sufficient knowledge of the Spanish to act as interpreter, with the aid of Aguilar. She is described as a very handsome, high-spirited woman. She remained through life constant in her fidelity to the Spaniards and in her personal attachment to Cortes. The important services she was able to render are recorded by him. After the baptism of herself and her companions on the ensuing day, Cortes gave one of them to each of his captains. Doña Marina was presented to Alonzo Puertocarrero. When he went to Old Castile, not long after, Cortes took her to himself, and she had a son by him. Much romance is mixed with her subsequent history, to which we shall pay no attention. What has been stated, and may be mentioned in its proper place of this interesting woman, is vouched for by Bernal Diaz with the solemnity of an abjuration and an amen. Cortes remained five days after this baptism, which accompanied other religious rites, at Tabasco. The chieftains acknowledged the king of Castile as their sovereign, and were exhorted to maintain their allegiance. A supply of provisions being obtained, the fleet sailed for St. Juan de Ulua, on the morning after Palm Sunday, and arrived at that port on the evening of Holy Thursday. As they sailed

along the coast, those who had accompanied Grijalva pointed out to Cortes the rivers, mountains, and points of land to which they had given magnificent names on their former voyage. Cortes encouraged their enthusiasm; praying for the fortune in arms of the Paladin Rolan, with which, and with such soldiers as he commanded, he assured them he would conduct the enterprise to glorious results.

As the fleet, having arrived off San Juan de Ulua, was passing between the islands and the shore, two large canoes or piraguas were seen approaching, which advanced near the admiral's ship without any signs of timidity. The Indians within them began addressing the Spaniards in a language which was new to them, and which their interpreter, Aguilar, did not understand. Doña Marina, however, did. They spoke in the Mexican tongue; and she communicated the purport of what they said to Aguilar, in the language of Yucatan, who again rendered it into Spanish. Cortes was so overjoyed at possessing even this circuitous means of conferring with the Indians, that he considered it a visible interposition of Providence in his favour. The Indians were received on board, and stated that they were sent by the governor, a servant of the great Motenczoma, to inquire whither they were bound, and to supply them with any provisions or necessaries of which they might be in want. The story of some of the old writers, that the advance of the fleet was perceived from the distant mountains of Tochtlan and Mictlan, and communicated to the capital by means of the couriers, in time for an order to arrive from court to the governor, before Cortes entered the harbour, is utterly incredible, on account of the distance of the places asunder. But it is by no means doubtful, that the governor of Motenczoma had general instructions how to act in case of the arrival of the Spaniards, which was anticipated with so much panic. Cortes received these messengers with great courtesy, made them a present of cut glass and other toys, and entertained

them with European wines. He informed them that he came in perfect amity, to visit the people of the country, and traffic with them for its productions; with which answer they returned to the governor. On the ensuing day, the cavalry, infantry, and artillery were disembarked; temporary barracks constructed on the sandy soil of the coast, and an altar erected. In this labour they were materially assisted by the natives, who brought hatchets with which they cut stakes, which they drove into the ground, and erected huts with great dexterity and rapidity. They took particular pains with that designed for Cortes. They also brought cotton cloths to shelter the Spaniards from the sun, and presents of gold, fowls, bread, and fruit. They gave information that the governor would wait in person upon Cortes: and it was gathered from them, that this country was a recent acquisition of the Mexican empire; that the General Teuhtile was extending his conquests with a large force, while the civil government was entrusted to Cuitalpitoc, who had a large retinue of officers and servants with him. Accordingly, on the day of the feast of the Resurrection, these nobles visited Cortes with great state, accompanied by a long train of followers, bearing loads of provisions, and baskets containing presents. Cortes received them with much ceremony, surrounded by his principal captains. They made three several obeisances, after which he advanced to meet them; and, conducting them with great gravity to the principal barrack, mass was performed. He directed the interpreters to communicate to them, that this religious office was a proper preliminary to entering upon business, and to entreat Providence for a happy issue to their conference. We shall refer with all possible brevity to the events which ensued between this period and that at which the narrative by Cortes himself commences. They are related with few variations in all the common popular works. Cortes, after mass had been said, and the ambassadors or governors had partaken of a

banquet with him, informed them that he came from a great king, whose court was far distant beyond the sea, and who had heard of the fame of their monarch Motenczoma. That he was commissioned by him to wait on Motenczoma, whom he must see, as he had matters of importance to disclose to him. Teuhtile, upon hearing this, is said to have expressed very plainly his surprise that Cortes, who had just touched the shore, should talk of seeing the distant and powerful emperor. He, however, begged him to accept a present of gold, wrought in different fashions, with specimens of the richest manufactures of the country, and said that he would immediately cause his desire to be communicated to Motenczoma. A number of native painters were present, who took copies of what most struck them in the camp, and, as is said, accurate likenesses of the countenances of Cortes and several of his attendants. These were sent to Mexico with some trifling presents, the best Cortes had to offer. Motenczoma's panic increased with the tidings brought by his couriers. In the weakness of his judgment he sought to win the Spaniards from their purpose by richer presents, which only whetted their curiosity, ambition, and cupidity. They were brought, after a lapse of only seven days, to the encampment. A train of a hundred men carried them, and deposited them on cotton cloths at the feet of Cortes, whom the ambassadors approached with salutations of the deepest reverence, touching the earth with their hands, and kissing them, and fumigating him with their vessels of incense. The purport of their answer was, that Motenczoma would rejoice to see their emperor, and entertain friendly relations with him; but that the journey to his court was attended with difficulties; lay over bad roads beset by enemies; and that he did not wish the Spaniards to attempt it. Cortes received this message with placidity; accepted the magnificent present with grateful acknowledgments, and gave the ambassadors such specimens of European manufacture as he could spare. He

then reiterated his purpose, and his request that he might visit the monarch in his capital; stating that he had come from a vast distance over the ocean with this principal object, and that the king his master would be grievously offended, should he return without effecting it. The ambassadors, after in vain remonstrating against this determination, repaired a second time to court; and after a lapse of some days, again returned from the infatuated sovereign with the richest presents he could command; but with a positive notice that all conference as to further intercourse with Mexico must cease. He had consulted his gods with daily sacrifices of human victims; and the answers of his priests corroborated the suggestions of his own terrors. Instead of taking active measures to drive the invaders from his shores, he remained trembling in his capital and collecting his forces around it; leaving the distant and dissatisfied provinces on the gulf open to the intrigues of the strangers. When this last reply was delivered to Cortes, after politely thanking the ambassadors for the gifts they brought, he turned to some of his followers and observed, "Truly, this is a great and rich monarch; by God's blessing we must see him." He caused the Mexican nobles and their train to be enlightened by a lecture from Fra. Bartolomé, on the Catholic faith and its ordinances; and they were presented by the latter with an image of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms. On the morning following this performance, all the Mexicans were found to have departed from the vicinity of the encampment, and no traces of them were to be discovered.

We must now consider Cortes as having taken an independent stand. Though the commission to Velasquez had not arrived when he left Cuba, and though his own, on being examined narrowly by those who had supposed him invested with plenary powers, directed him to return after procuring as much gold as he could, he was now professedly attempting conquests, as the direct

lieutenant of the King of Spain, and bent on subjecting Motenczoma to his allegiance, though he had not yet openly avowed that object to the natives.

There were much greater difficulties in his way, in the accomplishment of his grand aim, than the smallness of his own force, and the greatness of that of the Mexican empire. The friends of Velasquez conceived that his rights were entirely neglected; despaired of gaining further advantages at present; and were resolute in requiring that the fleet should return. Even before the last visit of the ambassadors, Cuitalpitoc, who remained near the Spaniards, to superintend the supplying them with provisions (and, no doubt, to watch their proceedings narrowly also), had relaxed very much in his efforts to procure them food. The few Indians who occasionally brought fowls to barter for trinkets and toys had learned to demand a much higher price for them; and the officers and soldiers subsisted principally on such fish as could be procured by the mariners, whom they paid for their services with such bits of gold as fell to their share, or were obtained by barter. As the scarcity of food continued to increase, this mode of purchasing it became more general; and the party of Velasquez contended loudly that this manner of disbursing the gold was a violation of the contract, by which it was to be thrown into a common stock, under care of a treasurer, and divided; rendering his stipulated share to the governor of Cuba. Cortes, who knew that the wants of the many must prevail over the murmurs of a few, affected to yield to the justice of these representations; observing that he had winked at what seemed a necessary infraction of the agreement; but if the troops could procure food in any other way, he would be better content. He accordingly appointed a treasurer. Soon after the intercourse between the Spaniards and Mexicans was broken off (how many days after does not appear with certainty), five Indians arrived at the camp from Compostla, a neighbouring town,

in the province of Totonaca. Three of them understood the Mexican language; and on their being brought to Cortes, intimated that they had been sent by their cacique, who was desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of such brave strangers, but had been afraid of approaching him, as he was a tributary of Motenczoma, of whose power he stood in awe. Highly gratified by this prospect of acquiring allies, Cortes dismissed the messengers with presents, and assurances that he would soon visit their chief; and if he had even hesitated, as to a fixed perseverance in his enterprise, the present prospect of support from the natives themselves confirmed him in his purpose. It was expedient, however, to let his conduct seem to grow naturally out of circumstances, if possible; and he contrived so admirably to give to the measures which were taken the air of being enforced by the exigency of the case and the will of the majority, that it is impossible to prove the contrary from the facts, as transmitted to us, by the fair rules of moral evidence. But we are not disposed to give Cortes the negative credit of merely availing himself of favourable circumstances. He had the talent and the fortitude to control them, when apparently adverse; to design and to execute what seemed to be the result of contingent causes not under his influence. Whether he is to be esteemed as a good or a bad man must depend on an impartial consideration of his actions, separately, and then in the aggregate. As to his relations with his own government at this crisis, it is sufficient to repeat what we have said, that the persecution of Velasquez, who had granted a commission without authority, absolved Cortes from any other obligation to him than the moral one of restoring his property; and to add, that the Emperor Charles V., in whose name Cortes professed to act, sanctioned and applauded his proceedings on the receipt of his despatches. Leaving these remarks to be applied to the subsequent facts, we shall state them as they occurred, without borrowing from others, or conjec-

turing for ourselves the motives of any party to the transactions.

Francisco de Montejo, proceeding in two small vessels along the coast, in quest of a more suitable site for a colony, returned after ten or twelve days, recommending a place called Quiabislan or Quiahuitztla, at about twelve leagues' distance. Thither Cortes determined to advance; but the clamour of those who wished to return, stimulated by the friends of Velasquez, became so loud, that he was compelled to assent, or to seem to assent, to their demands. He professed himself ready to return. It was then that those who were bent on pursuing the conquest, with the leading men, among whom he had no doubt a confidential understanding, came to him and solemnly demanded to be led on by him, "in the service of God and his majesty," requesting him to assume the independent command, which they were willing to confer on him, and uphold him in exercising. After a little decent affectation of reluctance, Cortes accepted the proposition, and expressed himself, in animated terms, ready to conduct them to wealth and glory. The principal men were summoned to attend at an extraordinary meeting, and elected a council and magistrates, in whom the government of the colony was to be vested. At the first meeting of this assembly Cortes requested to be admitted. He entered with a respectful and reverential air; and addressed the members at much length, and with much art. He stated that he considered their body as now representing the dignity and authority of the crown; that the commission he held from the Governor of Cuba was a defective one, and perhaps invalid: that he therefore desired to resign it, leaving it to their wisdom to elect a fitting commander, whom he was willing to follow, and to carry a pike under, as a common soldier. He then laid the commission from Velasquez on the table; kissed his truncheon, and delivered it to the chief magistrate, and withdrew. He had no reason to doubt what would be the result of the

deliberations of the council. His resignation was accepted; and he was appointed captain-general and supreme magistrate. His commission was ordered to be made out as in his majesty's name. Among the other provisions of this arrangement, that which Bernal Diaz speaks of as the worst, was the power given him to draw for himself one-fifth of all the gold which might be collected, after deducting his majesty's proportion. This privilege, which he exercised to its full extent, led to disputes and litigation afterward; but it enabled him to preserve the attachment of his followers, by actual donations or by promises, which he seemed to have the means of fulfilling. He now, as the representative of royalty, took on himself corresponding state, and appointed his officers and household. The new town was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz. The partisans of Velasquez, who had witnessed these proceedings, without being able to stop their progress, declared that they would no longer remain under the command of Cortes, but would return to Cuba. The general replied, that it was not his wish to detain them against their inclinations. Some of them, however, being turbulent, and not pacified with this declaration, he caused five to be arrested, and put in irons; a measure of severity justified by the exigency of the case, whether he was sincere or not in his profession. He detached a hundred men, principally of the faction of Velasquez (whom it was politic thus to find employment for, and to prevent from breeding sedition), into the adjacent country, to procure provisions. Of these they obtained an abundance, doing no other injury, by command of the general, to the inhabitants. They paid, however, no equivalent for them, and brought some prisoners back with them, for detaining whom they had no pretence. Gold secretly distributed, fair promises, and flattering advances won over those who had clamoured about returning, to silence, if not to allegiance. The five prisoners were released, and Cortes determined to proceed to Cempoalla, in compliance with the

chief's invitation. Quiabislan lay in the same route where he contemplated establishing a settlement. The vessels proceeded along the coast for that port, while the army marched in good order, and with every precaution, towards Cempoalla. They had reason to doubt the faith of the Totonaques, and they were entering provinces tributary to the Mexican emperor, contrary to his will. At three miles' distance from Cempoalla they were met by an embassy, consisting of twenty principal men, who brought a present of the fruits of the country, and a greeting from the cacique, who excused himself for not attending in person, on account of his being exceedingly fat and unwieldy. The town was large, and contained many handsome buildings. The Spaniards were hospitably received and entertained. A present of gold was made to them, amounting in value to a thousand dollars. The fat cacique enumerated to Cortes the wrongs and grievances his people sustained under the tyranny of Motenczoma; the excessive tribute he exacted; and his requiring their daughters for his lust, and their sons to sacrifice to his lust. Cortes extolled to him the power and grandeur of his own monarch, and the valour of his followers, who, he said, did not fear this great emperor. He professed himself willing to assist the cacique, and insinuated that one of the objects of his mission was to redress grievances and put down oppression.

He proceeded the next day to Quiahuitztla, to meet his vessels; four hundred Indians carrying the baggage and provisions of the army. On entering the town, which was fortified, and situated on a rock of difficult ascent, none of the inhabitants appeared, until the Spaniards approached the central part, in which the temples had been erected. Fifteen persons, in rich mantles, then advanced to meet Cortes, fumigated him with incense, and accounted for the absence of the townspeople, from their timidity. The fat cacique followed Cortes at a slower pace, and in several interviews with him and the chiefs of the town, the complaints against

Motenczoma's cruelty were renewed. Cortes was much pleased with the situation of the place, and determined to establish there a fortified settlement, which purpose he acted upon immediately. Huts were commenced, with such circumvallations as were sufficient to protect the occupants from assault by an Indian army. The people of Cempoalla and Quiahuitztla cheerfully lent their aid in constructing them; and Cortes set an example of diligence by working in person.

Just after the arrival of the Spaniards in this place, and while conferences were going on relative to the Mexican territory, news was brought, which threw the natives into consternation, of the arrival of five collectors of tribute for Motenczoma. These dignitaries were received with great pomp, and escorted to their lodgings by the principal persons. In passing the quarters of Cortes, they did not deign to cast a look on the Spaniards; but, having commanded the caciques to attend them, reprimanded them for receiving and entertaining the strangers, contrary to the will of the emperor. To expiate the offence, they demanded twenty men and women, to be sacrificed to the gods. Cortes, on being informed of these circumstances, through Doña Marina, advised the caciques instantly to seize and incarcerate the collectors, and hold them in durance until it could be ascertained whether Motenczoma sanctioned their exactions, promising to protect them in adopting the measure. The proposal was received with trepidation. Like the Mohawks of North America, these Mexican envoys (confident from the terror which the remembrance of former chastisements and the name of their nation inspired) appeared among the tributary nations unaccompanied by any armed force; and their advent occasioned such fearful submission as might attend that of an avenging or malignant divinity. But the presence of the Spaniards, or perhaps the awe felt for them, fortified the wavering caciques. The five messengers were seized, and fastened in a sort of pillory, made

of transverse staves and collars, in which they could not change their position; and one of them, who made strenuous resistance, was compelled by blows to submit.

The Totonaques had thus passed the Rubicon; and with a spirit congenial to their savage habits and suddenly acquired audacity, proposed to sacrifice the prisoners. To prevent them from so doing, Cortes took them into his own custody, and placed them under the guard of his own soldiers. He had not yet committed himself so far with these people as to pledge himself to support them against the Mexicans, if they would shake off their yoke. His policy was more far-sighted; and the measures he adopted in this crisis proved the extent of his sagacity. Consistency alone, however, forbade his countenancing this sacrifice; for the main ground he had taken in urging the chiefs to resist the demand of the collectors was, that the sacrifice of human beings to idols was an abomination, in the code of that true faith which he came, among other objects, to invite them to accept.

He now played a double game with the prisoners and the caciques. He caused two of the former to be liberated in the middle of the night, and brought to his quarters. He asked them, as if ignorant of the matter, whence they came, and why they had been imprisoned. On their replying, he told them he had not been apprized of the meaning of the proceedings; ordered food to be brought to them, and requested them to assure their sovereign that he wished ardently to cultivate his friendship. He then sent them off clandestinely in a boat, in which they were transported to a point on the shore, beyond the district of Cempoalla. In the morning, when the chiefs discovered their escape, Cortes pretended to be much incensed at the negligence of his guards, whom he reprimanded; and directed that, for better security, the other three collectors should be confined on board of his vessels. There, however, they were immediately set at large, with a promise to send them on their

eral, also wrote to the Spanish monarch, detailing the particulars of their conquests, professing their devotion to his service and that of the church, and soliciting the emperor not to yield to the suggestions of the bishop of Burgos, the patron of Velasquez. In order to invalidate the claims of the latter, they represented the armaments under Cordova and Grijalva as having been fitted out by the adventurers who engaged in the expeditions, and not by the governor; and laboured to depreciate the services of those commanders. They contended that the sole object of Velasquez was barter, and not conquest; and pretended that Cortes had defrayed the greatest part of the expense of fitting out the armament. They gave some account of what they had seen and heard of the Mexican customs and institutions; and described particularly the horrible human sacrifices which they had witnessed. They subjoined a catalogue and description of the presents sent to the emperor. Such is the substance of this letter, from an authenticated copy which Robertson obtained from Vienna. Bernal Diaz says, that Cortes requested permission to read this document, and that, having done so, he expressed himself satisfied with all but two articles; in which his own share of the treasure, and the names of the preceding discoverers, were mentioned. He adds, that when Cortes desired these parts might be suppressed, there were not wanting persons to tell him that the emperor ought to know the whole truth. But as the main object of that part relating to the former discoverers was to sophisticate the truth, it is evident that Bernal Diaz misunderstood the matter at the time, or that his recollections were imperfect.

The vessel which bore these despatches sailed on the 26th day of July, 1519, with express instructions to proceed directly to Seville. But these were directly violated. Puertocarrero being sick, Montejo compelled the pilot, Alaminos, to touch at the Havana, on pretext of getting provisions from his estate; and, as soon as the ship cast anchor,

he sent a sailor on shore with letters for Velasquez. The messenger, as he went through the island, proclaimed everywhere what had happened. The governor, in great rage, sent two armed vessels in search of that which bore the despatches of Cortes; but they returned to St. Jago, with the unwelcome tidings that she was far advanced in her voyage to Europe.

Cortes now becomes his own historian; and it is not our province to pursue the narrative further. As a statement of facts, all historians agree that his letters to the emperor are entitled to the fullest credit. There were too many jealous eyewitnesses of every transaction which he records, for him to venture any material misrepresentations. He no doubt frequently exaggerated the numbers of the Indian armies which he encountered. There is, however, no reason to suppose that this was done wilfully. The difficulty of making any correct estimate in such cases is too obvious to need dwelling upon; and the discrepancy between all the writers is so great, that little positive faith can be given to any one statement. As to the motives assigned by Cortes for his actions, they seem, in general, to be fairly stated. The severity of his discipline was required from his perilous position; and if he had not treated the rebellious or treacherous chiefs who had become subjects of Spain with the same rigour, his own soldiers would not have submitted to the sternness of his rule. There are some particular instances of cruelty which stained his reputation; to which we shall advert.

The second Relacion is dated from Villa Segura, October 30th, 1520. It relates the history of the conquest from the 15th August, 1519, when Cortes began his march from Cempoalla, to his retreat to Tlascala, accomplished with disaster and loss. This period comprehends more vicissitudes, and is more full of interesting events, than any other in the life of Cortes; and, it may be added, than any of equal length in the life of any man. The second Relacion, as

Cortes mentions in the commencement of the third, was not, in fact, despatched from New-Spain until the 5th of March, 1521; owing to contrary winds, the loss of his vessels, and inopportune occurrences.

In his third Relacion, which is dated May 15th, 1522, from the city of Guyoacan, he recapitulates some of the events narrated in the conclusion of the second; and commencing with his departure from Tepeaca (or Villa Segura, a name which it retained but for a short time), he relates what transpired between that date and the rebuilding of Mexico, and arrival of Christoval de Tapia, which took place a few weeks subsequently. The final conquest of the great city of Mexico was effected on the 13th of August, 1521. Between this date and that of the letter, there occurred a circumstance, omitted by Cortes, which ought to be referred to. This was the torturing of Quauhtemotzin. The fact that this is not mentioned by Cortes shows either that he was ashamed of not having been able to prevent it, or had no plausible excuse to assign for permitting it. The former and more charitable conclusion will be formed, if we take the testimony of Bernal Diaz as good; and he is at least an unprejudiced witness; for in his account of the subsequent fate of this unfortunate monarch, he is not sparing of epithets expressive of his indignation. The cruelty of the application of torture by fire, to extort an important confession, which it was supposed the subject had the power to make, cannot be urged against Cortes in particular; such being the common practice in the criminal jurisprudence of the age. But if he had wantonly, or even willingly, inflicted it on so illustrious a prisoner, whom he had just received, according to his own account (which is confirmed by all others), with so much kindness and respect, it would have left a blot on his memory through all succeeding ages. And such has been, in effect, the impression generally produced wherever the story of the conquest has been read. The young and the old, shuddering with

detestation at this base, and horrible, and cowardly piece of cruelty, have cursed Cortes in their hearts, with a generous but undeliberated indignation. It is by no means evident that he could have prevented this enormity. His authority was submitted to in seasons of peril, because the rigour of his measures was felt to be essential to the general welfare. But an army, flushed with triumph, after so terrible and procrastinated a siege as that of Mexico, expecting to be rewarded with the discovery of treasures which would make every private man rich; and disappointed by realizing only a pittance, which would not, according to the rates of prices at the time, and on the spot, pay for a musket; such an army might naturally ascribe the refusal of their leader to extort, in a mode not strange to them, information relative to immense sums of gold supposed to be secreted, either to an affectation of humanity or to a design to defraud them. Without more comment, however, we proceed to the facts, not as stated by the apologists of Cortes, but as they may be gleaned from the concurrent narratives.

From what the Spaniards had seen of the treasures of Motenczoma on their former occupation of the capital, it was supposed that a quantity of gold of great value must still remain. Being disappointed in their expectations, as has been mentioned, many accused Cortes, without hesitation, of having secreted part of the spoil for his own use. Others alleged that the officers of the crown were concerned in the transaction, and had a good understanding with the general. They threatened openly to forward their complaints to the king. The royal officers harassed Cortes with entreaties that he would adopt measures to exculpate them from suspicion. The general demand was, that Quauhtemotzin should be made to reveal where he had deposited what remained of the treasures accumulated by the Mexican monarchs. A report was current that he had thrown the most valuable portion of them into the lake, four days before his capture. Cortes resisted the proposition with

decided marks of disapprobation. The king's officers protested that they had seen no more gold than what had been produced, amounting, when melted and run into bars, to only 380,000 crowns in value. The malecontents, and those in particular who were inimical to Cortes, represented to the treasurer Alderete, that Cortes wished to cheat both the crown and the soldiers. Under these circumstances Cortes left the degraded monarch to be dealt with by the ferocious conquerors. Quauhtemotzin and one of his favourite friends (or, according to Bernal Diaz, the king of Tacuba or Tlacopan) were subjected to the torture, by anointing their feet with oil, and exposing them to fire, according to the practice of the Inquisition. Under this treatment the companion of the monarch expired, casting in his last and extreme agony an imploring look at his lord; who is said to have asked him reproachfully, "Am I reposing on a bed of roses?" or to have observed, as Herrera with more probability records it, that "Tampoco él estaba en deleite." Cortes then insisted upon the release of Quauhtemotzin, to whom he caused every attention to be paid; declaring that he would never have permitted such an indignity had it not been for the importunity and threats of the treasurer Juan de Alderete, a creature of the bishop of Burgos. It is but reasonable to suppose that some feeling of respect for one who had been monarch of so great an empire, and much more, the obvious policy of keeping him alive and in their power, restrained the tormentors of Quauhtemotzin in applying the question. He was, however, made incurably lame. Bernal Diaz speaks of confessions extorted from him and the prince of Tlacopan; but he is unsupported by other writers; at any rate, no additional gold was found in consequence of the proceeding. Such seems to be an impartial representation of this affair.

In the third Relacion Cortes states the manner in which the object of the mission of Tapia was evaded. Through the intrigues of the bishop of Burgos, this gentleman had

received a commission, empowering him to arrest Cortes, confiscate his effects, institute a strict scrutiny into his conduct, and transmit to the Council of the Indies, of which Fonseca was president, the result of his inquiries. But he had neither talents, health, nor fortitude to execute the task, if it had been possible so to do, as he soon found out himself. Intimidation and bribery were so successfully employed that he sailed, after a short time, for St. Domingo. His coming rendered the transmission of the third Relacion necessary. The arrival of the messengers which carried it to Spain, with the specimens of Mexican wealth and ingenuity which they had in charge, created a great sensation. The internal commotions of Spain were quieted. Its cabinet had leisure to consider the importance of their foreign acquisitions; and though, from the discovery by Columbus to the present day, when Spain is the most contemptible power in Europe, which preserves the shadow of a legitimate king, the management of these possessions has been only a series of blunders, there seems to have been some sense in the measures adopted at this time. Overlooking whatever was irregular in the assumption of authority by Cortes, and disregarding the representations of the bishop of Burgos, Charles V. appointed Cortes captain-general and governor of New-Spain.

The fourth Carta de Relacion is dated Mexico, October 15th, 1524. It contains a narrative of the manner in which the provinces of New-Spain submitted, voluntarily or by compulsion, to the Spaniards, with the results of the expeditions to the Pacific Ocean. Cortes, like the great admiral, looked towards the discoveries in that direction with better information, but not less sanguine hopes. One event in this period requires notice, as it has given rise to one of the heaviest charges against Cortes, as a monster of cruelty. This is, the burning alive of many unfortunate prisoners at Panuco, narrated in the twelfth section of the letter. It has been asserted by some historians, that sixty

chiefs and four hundred nobles were burnt to death by Sandoval, with the approbation of Cortes, on this occasion, and that their relations and countrymen were compelled to witness the cruelty. From a consideration of the sentence in which Cortes himself speaks of this matter, we should be induced to believe that some oversight had occurred, either in his own manuscript, or in the first print from it. He says, "Senores y personal principales se prendieron hasta cuatro cientos, sin otra gente baja, á los cuales todos, digo á los principales, quemaron por justicia," &c. We are left at a loss, from this statement, to know how many principal men were burnt. It is a little singular that Robertson, who professes to follow Cortes himself, as to matters of fact, in his note to that part of his history relating to this transaction, should have made the statement mentioned above. It is evident that he did not read, or did not understand, the passage we have quoted. He admits that the statement of B. de las Casas is a manifest exaggeration. Bernal Diaz says nothing about the burning. Gomara seems to have spoken of it as an act of faith; and to have been desirous of giving to it the pomp and ceremony of a religious exercise, by lugging in the relatives of the parties who suffered, of whom we hear nothing in other contemporary writers. We can only, therefore, follow Herrera, who had the best authorities before him, with no motives for sophisticating the truth, as to the number of individuals who were put to death by burning. According to him, the *lex talionis* was followed. According to him, the soldiers of Garay, scattering from Santistevan, by the orders of Diego de Ocampo, committed excesses which drew upon them the vengeance of the Indians, who killed and ate four hundred Castilians; and subsequently burnt in one night, in Tercetuco, fifty infantry and fifteen horse, setting fire to the buildings in which they were quartered, and giving them no opportunity of escape. Sandoval arrived at Santistevan barely in time to rescue the surviving Spaniards from death by hunger, or

inability to resist the enemy. Finding conciliatory measures with the natives ineffectual, he divided his force into three parts, and pursued them with fire and sword. Having captured a number of lords and inferior people, corresponding with that mentioned by Cortes, they were condemned by regular process of law to be burnt. But on communicating the sentence to Cortes, he directed that thirty of the principal offenders only should suffer, in the presence of the *others*, whose property should be given to their heirs; and that the rest should be pardoned, on taking the oath of allegiance to the crown of Castile and Leon. The alleged cruelty of this action, so far as Cortes is concerned, may be tested by taking a parallel case. What general, in the present day, would have the hardihood to pardon those who had been sentenced by a court-martial to death, in a moment of extreme peril, when a terrible example was necessary, and a whole army was clamorous for the infliction of the penalty? There is one more action of Cortes, subsequent in point of time to the date of his fourth letter to the emperor, which demands notice. It is that which an apologist for his life would most desire to omit, or pass over without commentary. During Lent, in 1525, the unfortunate Quauhtemotzin, who had long followed Cortes, like a captive in the train of a victor, though his former subjects still retained for him the personal reverence felt by the Mexicans for their monarchs, was ignominiously hanged, together with the caciques of Tezcuco and Tlacopan. In the course of the expedition of Cortes to Honduras, in search of the armament under Francisco de las Casas, whom he had sent to chastise Christoval de Olid, in a region with which he was utterly unacquainted, with enemies around him, and treachery in his camp, and with an army who were actually in a starving condition, Cortes found himself, after all his conquests, on the brink of destruction, and in jeopardy of losing ingloriously the fruits of his perseverance and valour. He had left the city of Mexico

under the charge of those in whose fidelity he had good reason to believe he could not confide under adverse circumstances. He had taken with him the dethroned monarch and the chiefs who shared his fate, to prevent an insurrection in the capital during his absence, and to secure the assistance of the Mexicans who accompanied his march. At the crisis we have spoken of, Metztlhicahtlin, a confidant of the princess, disclosed to Cortes a plot which seems to have been concerted with some deliberation, and with a partial prospect of success. It was, to take advantage of the Spaniards in their helplessness and necessity, to cut them all off, to make a common cause with all the natives, and having destroyed Cortes and his immediate force, to return to Mexico and exterminate the Spaniards remaining there, and restore Quauhtemotzin to the throne of his ancestors. It would have been nobly resolved on the part of the conspirators, if they had had the power and courage to effect, and the wit to conceal it until the ripe moment. It could not have prevented the subjection of Mexico and its dependencies, but it might have proved fatal to Cortes, and to his title of Conquestador. The Mexicans devoted to their king exceeded in number 3000 armed men, being as twenty to one of the Spaniards. The plan of the conspirators was to fall on the Spaniards at some difficult pass, or the passage of some river. The ten persons who were first privately arrested and separately examined agreed in the main facts, charging the three princes with being the heads of the conspiracy; with a mean protestation that they themselves had only been passive in its formation. A legal inquisition was instituted, according to the forms of the times, and after a few days the princes were executed. Bernal Diaz mentions only Quauhtemotzin and his cousin the prince of Tacuba or Tlacopan; and he was an eyewitness, though his memory may have failed him. Other authorities include the prince of Tezcuco. The victims died professing their belief in Christianity (so far as they could understand what

its tenets were). Before he was executed, the king turned to Cortes and said, "Malintzin! now I find what your false words and promises have ended in—my death! I might better have perished by my own dagger, than have intrusted myself to you, in my city of Mexico. Why do you thus unjustly take my life? May God demand of you this innocent blood!" Quauhtemotzin admitted on his examination that he had been aware of the existence of the conspiracy; but denied that he had given it his sanction. Thus perished the last of the Mexican monarchs. History weeps over his fate. The plea of stern and rigid necessity, coolly considered, will justify Cortes in permitting the sentence passed upon Quauhtemotzin to be carried into execution. But it is a plea which does not appeal to the heart, at the distance of three centuries; and we should only waste words in attempting to enforce it. The facts have been fairly stated. Cortes and his victim have been long since called to an account, before a tribunal which recognises no human distinctions. The former considered the latter as his inferior, because he did not understand how to make gunpowder, navigate by the compass, and say his prayers in Latin, according to the breviary. So did all the countrymen of Cortes. We live in a more enlightened age; but equal absurdities are extant. It is a matter of history that the execution of Quauhtemotzin long preyed on the mind of Cortes, and haunted it alike in scenes of peril and difficulty, and in the repose after triumph. Alexander was far less pardonable for the murder of Clytus; and yet seems to have entertained less remorse on account of it. All conquerors have committed excesses, the victims of which continue to rise up before the imagination of the authors of their calamity. Cortes, like the others, was followed by his Eumenides.

The expedition to Honduras occupied Cortes two years. In the course of it he marched three thousand miles, through a rugged and thinly inhabited country, enduring every pri-

vation incident to such a service. It has been truly remarked that the story of what he underwent and overcame has no parallel in the history of the Old World; and that though no splendid victory or discovery illustrated this campaign, he exhibited more personal resolution, mental and physical endurance, and stern perseverance in his purpose, than in any other period of his brilliant and blood-stained history.

It was during this expedition, when passing through Guazacualco, Cortes summoned the neighbouring chiefs to meet him, that the mother of Doña Marina and her son by her second husband came among the rest, obedient to the summons, and expecting punishment for the treatment Marina had met with in her infancy. Bernal Diaz mentions this interesting interview, for the truth of which he solemnly vouches. He says that the likeness between the mother and daughter was very striking. The latter assured both her relations that she forgave them, as her mother had been ignorant in what she did; and she herself had benefited greatly by being sold into bondage; having been converted to Christianity, borne a son to Cortes, and become the wife of a cavalier named Juan Xaramillo, who had recently married her. Few well attested historical incidents have a more romantic character than this possesses. Doña Marina was unquestionably a very extraordinary woman. The value of her services, her intelligence, and her personal attractions seem at one time to have excited strongly the regard of Cortes, who at all times treated her with respect. Their connexion has been a subject for fiction; and many apocryphal and invented circumstances have been superinduced on the integrity of history, all tending to increase the odium sought to be thrown on the memory of Cortes. Such inventions are immoral. They sophisticate the record of past events, at all times embarrassed by conflicting testimony; and the great cause of truth suffers from

them material detriment.* Before he set out on this expedition, Doña Catalina, whom he had married in Cuba, arrived in New-Spain, and was escorted to Mexico, where, after three months, she died of an asthma. B. Diaz intimates that her coming was unacceptable to Cortes, who, however, received her with great ceremony and public testimonials of rejoicing.

On his return from Honduras, by the way of Truxillo, he was broken down in health and spirits. The deputies he had appointed in Mexico had circulated the rumour that he was dead, and credit had been given to it both in New and Old Spain. They found, however, that he was not only alive, but able to assert his rights. A more formidable obstacle to his pretensions presented itself in the arrival of Ponce de Leon, who had arrived with a commission superseding him in his authority, with power to examine into all his transactions, and, if expedient, to seize his person and send him prisoner to Castile. Ponce de Leon, however, died a few days after his arrival. But Cortes felt that he enjoyed only the dangerous semblance of authority. He was surrounded by spies; and every vessel that sailed for Spain bore misrepresentations of his conduct and motives, or exaggerations of his acts. In 1527 a new commission of inquiry into his proceedings was issued, with plenary powers vested in those to whom its execution was intrusted. Cortes was strongly advised by the most daring or reckless of his immediate counsellors to renounce his allegiance, and assume the absolute and independent command of New-Spain. To this advice he had the prudence or loyalty not to listen. But not choosing to submit to a trial by strangers, in the land which had been the scene of his victories and his dominion, he determined to repair to Castile, and to plead his cause before the emperor in person. He had been

* Among this class may be enumerated Jicotencal, an historical romance, written with considerable talent and spirit, and published in Philadelphia, in 1826.

insulted by an order requiring his expulsion from Mexico; issued at the instigation of the veedor and factor, on their release from prison, in which they had been detained since his return from Honduras. He seems to have treated them with deserved contempt. He carried with him to Spain many of the curiosities and natural productions of the country, and bullion and jewels to a large amount. It appears that his private pecuniary resources were great; as he afterward agreed to give a portion with his daughter of a hundred thousand pesos. Whether the charges made against him by his enemies, of defrauding the king and his followers of their shares of the gold, had any foundation in truth, cannot now be determined. There is no direct evidence of the fact. But it was to the complaints made by the royal treasurer in Mexico that the necessity of his voyage to Spain was mainly owing. He was received in his native land in a manner worthy of so great a conqueror. The order of St. Jago, and the title of Marquis of the Valley of Guaxaca, or Oajaca, were conferred on him, with the grant of an extensive territory in New-Spain. The emperor not only treated him with respect in public, but paid him private and highly honourable marks of attention. After the departure of the emperor to Flanders, Cortes married a noble lady, Juana Ramirez de Arellano and Zuñiga, daughter of the Count de Aguilar, niece of the Duke of Bejar, from whom descended the successors of his title. During his absence, his enemies in Mexico were exceedingly active in lodging complaints against him before the court of royal audience, the members of which had arrived there; and his brother-in-law Juan de Xuares was brought forward to demand justice for the murder of his sister Doña Catalina, the first wife of Cortes. This charge was believed by none but his enemies. She died from the effects of the climate. Two of the oidores, attached to the court of royal audience, died shortly after their arrival; and B. Diaz very justly remarks, that it was well for Cortes that

he was absent at the time, or he would have been additionally inculpated as the author of their deaths.

Cortes arrived in Old Spain in December, 1527, and returned in 1530, with new titles, but with diminished authority. His request to be reinstated in his former power had been coldly, rather summarily, refused. He was, indeed, named captain-general, and admiral of the South Seas, which gave him the highest military rank, with license to make further discoveries. Some difficulty and litigation arose from the construction of his grant of lands. He left the city of Mexico, as we may suppose, in some disgust, and established his residence at a place on his estate named Cuernavaca. He now turned his attention to the project which had occupied his thoughts before, of finding a passage between the North and South Seas, either by an examination of the Isthmus of Darien, or by sailing north along the coast of Florida. He sent out an expedition of two ships from Acapulco, in 1532. One of them returned; the commander reporting that he had been compelled to do so by a mutiny. The other was never heard of. He sent two other vessels afterward to look for the missing ship, and to search for pearl islands. This expedition, from the misconduct of one of the pilots, proved still more calamitous. Cortes then determined to go in person. He had three ships ready to launch in Tehuantepec, and when his intentions were known, numbers volunteered to follow him. He sailed in May, 1536. This expedition, which resulted in the discovery of California, proved most calamitous. Distress and famine carried off numbers of the soldiers in the island then called Santa Cruz, and subsequently La Paz. His vessels were driven into unknown and dangerous parts of the sea, and he was again reported as being dead in Mexico. In consequence of the rumour, his wife sent out two vessels in quest of him, with despatches, which induced him to return in the beginning of the year 1537. He soon after sent three ships out for

He assumed great splendour, as the king's representative; but his magnificence was regulated by good taste, which rejected every thing gaudy or fantastic. He was proud of the single name, which he had made known over all Europe, and was better pleased with hearing himself spoken of as Cortes than as captain-general. As *Cortes*, he is known in the farthest regions by those who never heard of the Marquis of the Valley.

June 29th, 1828.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

Materiam dat locus ipse.—Ovid.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.

A writer in the first number of the Atlantic Magazine, whom, though coinciding with him in the main, I shall take the liberty of flatly contradicting in some of his positions, has asserted that the history, superstitions, and natural and moral features of our country are inadequate for the purposes of poetry and fiction.

That, as he says, 'our national associations are few,'* I am willing to concede; but I insist that the local associations are many, and of deep interest. Some of them, too, are beginning to assume the rust of antiquity. They have arrived at a respectable old age, being quite beyond the memory of living men, and therefore affording scope for imagination; while they are not, on the other hand, so hidden in the shadows of past days as to lose the charm of personal interest.

The writer goes on to say,—'Of the mummery of aboriginal superstition little can be learned, and of that little it seems that nothing can be made; of traditionary history we have hardly any that is of a romantic character.' Both of these propositions I beg leave most cordially to deny. I

* Vide page 21 of the Magazine.

admit that the 'belief in witchcraft' will not afford materials for romance equal to those with which the once far-spread dominion of judicial astrology has supplied modern romancers. I deny that the grand and beautiful works of nature absolutely require historical associations to render them fit themes for the imagination; an inference which the writer referred to seems disposed to make in his essay.

On all these things, in their order, I propose to make a few comments, which must necessarily be desultory, and, I fear, trite; premising, that I was led to them by two works just published,* which, with several others that have recently appeared, and many, we hope, that are to follow, do and will, of themselves, sufficiently refute any dogmas, predicated on abstract reasoning, that assert the impossibility of creating a literature purely domestic. The pamphlet entitled 'Letters from Fort Braddock' is full of excellent hints for an historical and descriptive novel. Little more can be said of it, as it is merely a sketch, a skeleton of a story; although some of the parts are very finely sustained. The 'Sketch of Connecticut' will, I presume, be reviewed at some length, in this magazine. I shall therefore only remark here, that it seems written in a very chaste style, and bears internal evidence of being the production of a lady. I may, however, be mistaken.

The ideals of the Indian character have been drawn in the sweetest of modern poems, Gertrude of Wyoming; in which its attributes of the cool and calculating courage of man, united to the passive bravery of the nobler animals; the knowledge assimilated to instinct which the red men seem to have borrowed from the irrational inhabitants of their forests; their reserve; their acquired suppression of passion, which yet runs in quick and silent currents, beneath the ex-

* Letters found in the Ruins of Fort Braddock, including an interesting American Tale. O. Wilder & Jas. M. Campbell, 1824.

Sketch of Connecticut, forty years since. Hartford. Oliver Cooke & Sons, 1824. pp. 278.

ternal ice; their adherence to a promise made; their faith in ancestral superstitions; their predominant and inextinguishable lust of revenge,—are all imbodied in the character of Outalissi, and exhibited in poetry as chaste as it is noble, as mellifluous as it is graphic.

> As monumental brass unchanged his look,
> A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

The character of the Oneida chief is a pure poetical abstraction. That of Mohegan, in the Pioneers, is drawn by one who observes accurately, and describes what he sees faithfully. He chose to introduce his Indian into a picture of still life; for which posterity will name him with gratitude, long after all the puffing, quack reviewing, and tea-table criticism of the day has vanished and evaporated.

In the Letters from Fort Braddock, before referred to, Weshop, an Indian, is introduced, with very good effect, by the author. In his rapid narrative, he has thrown out this character in fine relief. Weshop is despatched with letters, from the friend of an unfortunate person, confined under a charge of murder, to the governor and council of New-York. Fleet and silent as one of his own arrows, the messenger leaves his employer, and appears in his forest garb among the abodes of civilized and mercenary men. He delivers neither credentials nor letter, but appears before the council in the character of an ambassador, for whom he is mistaken. He is lodged under the same roof with him whom he came to rescue; and, at the dead of night, opens his prison doors, points out the path to liberty, and through rivers, rapids, forests, morasses, and the apparently trackless wilderness, conducts him in safety to the bosom of his friend, by means which, though apparently incredible, well authenticated accounts compel us to recognise as natural.

> "For then
> The bow-string of my spirit was not slack;
> When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
> I bore thee like the quiver on my back,

Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foemen then, nor cougar's conch I fear'd,
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?"

There is not, at present, spirit enough in the country to publish a new edition of Brockden Brown's novels. We prefer paying for English magazines, that inform us what he wrote about, to possessing his works; of which, it seems, we can only find out the merit when some transatlantic critic, having exhausted all other topics, thinks fit to wander even to our literature for a subject to eke out his columns. From my recollections, however, I think he makes little use of the aborigines in his tales; although he might indubitably have found among them materials peculiarly suited to the character of his genius; which loved a tale of wild and singular events, produced by extraordinary hallucinations of the mind, rather than by unusual combinations of place and circumstance; and preferred, for the creation of its romance, the gothic and grotesque delineations of some mental or moral obliquity, to all the machinery of inquisitions, castles, or dungeons.

The ceremonies and customs of the different Indian tribes of this continent have been, in many instances, minutely described: and as, though generally similar, they vary with the differences of origin and climate, as materially as those of civilized nations, they offer different resources to the writer of fiction; so, also, their fabulous legends and religious superstitions have a great variety of character. While, in the north, they point to hyperborean cold and the regions of darkness, or to boundless plains and lakes, where the spirit expatiates untired, in chasing the phantom elk, or buffalo, or beaver; in the south the imagination reposes on sunny isles and sparkling waters, graceful women and ravishing music. 'Of the mummery of aboriginal superstition,' one may learn as much as he pleases, by reading the ac-

counts of those who have examined the subject; and he may make as much use of it as he is able. The creative faculty is wanting; not the materials to be wrought upon. If scenes of unparalleled torture and indefatigable endurance, persevering vengeance, and unfailing friendship, hair-breadth escapes, and sudden ambush,—if the horrors of gloomy forests and unexplored caverns, tenanted by the most terrible of banditti,—if faith in wild predictions, and entire submission of the soul to the power of ancient legends and visionary prophecies, are useful to the poet or romancer, here they may be found in abundance and endless variety. The former might even discover the hint of an epic, in some of the traditions belonging to this continent. For instance, when the fathers of the Lenapé, according to their own account, crossed the Mississippi, from the west, and after great battles gradually exterminated from the soil the gigantic race by whom it was occupied, and who had reared the towers and forts and towns of which vestiges are still remaining, full scope is given to the indulgence of an imagination, capable of constructing an heroic poem. It would, to be sure, want the charm of national association or interest; still it would point to the institutions and character of the principal tribes, who were our immediate predecessors, as occupants of the country we possess; with whose more recent history we are, or may be, in some degree, familiar. That the facts are meager, and the tradition imperfect, is true; but there is therefore more room for invention; and there are no records or vouchers to contradict what might be invented. The appliances and means for illustration, description, and machinery are ample and numerous. And the difficulties of such an undertaking cannot be stated as an objection; for no epic, since Homer's, has been composed without great labour; though it may be an easy matter to indite an entertaining poetical history in blank verse, like Madoc. Had the Paradise Lost never been

written, who would have thought the fall of man a fit subject for an epic poem?

But we are disposed to go much further, and to assert, that the pure and abstract elements of poetry are to be found in the conceptions and notions of some of our aborigines, if we are to give credit to those who have related them. Their mythology, so to speak, if less gorgeous and sublime, is more refined and less ridiculous than that of the Hindoos. The latter worship their million images, without associating with their adoration of the uncouth idol the idea of the original personification which it was intended to indicate; while the natives of this continent had a spirit or genius, as the cause of every natural effect, and personified every moral influence. And if we combine the various attributes said to be ascribed by them to the Spirit of Dreams, we might even be led to believe that they worshipped the creative power of intellect, and invoked the faculty of pure imagination. Poetry and prophecy are identified by all rude nations, as they were by the American Indians. He who would employ their machinery, in verse, needs not introduce barbarous names, insusceptible of being euphonised; but may employ, directly, the personification and its attributes; and, in so doing, speak the universally intelligible language of poetry. An exhaustless mine, too, of metaphor and simile is open in the fancies and habits of these natives; the wonders, phenomena, curiosities, and productions of the country, but yet as little employed. The perception of these belongs only to the original mind; and, it seems, some sacred bard is yet to arise among us, in whose hand shall be the hazel wand, at whose bidding the fountains of domestic poetry are to flow, freshly and purely, from our own native soil. The altar and the sacrifice are prepared for the rite, which is to propitiate Nature, to inspire her votary with the divine afflatus;—the priest alone is wanting.

Southey's 'Songs of the North American Indians' possess very few beauties. He manufactures his prose and

poetry too much on the same principles. Moore has been much happier in employing a few traditions and local associations, which he met with in this country ; and a few of his beautiful songs might be mentioned, as evidence in favour of their fitness for the purposes of modern poetry.

The next position of the writer on whom I have been commenting is, " that of traditionary history we have hardly any that is of a romantic character." To prove the contrary, we should be obliged to enter a field entirely too wide to be surveyed in our present limits. We can only refer to an article in the third volume of the North American Review, page 480, enumerating many of the materials for romance writing, in the History of the Settlers of New-England. Let the writer read the few pages there devoted to this topic, and recant this *obiter dictum*, at his leisure. The reviewer hazards, however, one prediction, which has been, perhaps, already contradicted. " Whoever," says he (page 484), " in this country first attains the rank of a first-rate writer of fiction, we venture to predict will lay his scene here." The author of the Spy (which is another instance in point, as being partly founded upon tradition), commenced his career in our own state. It remains to be seen whether he will find the eastern soil as congenial to his powers as our own. Unquestionably, the history of New-England is more prolific in romantic incident, and picturesque variety of characters and conflicting principles, than that of any other part of the United States. The accounts of them, too, are numerous, and were written at the time of their occurrence, by those who were part of what they saw, and described it graphically and minutely. Their narratives, in the language of their times, in every size, from the ponderous folios of Cotton Mather, to the modest pamphlet of his relation Increase, are precisely the auxiliaries desiderated by the compiler of romance, who would borrow their power from the Muses, of giving to his inventions a resemblance to reality, and exhibiting ' truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd.'

Ἴδμεν ψευδέα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα
Ἴδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

We seek, almost hopelessly, for such materials, elsewhere throughout the country; but must resort to oral tradition, or the pages of some general history, which presents no living pictures of men or their manners.

As adminicles of testimony, on this point, I again refer to the works noticed at the commencement of this article. Captain Mason and Captain Kyd, the murder of Miss M'Rae and the abortive attempt to seize Arnold in his quarters, with several other names and incidents of peculiar interest, are happily introduced by these authors; sufficiently so, at least, to show what might be made of them, in a more elaborate effort.

Themes for the ludicrous, as a part of the province of fiction, are also abundant in the records and remembrances of our past history, and in the former and present state of society in different parts of our country. It is hardly necessary to mention as illustrations, M'Fingal and Knickerbocker, Rip Van Winkle, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, &c. I ought, perhaps, to adduce the Long Finne, also, as an example. But I candidly confess, that having asked many times 'what it was meant to demonstrate,' and having never received a satisfactory answer, I have not yet spent my judgment upon its perusal. These instances show what may be done; but it is obvious that much more remains unattempted. Nothing like the different kinds of humour, applied to the description of character, in the novels of Fielding, Smollet, or the author of Waverley, has yet been elicited here; where the variety of character and circumstances is so great, and in some respects so novel. The ground is scarcely broken. If some enterprising Yankee, who has fought his way through the world, would only communicate all his adventures, from the time he left the interior of Connecticut, 'with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,' until he became a substantial man and at ease in

his possessions,—and would intrust his manuscript to some ingenious and accomplished writer, who might recast and embellish it,—to such a one, for instance, as dramatized Captain Riley's Narrative,—we have no doubt he might draw tears, both of laughter and sentiment, from all who could read English.

The history of witchcraft, to which the writer in this magazine alludes, might be employed for the purposes of either comic or tragic romance, though more adapted to the latter. A great deal was written on the subject at the time it was in vogue, which would abundantly supply the wants of the novelist. The persecutions also of the Quakers and Baptists, and, indeed, of all who differed from themselves, by the sturdy Calvinists, who came over the water to enjoy that liberty of conscience which they would allow to no one else, are minutely detailed, and might be used with effect in fiction.

The writer next inquires, "without the traditionary associations connected with the strong features of nature in the Old World, what could be made of them?" Seeming to imply, that the sublime and picturesque, grand and beautiful scenery of our own country, which is unconnected with legendary lore, affords no subjects on which the imagination may dwell with delight. In the first place, as we have before stated, associations are not wanting; and in the next, we would ask, after the classical remembrances, which are common to all the enlightened nations of Christendom, what associations have we with most of the mountains, rivers, and lakes which have been sung in modern verse. We have surely a better acquaintance here with our own Highlands, than with Skiddaw, Schehralion, or any other hill in Scotland. But we read and relish the descriptive poetry of Scott, solely for its own excellence. Can we not admire a beautiful landscape, without knowing from what country it is copied? Wherein, indeed, would we be wiser for the information, if we had never seen, and never heard of the

original? And need we name Thomson, Beattie, Cowper, Wordsworth, and many other examples, to show that descriptive poetry can be created, without the scene deriving additional interest from history or tradition, or without, in truth, having any names, capable of being introduced into poetry? What associations have we with the Cumberland lakes? What kind of a name for a romantic river is Duddon, which has, nevertheless, been taught to meander through many very pleasing sonnets? Or how many persons, except in those sonnets, ever heard of such a stream? For sound, it cannot compare with Hudson; and the latter, by-the-way, through all its majestic course, is connected with many associations for those who know how to feel and employ them.

I do not, however, in denying these positions of this correspondent, intend, in any manner, to controvert the general doctrine for which he contends, that the extensive range of modern literature demands, in a writer who would acquire any permanent celebrity, a liberal acquaintance with the past history and present state of the literary world. I have no manner of respect for some *stump* philosophers of our own, who have seriously proposed that the importation of foreign books should be prohibited. The opposite system, however, may be carried too far. To go over all the ground that is behind would be the labour of a life: to keep even pace with all the different authors who are now shedding their lights of different lustre over Europe would be impossible. Every fair in Germany, every annual catalogue published in England, presents us with almost a new library. But the scholar here, who would dedicate his time and talents to contributing to the establishment of a national literature, which should be characterized by simplicity and strength, must begin by making himself familiar with the manner of the ancient models, and of the founders of modern literature. The ornate, overloaded, obviously artificial, and often dissolute style of the lighter literature of

the day, with its endless redundance, useless verbiage, and unmeaning allusions, affords no precedent for our primitial classics. It ought not to, and it is pleasant to observe that it does not, suit the genius of our nation; for those writers who have been most successful among ourselves have been most distinguished for cultivated simplicity. The affected parade of superficial acquirements, and the actual possession of sound and general knowledge, are not easily confounded. It may be feared, however, that the foppish and ambitiously quaint style of some English Magazines, which circulate freely among us, may have a pernicious effect, in corrupting the taste of many, particularly the young.

Let it be also observed, in passing, that though we have nothing yet which we can call, without hyperbole, national literature, much is to be learned respecting our country with which a national writer, without wishing to become an antiquarian, ought to be acquainted, if he would not be thought shamefully ignorant. Surely, any thing relating to our continent, from Greenland to Cape Horn, is more interesting to an American than the family history of some obscure chieftain, accounts of the crude superstitions of barbarians with whom we have no associations, or memoirs on the obsolete customs of some tribe which has longest remained out of the pale of civilization; with all which the presses of modern times have been groaning.

I contend, too, strenuously, for a point which it scarcely seems necessary to urge, that a writer of talents among our own people should devote his abilities and apply his acquirements to subjects of domestic interest; exclusively so, so far forth as his opportunities admit. Why should we do what others have done well before, and be content, at best, but with the praise of successful imitation? If an accomplished American travels, and records his adventures, and the feelings to which they gave birth, what can he say of the vestiges of antiquity which he visits, which has not been suggested before? He can, however, com-

pare what he sees abroad with what he left at home, and communicate for the benefit of his countrymen the result of such comparison, whether in their favour or against them. Is the historian to repeat the thrice-told tale of another people, when our own annals are imperfectly recorded? Is the political philosopher to be for ever perplexed with the concerns of Europe, her rotten dynasties, conflicting interests, and complicated finance, without turning to our own unparalleled institutions, on which no feudal system or fungous hierarchy ever operated with their unnatural influences; which have no ancient evils to remedy, but need only beware of the introduction of errors? It should be his task to detect the appearance, and warn against the result, of such admissions; to point out the proper modes of applying the powerful energies and resources of our young empire for the good of present and future generations. Is the poet to take up the burthen of a strain, with which the hills and groves of Europe have been vocal for ages, when nature, in her unpolluted simplicity and grandeur, invites him to the festival of imaginative feeling, in the bosom of her ancient solitudes? Is the novelist to describe manners which he can glean only from books, when our own are before him, undepicted, though rich in all the materials of satire, description, and romance? Can the painter or sculptor (if any such we should have) find no symmetry in the vanishing forms of our aborigines; no historical incident which might live on the canvass; no worthy whose reverend image should be perpetuated in enduring marble?

The literature of a nation is its common property, and one of the strongest bonds of common feeling. More particularly does it become so when the subject is domestic. The fame of an author who is universally admired is part of the inheritance of every individual citizen of his country. He adds another ligament to the ties which bind a people together; and in so doing, although the immediate object

of his efforts may have only been to amuse his readers, he becomes the benefactor of his country.

With such reservations and comments, I willingly concede to the writer on "modern literature" the necessity of studying foreign examples; and devoutly wish that the prosecution of native literature may be conducted on principles as liberal as those he espouses. I hope, too, that he will comply with a promise, which he is so well able to perform, of lending his hand to the good work himself. Illustration on such a subject is better than theory.

I cannot conclude an article on domestic literature, without expressing the joy with which every intelligent observer of the signs of the times must mark the present indications of rapid advancement. As has been recently well observed by an elegant writer, we have no cause to blush, if our national pride rests as much on just anticipations as on our recollections of what has been. With the promise held forth by the spirit of domestic improvement, which seems now spreading wide through our country in every department, we may soon expect an era when the taunts of foreign criticism will be hushed; when apology will not be necessary, and recrimination will be idle; when we may point as proudly to the imperishable labours of genius in the fields of literature, as we now do to the discoveries of our philosophers, the inventions of our mechanists, or the triumphs of our arms.

ISAAC;

A TYPE OF THE REDEEMER.

[This version of one of the Sacred Operas of Metastasio was published in the Talisman for the year 1828, with the following note by Mr. Sands:—

"In the following translation I have endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to the text of the original, and of the English version of the Scriptures, where the author has quoted or alluded to them. Some passages, which seemed least essential in preserving the unity of the design, have been omitted."]

ISAAC;

A TYPE OF THE REDEEMER.

PART FIRST.

ABRAHAM. ISAAC.

Ab. No more, my son; now more than half the night
O'er us, forgetful of the hours, and held
In sweet discourse, hath pass'd. Thee the desire
Of knowledge, me the love to see thee thus
Hang on my lips attentive, hath so long
Beguiled from sleep. Dear Isaac, to thy couch.
Now ask not further. To their wonted rest
Give we our weary limbs. Some other time,
What yet remains I will in full recount.

Is. Whene'er, O father, thou resum'st the tale,
In its miraculous order, of thy life,
Such pleasing wonder wraps my spirit round,
I feel no sense of weariness, nor wish
For rest. My being I forget: with thee
Borne on through each event, beside thee ever
I could assert myself to be. When first,
Obedient to the call of the Most High,
Thy native soil forsaking, I with thee

Leave the Chaldean plains: in woods and hills
Of Charran and of Palestine, with thee
A stranger I sojourn. And when there comes
A famine in that land, and thou dost rove
Far, seeking food, I journey on with thee
To Gerar and to Egypt, shuddering still
At thine and at my mother's perilous way.
When on the kings o'erthrown thou sett'st thy foot,
Conqueror, near Jordan's double-founted source,
I follow thy victorious steps. But when
Thou dost disclose the promises of GOD,
The Covenant stablished 'twixt Him and thee,—
With the dread presence overwhelmed, I hear
The Deep Voice of Jehovah; and my heart
Is filled with sacred awe.

Ab. Those promises
Of the Eternal now unfold in thee,
And in thy seed shall be fulfilled. This land
Wherein thou wanderest as a stranger now,
From Nilus to Euphrates, shall to them
Be subject.

Is. Then my issue—

Ab. Than the stars,
And than the sands, shall be more numerous. Them
Will the Most High declare his chosen race,
Will make them kings and princes of the earth;
And all that dwell therein, that yet shall come,
Through the long future, shall be blest in US.

Is. What glory, fortune, happiness!

Ab. Ah! my son,
Let not such glory dazzle thee! Our joy
Is often sinful, when beneath it hid,
Pride, like a serpent, creeps into the heart,
And turns to poison the best gifts of Heaven.

Is. I feel my soul from such contagion free.
I feel—but I may be deceived; for who

Knows thoroughly his own heart? Thou didst not speak
Thus undesignedly. Thou makest me tremble.
Ab. (O holy fear of God, the true beginning
Of wisdom!) Be thou quieted, my son,
Thy father warns thee, but accuses not.
Go—such as now thou art, God keep thee still.

ABRAHAM, *alone.*

Oh! how, and in what language, bounteous God,
For all thy mercies shall I render thanks?
Great was thy goodness which vouchsafed to me
A son when old, and stricken far in age,
But such a son, depository meet
Of my o'erflowing tenderness,—my hope,—
The dear prop of my many years,—Oh! this,
This is a gift—But whence this sudden light
That pours its blaze around? Does the sun bring
The flood of day so soon? Ah no! the sun
Hath not such living splendour in his beams.
I know the glorious rays—I feel who comes!

The Angel appears.

Angel. Abraham! Abraham!
Ab. Behold I am here.
Angel. Hearken to the commandment which I bring
From the Everlasting GOD. Take now thy son,
Thine only son, Isaac, whom thou so lovest,
And get thee with him to Moriah. There,
His blood being shed, offer thou up the lad
For a burnt-offering, on that mountain's top
Which HE shall show thee, by a certain sign.

Thine innocent child, in thy late years,
Vouchsafed by heaven to thy desires,
Whom love so just, so strong endears,
GOD at thy hand requires;

Requires thine offspring's blood to flow,
Beneath thy sacrificing knife,
Requires the priest to strike the blow,
Who gave the victim life.

ABRAHAM, *alone.*

Eternal GOD! how sudden thy command!
How terrible its purport. 'Tis thy will
That I should slay my son; and thou art pleased
Even in thine awful message to rehearse
The exceeding value of the gift recalled;
Repeating all the names that can awake
The tenderest yearnings towards the thing I lose.
But Thou commandest it: It is enough.
I bow my forehead to the dust. I adore
Thine awful mandate. I will shed his blood—
But Isaac dead—my hopes—where then are they?
Runs not the promise counter to the command?
No! for THOU canst not lie, and I am bound
To hearken and obey. To doubt is sin;
'Tis sin to search thy ways, past finding out.
My GOD! I do obey, believe, and hope.
But in this terrible strait, be Thou my help,
Oh Lord! behold me ready for the work
I must perform and will.
But who can tell?
When I must strike the blow—his pleading looks
My heart may agitate—my hand may tremble,
Unless Thou giv'st me strength. I am a man,
I am a father. Thou, Lord, knowest all.
What ho! within!

ABRAHAM. *Servants.*

Ab. Wake Isaac from his sleep.
Saddle an ass; call two of the young men
To follow me.—But let not Sarah hear,

Nor break her slumbers. Yet unknown to her
Be the dread secret. Let me spare her yet
A mother's agony. Too soon—Oh God!
She comes. How shall I speak?

ABRAHAM. SARAH.

Sar. So long before
The dawn, is Abraham forth? What care anew—
Ab. Sarah, I am bound to offer up to GOD
The blood of a pure victim. I go forth
To cut dry branches from the neighbouring wood,
To kindle on the altar. Stay me not—
Farewell!
Sar. May I not bear thee company?
Ab. Not this time. Let it please thee to remain.
Sar. And have I walked with thee so many years,
Partner in all thy joys, and all thy griefs,
And must I in thy pious offices
Partake no longer?
Ab. (Just is the reproof.
She should not be defrauded of her part
In this great sacrifice. She must know all.)
Sar. (What hath he to unfold?)
Ab. Beloved wife,
Tell me,—in present memory dost thou bear
The unnumbered mercies GOD hath showered upon us?
Sar. Ah! how can I forget them?
Ab. Art thou grateful?
Sar. He knows my heart.
Ab. But should he ask from thee
To give some difficult proof of gratitude,
Most trying to the heart?
Sar. Content I were
To meet all dangers, to lay down my life.
Ab. And if he should demand thy son?
Sar. Isaac!

Ab. Even Isaac.
Sar. Alas! though it might cost the pangs of death—
Unto the hand which gave, I would restore
The precious gift.
Ab. Then, Sarah, be it so.
Restore him. God requires it.
Sar. Ha!
Ab. Even so.
I must offer up the lad a sacrifice
To HIM. Such his behest; and absolute
Was the commandment.
Sar. Abraham! sayest thou?
Thy words amaze me. Can it be His will
Our son should die, so dear to Him,—His own
Peculiar gift—who was to be the sire
Of many and mighty nations? How? and why?
Ab. It hath not pleased the Almighty to reveal
His purposes. A mandate from His lips
Issued, 'tis ours in silence to obey,
Not reason of its cause.
Sar. And Isaac then
Full soon—
Ab. Must on the altar yield his life.
Sar. The father too himself—
Ab. The father too
With his own hand must offer him. Oh wife!
If in the merit of this sacrifice
Thou wouldst partake, let thy free will attend
In this great action. But no further now
A yearning mother's presence I invite,
Nor can permit. Farewell! From Isaac hide
The secret—'tis from me that he must learn—
Alas! thou weepest. Be firm! if thou art willing,
And in thy will art strongly resolute,
GOD ever merciful will with his grace
Help thee, and afterward for righteousness

It shall be accounted to thee. Ponder this,
That better than ourselves can know, He knows
Whate'er is good for us, whate'er is ill.
Wealth, honour, length of days, and progeny,
Are all His gifts; nor, rendering unto Him
That which Himself bestowed, is man bereaved.

Let peace o'er thy sad bosom move,
And teach thy spirit to obey;
Dearer to God the task shall prove,
Than any victim thou couldst slay.
Another's blood we only pay,
For tribute when the victim dies;
We render up, when we *obey*,
The Will, a nobler sacrifice.

SARAH, *alone.*

Yet then, a little while—
Miserable, afflicted, sorrow-stricken mother,
Mother no longer shall I be? That bosom,
That seat of truth—upon the altar-stone
Transpierced, must all its innocent blood be shed?
Already in my soul I feel the edge
Of that dividing knife. Eternal Father,
Accept with favour all my anguish! Here
In this sad heart the sacrifice begins.
Nor less the sacrifice of grief, perchance,
Than of the blood thou biddest to be shed.

SARAH. ISAAC. GAMARI. *Servants.*

Is. Mother.
Sar. (That name! that image!)
Is. I am summoned
By Abraham. Is he not with thee? Swift
I must speed to find him.

Sar. Hearken—(Strengthen me,
O God!)
Is. Thou dost not know that they prepare
A sacrifice, whereat I must attend.
Sar. I know my son, I know. Yet hold! (I feel
The pangs of death.) Do not forsake me thus!
Is. My mother, why art thou disquieted,
And wherefore dost thou weep?
Sar. Alas! I am left
Childless.
Is. But I will soon return to thee.
Surely for the first time I do not quit
Thy much-loved presence.
Sar. But this time—(Oh God!
What agony hath ever equalled mine!)
Is. Gamari, thou whom I have ever loved,
Who on my bosom hath so often leaned,
Do thou watch over her when I am gone.
Mother, till I return, behold thy son!
Thou weepest still. What shall—what must I do?
Thou knowest my father's will.
Sar. Yes, go my son;
His will be done. My will it shall be too,
Though in a thousand parts my heart be rent.
Go—list—one last embrace, and then farewell!

Isaac.

Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid,
Though absent I am with you still, to cheer you and to aid;
I will not leave you comfortless, to sorrow here in vain,
I go unto my father now, and I will come again.
As I am in the Father, and in me the Father is,
Believe the words I speak to you; not mine they are, but
His.
Believe, though for a little while, my face ye may not see,
My promise, that where'er I am, there you shall also be.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS, ETC.

Oh! daughter of humility!
Friend of each virtue that adorns the heart,
Obedience! who like thee
Can to the faithful soul rich grace impart!
A wild and savage plant, the human will
In its gross soil springs up, and puts forth still
Rank shoots, till each excrescence thou dost prune,
And graft the scions of the Maker's pleasure:
Then the old trunk acquires fresh vigour soon,
God nourishes it in abundant measures;
And free and fair its branches round are thrown,
When thus His will becomes our own.

PART SECOND.

SARAH, *alone.*

Who will have pity on me? Who will tell me
How my son fares? Servants and shepherds forth
I have sent on every side, and none returns.
Alas! belike for pity each avoids me;
Belike, already in his father's hands
He hath breathed out his innocent soul. Ah me!
Of all I love, there is none to comfort me.
Mine eyes do fill with tears, my strength dries up.
My heart is turned within me, while I look,
And there is none to help. Whither shall I turn?
How doth the house sit solitary; once
So full of people, busy and rejoicing;
The ways do mourn; the gates are desolate;
The flocks in vain for their lost keeper seek;
Wandering they go, without their wonted guide.
The shepherd smitten, scattered are the sheep!
But one at least of such a multitude,
One only—Ha! behold one. I will seek him,

I will demand,—but my heart fails. I dread
To hear his answer. Wherefore do they come
Thus in disorder? Where is Abraham?
What have ye witnessed? God support me! speak!

SARAH. GAMARI. *Shepherds.*

Sar. Oh speak! your silence is to me
More cruel than your words can be!
Forbear—your tidings I have read;
Say not to me—" thy son is dead!"

Yes—on the altar-stone I know
Ere this his precious blood must flow:
'Tis in my heart, and in my brain,
The knife with which my son was slain!

Gam. 'Tis not through my own fault, that I return
So tardily from doing thy commands.
Know—
Sar. Ah! I know it all—already; all,
I know, Gamari. I have no more a son.
Isaac is dead.
Gam. How? When myself beheld him
Even now, at Mount Moriah's foot.
Sar. Ha! then—
Does he yet live? Dost thou not mock me?
Gam. Soon
Thou shalt embrace him.
Sar. Everlasting God!
Has then my sorrow moved thee to compassion!
Can thy command be altered or revoked;
What victim, then, was offered to the Lord?
Gam. By this time, or I err, the sacrifice
Must be complete; but when I parted thence,
It was not,
Sar. Was not yet? What then detained
Abraham at the mountain's foot so long?

Gam. Me too this much amazed, nor did I dare
Nearer approach, the cause of their delay
To ask. Perhaps he waited for a sign
From heaven. For suddenly, towards the mountain
I marked him going, with firm steps. He left us
All on the plain. He bore the sacred fire
In one hand; in the other was the knife—
Sar. And Isaac?
Gam. Isaac, meek and lowly went,
Bending beneath the burden of hewn boughs,
Bound up, a cumbrous load, with weary steps
Up the steep pathway following.
Sar. Ah, how often
Am I to die this day!
Gam. When my dear lord,
Wearied and toiling like a bondsman thus
I saw, what love, what sorrow filled my heart!
Beneath his heavy load, at every step,
I dreaded to behold him sink oppress'd.
I felt that heavy load weigh down my soul,
And so much of his agony on that mount
I felt, that even yet upon my brow
Thick stands the sweat that anguish wrung from me.
Sar. In pity, from thy sad detail forbear,
Nor fret the deep wounds of my soul.
Gam. Behold
Abraham is returning.
Sar. Wo is me!
The sacrifice is then complete.
Gam. Of a certainty
'Tis finished. And in Abraham's right hand
The knife yet drips with blood.
Sar. Oh! let me fly
The cruel sight.

SARAH. ABRAHAM. ISAAC. GAMARI. *Shepherds, &c.*

Is. Mother!
Ab. Wife!
Is. Whither goest thou?
Ab. Whom dost thou fly?
Sar. Isaac! Almighty God!
Do I dream. Is it thyself?
Is. Mother, 'tis I.
I came to bring thee peace. To thine embrace
Again I come. God has unlocked for us
The treasures of his grace.
Sar. My son!
Is. Thou art faint.
Sar. My son! alas, I die!
Ab. Support her, Isaac.
Is. Alas! that deadly paleness—these cold drops—
Ab. Be not cast down nor troubled, oh, my son!
Of great and sudden joy the effect thou seest
Is no unwonted issue. Brief repose
Her o'erfraught soul requires, that to herself
And certainty of peace she may return.
Is. How is it that a soul, which could bear up
Unyielding against evils numberless,
One happy moment thus can quite o'erpower?
Ab. Grief wears, my son, a known familiar face,
While joy is ever but a transient guest.

Cast on a sea of care and pain,
Where storms for ever rage,
Man learns from childhood to sustain
Sorrow, his heritage.

So rarely Good his portion is,
The smile of Joy so rare,
The glad surprise of sudden bliss
He never learns to bear!

Gam. Lo! Sarah breathes again; and on the light
Her eyelids are reopened.
Sar. Abraham!
Isaac! Can it be true.
Is. Yes. Oh my mother!
Thou art in Isaac's arms.
Sar. Thy name be blessed
Oh Lord most merciful! now and for ever!
But Abraham, how—
Ab. Hearken thou, and adore
Infinite goodness. On the instant when
I lifted up mine eyes, and afar off
Beheld the place the Lord revealed to me,
Straightway I arose; and to the appointed hill,
With my son only, following near at hand,
And with a heart whose throbbings thou may'st guess,
Went forward. On the journey Isaac spake,
Saying, father, behold here the fire and wood,
But where the lamb for a burnt-offering?
Sadly I answered, meeting not his eye,
My son, GOD will provide himself a lamb
For a burnt-offering. And we went on both
Together, climbing the ascent. And when
We came to the place which God had told me of,
I built an altar there; and laid the wood
In order. I bound Isaac.
Sar. Ah! 'twas then
He knew the whole. And how, then, unto GOD
Did he present himself a sacrifice?
Ab. Even as a lamb that to the slaughter goes,
Innocent, meek, and opening not his mouth.
Sar. Alas! I can imagine all the pangs
Of that most bitter moment.
Ab. Sarah, no:
I felt an unknown strength support me then,
His own mysterious gift. No more the father,

No more the man possessed me. For the power
Of faith had conquered nature. A clear light,
Unseen by mortal wisdom, to my thought
Showed marvellously linked with my son's death
The promises of GOD. With love and faith
And hope, my heart was glowing in one blaze
Of wondrous ecstasy, wherein I seemed
To hold communion with the Eternal Mind.
And now already on the upturned brow
Of kneeling Isaac was my left hand laid;
My eyes were bent on heaven; and I stretched forth
My hand, and took the knife to slay my son,
When a bright radiance, with a sudden burst
Of glory kindled all the air. A voice
Called to me out of heaven, saying, Abraham,
Lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do thou
Any thing unto him; for now I know
How much thou fearest God, seeing thou has not
Withheld thy son, thine only son from me.
Sar. I breathe once more,
Ab. At these awakening words,
My heart was moved within me. I became
Again the man, the father. That kind voice
With angel tones disarmed my steeled breast,
The barriers that encircled it were broken,
And the full flood of human sympathies
Gushed in with overflowing waves. Amazement,
Joy, gratitude, love, fear, yearnings profound,
Tenderness, pity, almost in one tide
O'erwhelmed my soul. Fain would I have poured out
My thanks unto the Lord; but not a sound
My lips could frame. Then to unbind the lad
With hasty hands I strove; but those same knots
Which they unshaking formed, trembling they had not
The cunning to undo. Half-murmured words,
Broken with sobs of rapture, fond embraces,

Mingled with many tears—even while I speak,
Again the strong convulsion overcomes
My senses. Isaac, finish thou the tale.

Is. The victim yet was wanting for the rite,
But God provided one, as Abraham
Foretold. At noise of branches rustling near,
We lifted up our eyes and looked, and lo!
Behind us a white ram, caught by his horns,
In an entangled thicket's thorny brake,
Strove vainly to set free his armed front.
On him my bonds were fastened. He being slain,
With guiltless blood supplied the sacred fire.

Gam. Thrice happy Abraham! who hath to God
Given such clear proof of faith.

Sar. No, not therein
The blessing lies. Already known to God
Without such proof was Abraham. Himself
Did Abraham not know, nor the full power
Of his own confidence in GOD, who willed
To instruct him in its strength; willed that in him
Of faith and constancy the world should have
A glorious example, memorable
Through all succeeding ages. Oh henceforth
Pregnant be all the examples of his faith
With generous fruits; and often, in ourselves,
May we repeat this solemn sacrifice!

May every heart an altar prove,
Where burns the flame of sacred love;
And be the victims of its fires
Our earth-born longings and desires:
These let us slay, and offer whole
The cherished offspring of the soul.

A son devoted, in his eyes
Is not a worthier sacrifice,

Than to subdue the hosts of sin,
That ever press the soul to win,
And give the heart, in follies lost,
To him entire, a holocaust!

Ab. Be silent. Heaven is opening.

The angel appears.

Angel. Abraham,
I come to thee again, a messenger
From GOD. With thine obedience, and thy proo
Of perfect faith, he is well pleased. Because
Thou hast done this thing, and not withheld thy s
Thine only son, he doth renew to thee
His promises. In blessing he will bless thee,
In multiplying he will multiply
Thy seed even as the stars of heaven, or sands
On the sea shore; and in them, in due time,
Shall all the nations of the earth be bless'd.

In the fulness of ages
Thy progeny glorious,
Shall come o'er his enemies
Trampling victorious:

Their gates shall fly open,
Their hosts shrink before him,
In the face of the nations
Who shall kneel and adore him!

From GOD is the promise,
His foes long shall mourn it;
He can swear by no greater,
By HIMSELF he hath sworn it.

Sar. Hast thou heard, Abraham?
Is. He hears not. Father!
Sar. What glory lightens o'er his features!

Ab. God
Omnipotent! with what mysterious types
This day thou makest known thy will. The father
Offers his only son. The son accepts
Of his free will the dreadful penalty,
Which he had never merited. Oh why
Bears he the fatal instrument of death,
On his own bending shoulder? For what end,
Among so many, chosen is that mount?
Why is the victim's head plucked from the thorns?
In visions of the future I am rapt:
With other blood I see that mountain stained;
Another Son I see, bowing his head
Meekly, unto his Father's hand commend
His spirit. The hills shake! The graves are opened!
And the thick blackness of profoundest night
Covers all heaven!—I read the mystery!
Thanks, thanks, redeeming God! This is that day,
I have desired to see! This is that blood,
An infinite recompense for infinite guilt!
This is that sacrifice which must be made,
That satisfies and reconciles at once
Eternal Justice and Eternal Love!
This is that death which unto man redeemed
Unfolds the gates of everlasting life!

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS, ETC.

So long does the Most High,
Ere rolling ages in their order staid
Shall bring forth the ripe time of prophecy,
Prepare to break the bonds that sin has wrought.
Is such the costly ransom to be paid,
Ere man's immortal freedom can be bought,
His guilty race from thraldom to deliver?
Thus in its counsels wills the Eternal Mind.
Oh let us lose the purchased blessings never,
Of his dear care, who hath so loved mankind!

THE CAIO GRACCO OF MONTI.

[The article which follows is a remarkable example of the facility of Mr. Sands in composition. It was written, including the translations, in the course of a single evening. It appeared in 1824 in the Atlantic Magazine, of which he was then the editor.]

THE CAIO GRACCO OF MONTI.

THE three tragedies of Vincenzo Monti stand in the highest rank of modern dramatic compositions; and are not unworthy of a comparison with the noblest productions of the ancient writers. Though he sometimes imitates their excellences, it is in a manner not unworthy of the great originals, from whom he is not afraid to borrow. It is not our intention, however, at present, to enter into any examination of the merits of his dramas; but merely to give a succinct account of their several plots, for the purpose of introducing such specimens of his manner as a translation nearly literal will allow. In future numbers, we shall probably notice his Aristodemo and Galeotto Manfredi, with his other poetical productions. At present, we propose to give a brief sketch of his Caio Gracco, which, as an heroic tragedy, we prefer to the Aristodemo, though there are different opinions as to their relative merits.

The tragedy opens with a soliloquy of Gracchus, as he enters Rome at night, having just arrived from Egypt, where he had razed Carthage to the ground. His return, as he afterward mentions, had been expedited by the messages of Marcus Fulvius, who had hitherto enjoyed his confidence, and had warned him that the patrician power was increasing, and that the popular laws he had introduced were in danger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Caius solus.

Lo! Caius, thou'rt in Rome. Here have I entered,
Unseen, protected by the friendly night.
Gracchus is with thee, Rome! have courage yet!
Silence reigns all around; in soundest sleep
Rest, from the cares of the laborious day,
The toiling people. O ye good and true
And only Romans! Sweet your slumbers are,
By labour seasoned; undisturbed, because
Remorse comes not to trouble them.
Meantime,
'Mid the rank steam of their inebriate feasts,
The nobles revel—the assassins base
Of my loved brother; or in conclave dark
Perchance enclosed, my death the miscreants plot,
And forge their chains for Roman liberty;
Nor know how dread an enemy is nigh.
But now enough of this. From dangers past
Safe, here I press my fathers' threshold. Yes,
This is my own loved threshold. Oh my mother!
Oh my Licinia! Oh my son! I come
At length to end your woes, and with me bring
Three powerful furies—Rage, for my wronged country,
Love for my friends, and Vengeance, as the third—
Yea, Vengeance, for a brother's massacre!

As Gracchus is about to enter his own porch, Fulvius appears, followed by a slave, whom he despatches with hasty words of encouragement, and injunctions of silence, to execute a dangerous and dreadful murder. The poor slave, however, has no sooner left him, than he pronounces his certain doom, as the only sure seal of secrecy. Though it is anticipating the development of the plot, it may be mentioned here, that Fulvius was the lover of the sister of Gracchus, who was the wife of Æmilianus; and that, by an agreement between the guilty pair, the slave was now commissioned to assassinate the most illustrious Roman of that age. Gracchus was himself the avowed and deter-

mined enemy of Æmilianus; from the part he had taken with the patricians in the civil commotions, when Tiberius Gracchus was slain by Scipio Nasica. He was yet, however, entirely ignorant of the guilt of Fulvius; and of the ultimate ends which he proposed to himself, by espousing so warmly the popular side. He meets him with joy, and a dialogue ensues on the past and present state of affairs, too long for translation. Fulvius alludes darkly to the assassination of Æmilianus, in language then unintelligible to Gracchus; but as he is insisting on a clear explanation, he is interrupted by the approach of his mother Cornelia and his wife Licinia, leading his son by the hand, who are leaving their home, accompanied by a freedman. They were going to the house of Æmilianus, who had warned them of the approaching troubles, and offered them the protection of his roof. Gracchus is incensed on hearing this; and Fulvius ventures to expostulate with the lofty Cornelia; who, on learning his name, reproaches Gracchus with having such a companion; and informs him that Fulvius is plotting against the virtue of his sister, and had that day been expelled from his house by her husband. She retires within her house, and Gracchus follows, after bidding Fulvius prepare to exculpate himself.

In the second act, the consul Opimius and Drusus (one of the tribunes) meet at daybreak in the Forum.

> *Drusus.* The earliest ray of morning scarce has lit
> The summits of the Palatine; and yet,
> Already, without lictors, and alone,
> Goes forth the Roman consul? On this day,
> With honour big to thee, disgrace to Gracchus,
> And triumph to the senate, every eye
> Turns on Opimius. Humbly to his charge
> The people trust their destiny, the great
> Their fortunes, Rome her quiet long disturbed,
> Weary of broils. And stands he idly here—
> And, shall I say, forgetful of his friends,
> And of himself?

In the dialogue which ensues, Opimius informs Drusus that Gracchus is in Rome; which he had learned by means of his spies; and that it is his intention to have an interview with him, in order, under pretence of reasoning him into forbearance, to drive him to some sudden act which might lead to his destruction. Gracchus enters, with the people, shouting his name, and denouncing the patricians. He persuades them to retire; and an admirable scene follows between Opimius and Gracchus, which we cannot give entire, and which does not admit of selections. Drusus enters, and announces the sudden death of Æmilianus, and that it was whispered that he perished by violence. Cornelia also enters with the tidings; and a dreadful suspicion crosses the mind of Gracchus, as the hints of Fulvius on the preceding night recur to his recollection. His confusion is remarked by Opimius and Drusus, who retire to consult their measures on the hint thus obtained. As Caius is meditating on his suspicions, Fulvius enters, who does not deny his guilt, but justifies it as an act of patriotism. He descants on the tyranny, pride, and cruelty of the Scipios, both at home and abroad; and vindicates himself still further on the ground, that Gracchus had himself said that Æmilianus deserved death as a tyrant; and that he had therefore only acted the part of a friend in obeying the suggestion. We give the remainder of the dialogue, which concludes the second act.

Caius. Thou *my* friend, villain! I have never been
The friend of profligates. Oh! that the bolt
Of justice would descend with heaviest crash,
Scattering the miscreants, who, through paths of blood,
Find out not liberty, but chains for man,
Making more horrible than servitude
Even liberty itself. Say not, blasphemer,
Say not such sentiment was ever mine.
I wished him dead—but by the awful axe
Of public justice, which shall one day fall
On thy base neck. Thou hast brought upon my name
Fearful disgrace—and tremble!

Ful. Gracchus, cease
These outrages. I counsel thee—desist.
And be this act unjust or just, do thou
Reap of my deed the harvest—and be silent.
Force me not to say more.
Caius. What more?
Ful. That which
I may not utter.
Caius. What? of further crimes?
Ful. I know not.
Caius. Knowest thou not? cold horror creeps
Upon me, and I dare not ask thee more.
Ful. Thou hast good reason for't.
Caius. What sayest thou?
Ful. Nothing.
Caius. His words torment my heart. O! what a thought
Flashes, with horrid light across my brain?
Hast thou accomplices?
Ful. Ay.
Caius. Who?
Ful. Insensate,
Demand no more.
Caius. I will know.
Ful. Have a care,
Thou wilt repent of this.
Caius. No more. I will know.
Ful. Thou wilt?—ask then—thy sister. (*Exit.*)
Caius. (*solus*) Ask my sister?
Has she been in her husband's murder part?
Oh damning guilt! the Gracchi's stainless name
Spotted with everlasting infamy!
With infamy? How at the thought I feel
The damp hairs rise with horror o'er my brow!
Where shall I hide my head? and in what wave
Wash the deep shame from this dishonoured front?
What's to be done? I hear a dreadful voice
That murmurs in my soul, and shrieks out there
Go—speed thee—take the forfeit of her guilt!
Terrible voice of honour thus betrayed,
Voice of my ancestry! I will obey.
For blood thou criest—blood thou shalt have. I swear it.

The third act opens with a scene between Cornelia, Licinia, and Gracchus, in which the majesty of the Roman

matron, and the dignified tenderness and apprehensions of the wife of Gracchus, are displayed with great power and beauty. Cornelia endeavours to persuade her son to desist from his purpose of investigating the circumstances of Scipio's death; well aware that the result would bring disgrace upon her daughter and her family. We pass on to the scene which follows.

(A crier advances, bearing a decree of the Senate, which he suspends on a pillar, and the people collect in a hasty manner to read it. A citizen, having observed it, approaches Gracchus, who stands absorbed in grief, and shakes him by the mantle.)

Cit. Gracchus, behold! observest thou the decree?
Approach and read it.

Caius. (*reading*) LET THE CONSUL LOOK
THAT THE REPUBLIC DO SUSTAIN NO HARM.

Cit. Beware, unfortunate Roman! this decree
Bodes danger to thy life.

Licinia. What do I hear?

Caius. I see it; and I thank thee courteous friend:
Thou art, or I mistake,—thou art Quintilius?

Cit. The same, and still thy friend. Coraggio! (*exit.*)

Cornelia. Turn, Gracchus, and behold—'midst all the people,
This way advancing, proud Opimius comes.
Awake! the hour has come to try thy soul.

Caius. Depart, and fear not.

Corn. Give me thine hand.

Caius. 'Tis there;
Feel if it tremble.

Corn. No—'tis firm, and tells me,
That better know'st thou how to die, than how
To forfeit honour. I am well content.

Caius. Licinia, fare thee well! if this embrace
Should be—if fate—support the unhappy woman,
Oh mother! consciousness hath left her quite.
Farewell! I trust to thee my wife, my son.

(*Cornelia retires supporting Licinia.*)

Caius. (*pausing before the statue of his father*)
Oh thou, who from that silent marble speakest
To thy son's constant heart! unconquered sire!
I feel thy summons; thou shalt be content.
Or Rome this day is free, or soon I too,
A naked ghost, shall rush to thine embrace!

Opimius now enters, preceded by the lictors, and followed by the senators, tribunes, and populace. He addresses the people in an harangue of great art and eloquence, and divides them in their opinions. Gracchus, after a short tumult, obtains leave to speak.

Caius. (*from the tribunal*) This is the last time I shall speak to you,
My countrymen. My enemies and yours
Have on my death resolved. I owe ye thanks,
That to my lips allowing their free speech,
Ye will not suffer me to die infamous.
And greater infamy can a Roman know,
Than with the name of tyrant on his front
Branded, to pass among the silent dead?
A murdered brother's ghost will meet me there,
See me all covered with inglorious wounds,
And cry, "What hand hath wrought this shame? from whence
These gory trenches?" And what answer, then,
Shall I return, O Romans? Those same hands,
Will I reply, have me to slaughter dragged,
Which butchered thee, that day the people left
Ungrateful, their defender to his foes,—
When thy sad corse lay in the open street,
Horribly mangled,—and thy forehead rent
Wide with a grisly wound—thine innocent blood
Ran in long streams—as, like some worthless wreck,
They cast thy corse, yet warm, in Tyber's wave,
Which, for the first time stained with Roman blood
In civil conflict spilt, flowed to the sea.
Nor aught availed thee then the tribune's rank,
Which made thy person sacred. And I too,—
My tale will run,—was by patrician hate
Murdered. I too, for the same crimes condemned,
Was called a tyrant; I, whose every thought
Was to my country only consecrated;
I, who redeemed the people from the bonds
Of their insatiate lords; I, who restored
Their ravished rights to their paternal fields;
I who am poor, plebeian, I who have been
The eternal torment of all tyrants—I
Too am a tyrant! Oh my countrymen!
Is this the wages that your servants gain?

3d Citizen. Gracchus, take heart. The people is not thus

Ungrateful, and none here thinks thee a tyrant.
Speak boldly in your argument, and fear not.
Caius. Here let the oppressor fear. Am I, forsooth,
Of the patrician temper? Did I fear
When at the imminent peril of my life,
I dared surround your prostrate liberties,
With solemn laws, as bulwarks? I am he,
Oh Rome, acknowledge me! I am he, who
Against the unjust, usurping senate stood,
And made the people free—yea, made them kings;
All powerful. And in this have I offended?
Answer me, countrymen, was this my crime?
3*d Cit.* No; here we all are kings.
2*d Cit.* And in the people
All power resides.
1*st Cit.* The senate of our will
Is executor, and no more.
Caius. Your foe
Is then declared, who charges as my sin
Your perfect liberty, and makes his moan,
Ever, o'er lost patrician tyranny.
Three hundred base and hireling senators
Sat in the judgment seat. The strong broke through,
Or bought exemption from the feeble bonds
Of law, and poverty became a vice.
I overthrew this venal, odious court,
And thrice a hundred judges, of stanch faith
And incorrupt, I added. So the people
Had their due share of the judicial power.
Now, Romans, who, for this most holy work,
Dares censure Caius Gracchus before you?
Who? an Opimius, and those same, same traitors,
To whom the market of your lives and fortunes
Was barred by me. Oh virtue, name how vain!
Mocked by the wicked and the vile! ah! where
Now wilt thou rear thy throne, when even here,
Here, in the centre of all famous Rome,
And all her sacred gods, thou bearest the name
Of guilt, and so art punished!
An old Man. True; too true,
'Tis dangerous to be warm in virtue's cause.
Surely, some god is reasoning from his lips.
Caius. By the great goodness of the immortal gods,
Born in the lap of this fair Italy,

The rights of Roman citizenship I deemed
Common to all her soil; from slavery
Redeemed, and made her the world's greatest nation.
You, Romans, you, renowned, illustrious sons
Of this loved mother, will you, as a crime,
Impute to me her rescued liberty?

1st Cit. No; we are all Italians; one sole people,
One single family.

People. Italians all,
And brethren.

Old Man. Oh delightful sound! Oh words
Noble, divine! these tears for joy o'erflow.

Caius. Oh! now indeed I hear the shouts sublime,
Of Romans worthy; and behold the tears
Worthy of men. But cease your griefs awhile;
Hear my last damning crime; and not of grief,
But the hot tears of madness and of wrath,
Will ye pour forth, oh people much abused!
Grant me your patient audience. Of your lords
The insatiate avarice, that on your woes
Remorseless trampled, had by rapine seized
All your possessions and had only left
Your souls to tenant their debased abodes.
Your tyrants left ye life, but to enjoy
Your never ceasing sorrows—but to tread
On your bowed necks—draw tight your servile bonds,—
And, as the climax of your wrongs, despise ye
Even for the sufferance themselves enforced.
Now hear my crime,—my most unheard offence,
Whose total sum I in two words express—
To give you back your own—to give you back
So much of earth, as with a little dust,
Might hide your over-toiled and wearied bones.
Oh miserable brethren! the wild beasts
Have 'mid the desert rocks and savage woods,
Some lair, where each may lay his limbs in peace,
And shun the assaults of the inclement skies.
You, Romans, you, who 'neath an iron load,
O'er the whole earth expose to painful death
Your lives in Rome's behalf—you, the world's masters,
Nought in this world possess—save what not even
All-grasping avarice can take away,
The common air and light. Along our plains,
Ye wander idly; fainting by your sides,
With famine, sad and piteous company!

Your squalid wives and naked babes attend,
Who cry for bread.
Meantime, their banquets high,
Drunk with rich wine and lustful surfeits, hold
The gown-robed harpies, with some wanton strain
Feeding their ears: and all this, which their gorge
Insatiable devours, is your own blood.
Your blood has bought their dazzling palaces,
Bright with barbaric pomp, and trapped with gold;
Their perfumes from Arabia, and the die
Sidonian, and their sumptuous carpetings;
Their wide domains and regal villas, reared
By Tiber, or in shady Tusculum;
Their paintings and their statues;—in one word,
All that ministers to their pride, has cost
Rivers of blood, in hard fought battles drawn
From your own bosoms, by the hostile swords,—
And nothing, save their vices, is their own.
Unjust, cruel patricians! and they dare
To call *you*, on the toilsome fields of war,
Laggards and rebels,—they who have debauched,
With customs stolen from the lascivious East,
The ancient Latine strain severe, and changed
Our camps to brothels; they, who battening free
On subject nations and the empire's wealth,
To die by famine leave our soldiery,
And drive them to complaint and to despair,
Until they make them robbers. They, forsooth,
Mourn for our ancient discipline destroyed;
They, in the hour of joining battles, shout,
"Fight for your household gods, your fathers' tombs!"
But which of ye, oh wretched countrymen!
Which of ye hath or altar, or hearth stone,
Or poor paternal sepulchre?
People (with a loud shout). Not one!
Not one!
Caius. For whom then do ye rush to death?
For whose sake have ye gained those scars, whose large
And crimsoned characters I see appear,
Through each worn tunic's rents? Oh! let me kiss
Those honourable wounds! their sight o'erpowers
My heart too much with pity; and at once
I thrill with anger, and dissolve in tears.
2d Cit. Poor Caius! see, he weeps—for us he weeps,
Magnanimous heart!

A tumult soon ensues; and the lictor Antilius, in endeavouring to drive back the people, is stabbed by Fulvius and his followers. Gracchus throws himself from the tribunal, to save the life of Opimius, and prevent the effusion of more blood. He cites Opimius to appear before the people, on the expiration of his consulship; and persuades the multitude to disperse quietly. Fulvius departs, full of vexation at this unexpected clemency. Opimius, determined on revenge, after giving private orders to one of his creatures, retires followed by the senators.

In the fourth act, as Cornelia is discoursing with Gracchus on the dangerous magnanimity he had just displayed, the forum is surrounded by armed mercenaries, and he finds himself in the power of his enemies. One of the finest scenes in the drama ensues between Cornelia, Gracchus, and Licinia, whose prophetic appeals to his conjugal and paternal tenderness at length overpower her husband's resolution to go forth and confront his enemies, at the certain peril of his life. At this juncture, a citizen enters, and informs Gracchus that a rumour is abroad, implicating him with his sister and Fulvius, in the murder of Æmilianus. On hearing this he rushes from the portico. While his wife breaks out into uncontrolled anguish, Cornelia here preserves the firmness and dignity of her character, and her devotion to the glory of her son, though preserved only by a violent death.

SCENE V.

Cornelia, sola.

Is there on earth a family more wretched,
A heart with more distracting tortures torn,
Than mine? The daughter of great Africanus
And mother of the Gracchi, once was I
For such fair names renowned—I, who was wooed
Once to a monarch's nuptials, quite deserted,
Of all this pageantry, have only left
The melancholy splendour of my woes.
Two sons I bore for Rome; two noble sons;

Rome of her freedom weary, murdered them—
And by what hands! Alas! it is a crime
To give life to great souls; and those are praised
Only, who bring forth profligates. Such praise
Let mothers of Opimii win; but me
It better pleases, that my sons should perish
Mangled and pierced, than live in infamy.—
But I must follow his disastrous path—
Ah me! what crowd draws nigh? a funeral bier—
In solemn train, the mournful senators
Uprear it on their shoulders. How the sight
Freezes my veins. It is dead Scipio's hearse.
My heart fails, and my feet seem clogged to earth.
Oh, impious daughter! what a deed was thine!

Enter Opimius and the Senators, carrying the bier of Æmilianus. Lictors and People.

Opimius. Here, for a while, set down your funeral load.
People, friends, senators, 'tis here we owe
The last sad tribute that the public grief
Can pay the best of men. There never was,
There never will be juster cause for tears.
Romans! your father, and your empire's light,
Yea, the world's glory, lie in this sad hearse,
For ever quenched in darkness. Oh, what strength,
What grandeur from the power of Rome has pass'd!
How at the tidings will the realms rejoice
Of Asia and of Afric; for the arm
Invincible, that made their armies quake,
Is now for ever palsied; and in vain
We, with our tears, demand him back to life.
Where art thou, Quintus Fabius? At my side
Heretofore have I seen thee—art thou here?
Oh Fabius! ever in my mind resounds
Thy sentiment sublime—"It was," thou saidst,
"It was the eternal will of destiny,
That there the empire of the world should be,
Where was a soul so great." I thank the gods,
Who here ordained his birth; but I must weep,
That they so soon have rapt his spirit hence,
And deemed us too unworthy of the gift.
Lælius, art thou too here, example proud
Of an immortal friendship? Agony
Restrains thy tears. Entranced in silent grief,

Thou lookest upon this sable couch of death.
Whom seekest thou? thy Scipio and thy friend?
Behold him shrouded in his feral robe,
For ever lost to life—silent, for ever.
Nor ever more thine ear shall drink his words
Majestic, with sublimest reasoning fraught,
Breathing high love of country, and imbued
With heavenly wisdom. Nor shalt thou behold him
Fulmine amid the foes, and from the clouds
Of battle breaking, with a front serene,
Stretch the right hand of mercy to the fallen,
Mourn with them, and console them in defeat;
Thus still, in war or peace, exhibiting
A godlike spirit in a human form.
Kind as a son, a brother, and a friend,
Generous, courteous, modest, and sedate,
A perfect citizen, his heart the shrine
Where every Roman virtue had a place;
Such was the hero so untimely lost,
And by what means?—
Romans, I do not seek,
I do not wish to turn your pious grief
To sudden fury. I will not disclose
How black a crime has been committed. Never,
Oh! never may ye know, that ye have lost
Your father by a vile assassin's blow.
People. Speak. We will know it all.

Our limits will not permit us to pursue this scene any farther. The manner in which Opimius uncovers the corse of Scipio, and excites the people by the spectacle, and gradually works them into indignation and fury against their late idol, reminds us frequently of the funeral oration of Antony. The resemblance is however simply in the *manner* and the circumstances. In another drama Monti has not scrupled to adopt the ideas and language of Shakspeare.

Just as the citizens have been led to the conviction that Gracchus was accessory to the strangling of his brother-in-law, Drusus enters, and informs the consul, that a bloody contest was taking place on the Aventine Hill, between the soldiery and the people, who had been roused to acts of vio-

lence by the oratory of Gracchus. As he is describing the scene of confusion which had taken place, Lentulus, a venerable patrician, is led wounded across the stage. The senators unite in swearing vengeance over the bier of Æmilianus; and while a part of them escort the dead body to the tomb of the Scipios, the rest, conducted by Opimius, and followed by the inflamed citizens, rush to the scene of civil conflict.

In the first scene of the fifth act, the forum is deserted, and Licinia appears alone, uncertain of her husband's fate, and distracted with apprehensions for his safety.

Licinia. What melancholy silence reigns! Ah me!
What mournful solitude! The forum vacant—
The streets deserted—I behold alone
The wo-begone and horror-stricken faces
Of aged men lamenting; other sound
I hear not, save the cries of mothers lone,
The shrieks and sobs of desolate wives, who call
Wildly upon their husbands and their sons.
I too am here a mourner, and demand
From unrelenting heaven, the cruel one,
Who in my grief has thus abandoned me.
Yes, thou art cruel, Caius! For thou couldst—
Thou couldst desert me. Idle were my tears,
And vain my sorrows. Who can tell me now
Where danger meets thee? Who, alas! can tell me
If yet thou art alive?

An old man passes, dragging his son from the sanguinary tumult; and from their conversation, Licinia believes that her husband has fallen a victim to his own magnanimity. Cornelia follows, agitated and silent, who presently brings out the son of Caius, followed by the faithful freedman. We pass over the pathetic colloquy which ensues, and the varying rumours brought by flying citizens, as they hurry across the forum from the scene of conflict. The struggle has terminated in favour of the patricians, and their dependants and mercenaries. We hasten to the last scene, in

which Gracchus enters, flying from the weapons of the hireling soldiery.

Caius. A sword, O mother!
A sword, if thou hast pity. In my death
Let not this base man triumph.
Cor. Let the tyrant
Thus vaunt! O never!
Caius. Quick, then, oh my mother!
A sword—thou hast it—give it me—and save me
The shame of perishing by ignoble hands.
[*Opimius enters, followed by the patricians and soldiers.*
Opim. Behold him—against him let down your arms.
Cornelia. [*throwing herself between Caius and the soldiers*]
Then through this bosom they must enter first,
Ere they pierce his.
Licinia. And through mine, ruffians, too.
Opim. Soldiers, by force withdraw these dames, and strike
The guilty. To the safety of the state
His head must be devoted. Strike!
Cornelia. [*veiling her head in her mantle with one hand, and with the other extending the dagger to Gracchus*] My son,
Take it, and die in honour.
Caius. By this gift,
I know thee, O my mother! By this blow,
Know thou thy son! (*Stabs himself. Licinia falls senseless on his body.*)

We have not attempted to introduce any versions of the powerful dialogues of this drama, as it would have protracted our remarks too far. The author has wisely put into the mouth of Opimius cogent arguments against the levelling principles of Gracchus; and though the whole interest of the drama centres in the latter, and his fate is brought on by the machinations of personal enmity and arbitrary power, we cannot but regard him as a visionary, as well as a martyr. The unities are observed as strictly as they ever can be, without the violation of probability; and the principal characters are preserved throughout with the greatest precision and propriety; being, alike in their grandeur or their weakness, '*veri, soli Romani.*'

THE GARDEN OF VENUS.

[THE version from Politian which follows, appeared in the New-York Review for May 1826, with the following introduction by Mr. Sands :—

"MESSRS. EDITORS—I enclose you an attempt at translation, which you may use at your pleasure. It is a version of part of the fragment of Angelo Poliziano, composed for the tournament of Julian de Medici, celebrated as one of the most classical poems of the fifteenth century. As such, it has received the approbation of all intelligent critics, from Paulus Jovius, the contemporary of the author, to the elegant English biographer of Lorenzo de Medici. The merit of the writer consists by no means in his originality ; his production is a mere canto of the beauties of the ancient poets ; and in particular of Ovid and Virgil. But the felicity with which he has transplanted them is singular, and the propriety of their combination is wonderful. He may be compared, as a great modern Greek scholar has been, to a statuary, who selects from the works of the old masters different minute subjects of imitation, and produces from them all a perfect whole.

"From reading Politian's rhymes, I was led to translate them ; and found it, I can assure you, no easy experiment. The structure of his verse, and terseness of his style, require a translation in almost every instance of line for line, preserving the metre of the ottava rima. If you are disposed to criticise my verses, I advise you to try your own hands at a translation of the original, before you express any unqualified sentence of condemnation. If the author was only in his fifteenth year when he composed the fragment from which they are rendered (and such is the evidence afforded by his contemporaries), he ranks high among the prodigies of premature intellect, which have occasionally appeared in the world ; far beyond Pope, even in the power of imitation ; and happier than most of those who are recorded for the precocity of their talents, in securing to himself the efficient patronage of an illustrious family of princes, under whose auspices he flourished, and after whose declension he is said, by some writers, to have died, from melancholy and regret for their loss."]

THE GARDEN OF VENUS.

From the First Book of the Stanzas of Angelo Poliziano, commenced on occasion of the Tournament of Julian de Medici.

Now aid me of this realm of bliss to tell,
  Fair Erato! whose name and Love's are one;
Thou, albeit chaste, alone secure mayest dwell
  Within the realm of Venus and her son;
Thou, sole art mistress of the amorous shell;
  Love often chants with thee in unison;
And while his fatal quiver harmless lies,
Awakes thy lute's enchanting harmonies.

A pleasant mount o'erlooks the Cyprian isle,
  Which, when the horizon glows with earliest day,
Beholds the seven horns of ancient Nile;
  Along its steeps no mortal foot may stray;
Upon the summit of its towering pile,
  A fair green hill o'ertops a meadow gay,
Where wanton airs with flowers are dallying still,
And the young herbage with soft tremors fill.

Walls of bright gold its farthest borders gird,
With a thick hedge of choice and graceful trees;
'Mid the fresh foliage many an amorous bird
Chants all day long his tender melodies;
Soft is the sound of murmuring waters heard,
Welling from fountains twain, whose properties
Are twofold; sweet and bitter are their waves,
And therein Love his golden arrows laves.

Nor ever is that eternal garden's hue
Whitened with the young frost, or sheeted snow:
There icy winter never dares break through,
Nor surly winds on herb or blossom blow;
Nor years their changing quarters ever knew;
But laughing spring fails not her smile to show;
Flings her wild golden tresses on the air,
And weaves with thousand flowers her chaplet fair.

Love's brethren on the banks, a wicked fry,
Whose arrows teach the vulgar herd to feel,
With clamours shrill and childhood's frolic cry,
Sharpen their bolt-heads with malicious zeal;
While Pleasure and Deceit are ever nigh,
To turn the handle of the cruel wheel;
False Hope and vain Desire attend thereon,
And with the sparkling fountain wet the stone.

And pleasing Fear and timorous Delight
Together go; sweet Quarrels, sweeter Peace;
The Tears, their bosoms sad o'erflowing quite,
Therewith the bitter streamlet's tide increase;
Uneasy Love, exanimate Affright,
To pine with Care and Sickness never cease;
Sleepless Suspicion every corner spies,
And bounding Joy through the mid pathway flies.

Pleasure with Beauty revels in deep bliss;
Content flits by, while Anguish sits to mourn;
Blind Error strays now here, now there amiss;
Mad Fury's cheeks by his own hands are torn;
Sad Penitence, her crime too late who sees,
Flings herself on the earth in mood forlorn;
Cruelty wades in blood, with fell delight,
And fierce Despair the fatal noose makes tight.

Demurely silent Fraud, forced Merriment,
Sly Signals, couriers from the heart that fly;
The Glances, gazing with fond looks intent,
Spreading their nets to snare the unwary try;
Weeping, her brow upon her palm low bent,
Stands with her company of Sorrows nigh;
And here and there bounds reckless in her glee,
License, from every rule and measure free.

Such is the army which thy children lead,
All-beauteous Venus, mother of the Loves!
Zephyr in softest dew bathes all the mead,
Shedding a thousand perfumes as he moves;
Lily and rose and violet succeed
His kisses, blossoming where'er he roves;
The field its rich attire with wonder views,
Its white, cerulean, and vermilion hues.

The virgin bud looks down with modest dread,
Her infant beauty trembling to disclose;
Her bosom to the solar blaze to spread,
Brilliant and laughing seeks the full-blown rose;
In emerald gems this hides her timid head;
This at the lattice her fair promise shows;
This languid in the o'erpowering ardour faints,
And with rich tints the beauteous herbage paints.

Dawn rears fresh violets still, with tender care,
Of white, of yellow, and of purple dies;
Sad Hyacinthus shows his legend there;
Narcissus in the lymph his image spies;
In vestal robe, with purple border fair,
Pale Clytic to the sun still turns her eyes;
Adonis of his woes the tale resumes;
Crocus his three tongues shows; Acanthus joyous blooms.

Such glories new the opening Spring hath shed
On earth's glad bosom since the world arose;
Above the green hills lifts its lofty head,
And tangled locks against the sun that close;
Shading beneath its warm boughs overspread
A living fount that ever freshly flows;
With its cool wave, so tranquil and so clear,
That aye distinct its liquid depths appear.

* * * * * *

YAMOYDEN,

A TALE

OF THE WARS OF KING PHILIP.

IN SIX CANTOS.

"All kinds, all creatures stand or fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment, who shall sway,
And who is to submit.—
Say then that he was wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed;
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.
And thou, altho' with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast, that thou didst love
The *liberty* of *man*."—WORDSWORTH.

[The following advertisement, prefixed to the original edition of Yamoyden by Mr. Sands, explains the history of the poem, and indicates, in part, the several shares of the respective authors. The *Proem* is, of course, wholly from the pen of Mr. Sands. The original edition of this poem was inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, then of Boston, in consequence (as expressed in the dedication) of its "owing its publication in a great measure to the favourable impression expressed by him of its merits."]

ADVERTISEMENT.

Before submitting this poem to the judgment of the public, it is necessary that the editor should give a brief account of the manner in which it was composed. He hopes that this will prove, to the candid and intelligent, a sufficient apology for the defects with which he is well aware this juvenile production abounds.

It was written in separate portions, by the late Rev. James Wallis Eastburn, and himself, during the winter of 1817–18, and the following spring. Mr. Eastburn, in 1816, went to Bristol, Rhode-Island, to pursue the study of divinity under the direction of the Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern diocess. He was constantly in the habit of amusing his hours of relaxation with poetical composition; and the local traditions connected with the scenery, in his immediate vicinity, suggested to him a fit subject for his favourite employment. He often mentioned in the course of his correspondence with the editor, his intention of making some of the adventures of King Philip, the well known Sachem of Pokanoket, the theme of a poetical romance. In the year following, when he visited New-York, the plan of the proposed story was drawn up in conjunction. We had then read nothing on the subject; and our plot was formed from a hasty glance into a few pages of Hubbard's Narrative. To quote a simile from that crude historian, we began, like bad heralds, to meddle with the charge before we had blazoned the field; and, though

the action of our fable only occupied the space of forty-eight hours, we were led into several inconsistencies, in the general outline first proposed; from which no departure was afterward made. After Mr. Eastburn's return to Bristol, the poem was written, according to the parts severally assigned; and transmitted, reciprocally, in the course of correspondence. It was commenced in November, 1817, and finished before the summer of 1818; except the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto, which were added after Mr. Eastburn left Bristol. As the fable was defective, from our ignorance of the subject, the execution was also, from the same cause, and the hasty mode of composition, in every respect imperfect. Mr. Eastburn was then preparing to take orders; and his studies, with that view, engrossed his attention. He was ordained in October, 1818. Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, in Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the first two cantos of this poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time, even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work, when he returned to this city, in July, 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, intending to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource, to recruit his exhausted constitution. He died on the fourth day of his passage, December 2d, 1819.

He left among his papers a great quantity of poetry, of which his part of "Yamoyden" forms but a small proportion. His friends may think proper, at some future period, to make selections from his miscellaneous remains, and arrange them for publication. It was their wish, however, that this poem might be first published, and they were determined in that wish by the approbation of a gentleman

whose talents and learning are universally respected in this community. The editor was therefore induced to comply with their request, and undertake the correction of the manuscript. His labour, in so doing, has not been trifling. He had no right to make any alterations in the original plot; or to destroy his deceased friend's poetical identity. He has endeavoured to remove as many errors, in point of matter or expression, as was consistent with these necessary restraints. From looking over several books, whose subjects were connected with that of the poem, he has been led to make some additions to the original matter. The principal of these, in point of bulk, are,—the verses in the commencement, relating to the previous history of the Indian wars;—the Sermon introduced in the third canto;—the Ode to the Manitto of Dreams, in the fourth; and the introduction of the Mohegan, in the fifth and sixth. The last alteration was always contemplated by Mr. Eastburn, who had made the heroine perform the journey alone. The editor mentions these portions as his own, because they were hastily added in the course of transcription, and printed as soon as written; and if they are defective, the discredit should attach to himself alone. The particular property in the rest of the poem, belonging to each author, it would be endless to particularize. Notice is taken in the notes of many errors, the principal of which is the subject of the fourth canto. The few notes marked E., were found among Mr. Eastburn's papers. The rest have been added by the editor.

> Plura, quidem, mandare tibi, si quæris habebam;
> Sed vereor tardæ causa fuisse moræ.
> Quod si, quæ subeunt, tecum, liber, omnia ferres,
> Sarcina laturo magna futurus eras.

The poem, in the main, is still to be considered as having been written three years ago; when the age of Mr. Eastburn was twenty, and that of the editor eighteen years. The latter had scarce attempted versification, of any kind,

from the time when the draught of "Yamoyden" was finished: and nothing but the circumstances he has stated, could have induced him to resume the practice, or appear as the author of a poem. As to his individual reputation, on that score, he believes, he is sincerely and perfectly indifferent: but it would be folly to deny, that he could not, without pain, see this joint production, now consecrated in his memory by the death of his friend, meet with unfair criticism or sullen neglect.

November 20th, 1820.

PROEM.

Go FORTH, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them, in a happier day:
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honours crave;
His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth, with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranc'd, to hear,
O'er battle fields, the epic thunders roll;
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing, stole;
There would we mark, uncurbed by all control,
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight;
Or hold communion with the musing soul
Of sage or bard, who sought, mid pagan night,
In lov'd Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turned, to that fair land, but late
Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,
Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate
And kept the key, till three millenniums past;
When, as creation's noblest work was last,
Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see
Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,
And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be
An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were found,
Of that bless'd freedom, only dreamed before;—
Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round
Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.
"Earth was their mother;"—or they knew no more,
Or would not that their secret should be told;
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,
The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew
Their needful wants, and learn'd not how to hoard;
And him whom strength and wisdom crowned, they knew,
But with no servile reverence, as their lord.
And on their mountain summits they adored
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,
And thence their incense and orisons poured
To his pervading presence, that abroad
They felt through all his works,—their Father, King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,
Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;

But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,
Or fierce, red lightning fired the forest pine,
Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;
These they besought to spare, those blest for aid divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,
Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,
And as the fleet deer's agile was their frame;
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;
These simple truths went down from sire to son,—
To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame,
And craven warrior's infamy to shun,—
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred done.

From forest shades they peered, with awful dread,
When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,
The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,
Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.
Few years have pass'd, and all their forests' pride
From shores and hills has vanished, with the race,
Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,
Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,
In each green thicket's depths, and lone, sequestered place.

And many a gloomy tale, tradition yet
Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymer meet,
To people scenes, where still their names remain;
And so began our young, delighted strain,
That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave,
And bid their martial hosts arise again,
Where Narraganset's tides roll by their grave,
And Haup's romantic steeps are piled above the wave.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die;
Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long,—
Though not to me the muse averse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry,
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake, such idlesse would deplore,
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But, no! the freshness of the past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He roved and gathered chaplets wild with thee;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees;
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports: the gales benign
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbour sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

Muses of Helicon! melodious race
Of Jove and golden-haired Mnemosyné;
Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace,
And drives each scowling form of grief away!

Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay
Once trod, and round the altar of great Jove;
Whence, wrapt in silvery clouds, your nightly way
Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove,
That soothed the Thunderer's soul, and filled his courts above.

Bright choir! with lips untempted, and with zone
Sparkling, and unapproached by touch profane;
Ye, to whose gladsome bosoms ne'er was known
The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain;
Rightly invoked,—if right the elected swain,
On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore,
Whose honoured hand took not your gift in vain,
Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,—*
Farewell! a long farewell! I worship you no more.

* *Hesiod. Theog.* l. 1. 60. 30.

INTRODUCTION.

Stat vetus et multos incædua sylva per annos.
Credibile est illi numen inesse loco.

HARK to that shriek upon the summer blast!
Wildly it swells the fitful gusts between,
And as its dying echoes faint have pass'd,
Sad moans the night-wind o'er the troubled scene.
Sunk is the day, obscured the valleys green;
Nor moon nor stars are glimmering in the sky,
Thick veiled behind their tempest-gathered screen;
Lost in deep shades the hills and waters lie;
Whence rose that boding scream, that agonizing cry?

Spirit of Eld! who, on thy moss-clad throne,
Record'st the actions of the mighty dead;
By whom the secrets of the past are known,
And all oblivion's spell-bound volume read;—
Sleep wo and crime beneath thine awful tread?
Or is it but idle fancy's mockery vain,
Who loves the mists of wonder round to spread?
No! 'tis a sound of sadder, sterner strain,
Spirit of by-gone years, that haunts thine ancient reign!

'Tis the death wail of a departed race,—
Long vanished hence, unhonoured in their grave;
Their story lost to memory, like the trace
That to the greensward erst their sandals gave;—
Wail for the feather-cinctured warriors brave,
Who, battling for their fathers' empire well,
Perished, when valour could no longer save
From soulless bigotry, and avarice fell,
That tracked them to the death, with mad, infuriate yell.

Spirit of Eld! inspire one generous verse,
The unpractised minstrel's tributary song;
Mid these thine ancient groves he would rehearse
The closing story of their sachem's wrong.
On that rude column, shrined thy wrecks among,
Tradition! names there are, which time hath worn,
Nor yet effaced; proud names to which belong
A dismal tale of foul oppressions borne,
Which man can ne'er recall, but which the muse may mourn.

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crowned hills and murmuring shore.
'Twas summer; and the forests threw
Their checkered shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew-drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul!

II.

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.

What scenes of beauty met his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high!
With all its isles and inlets lay
Beneath the calm, majestic bay;
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed;
In wreathy, crispëd brilliance borne,
While laughed the radiance of the morn.
Round rocks, that from the headlands far
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,
The chafing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray;
Along the shelving sands its swell
With hushed and equal cadence fell;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet green! were fair to view;
Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocasset's hills in calm repose;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

III.

Where northward spread the unbounded scene,
Oft, in the valley's bosom green,
The hamlets' mouldering ruins showed,
Where war with dæmon brand had strode.

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Rock above rock sublimely piled.

The steeps of Haup reverbed afar
The Wampanoägs' shout for war;
Fiercely they trim their crested hair,
The sanguine battle stains prepare,
And martial gear, while over all
Proud waves the feathery coronal.
Their peäg belts are girt for fight,
Their loaded pouches slung aright,
The musket's tube is bright and true,
The tomahawk's edge is sharped anew,
And counsels stern and flashing eyes
Betoken dangerous enterprise.

V.

The red fire is blazing; ring compassing ring,
They whirled in the war-dance, and circuiting sing;
And the chieftans, in turn to the pile as they go,
In each brand saw a warrior, each gleed was a foe;
Revenge on the whites and their allies they swear,
Mohegans, Niantics, and Pequots they dare,
And slash in the dream of their ire;
The hills of Pocasset replied to their call,
And their QUEEN set at her chiefs and her warriors all,
To the rites of the lurid fire.

VI.

Thro' Narraganset's countless clan
The secret wildfire circling ran;
In northern wilds, the gathering word
The tributary Nipnets heard.
Busy and quick, to their errand true,
The messengers of mischief flew,
Noiseless as speeds the painted dart,
In the thicket's shade, to the quarry's heart,
That scares not in its passage fleet
The woodland hosts from their green retreat.

VII.

But SAUSAMAN untimely slain,
Kindled too soon the fatal train.
From where with mild, majestic pride,
Their peaceful, and abounding tide
Quunihticut's broad waters pour
Even to the ocean's sounding shore—
Began one universal strife,
One murderous hunt for human life.
The wexing moon oft waned anew,
Ere grass upon the war-path grew:
On every gale the war-whoop rung;
From every grove the ambush sprung;
The hamlet's blaze, the midnight yell,
Ceased not the desperate strife to tell,
Till o'er the land, with blood defiled,
Went forth a voice of wailing wild;
A voice of mourning and of pain,
Their youngest and their bravest slain.

VIII.

Full high the savage pride was raised,
Till Narraganset's fortress blazed.
When bleak December sheeted o'er
The wilderness with mantle hoar,
Reckless within their hold assailed,
They saw the avenging army pour,
Beheld their boasted bulwarks scaled.
The white men made their entrance good,
All slippery with their comrades' blood;
A thousand wigwams kindling sent
Their glare along the firmament;
The sun declining from his noon,
Faded, a dim, wan circle soon;
The heavens, around that lurid light
Frowned like the realms of central night;

Far, far around, the gleening snow
Was ruddy with the unnatural glow;
Where the dun column wreathing rolled,
Red flowed the river's tides below.
Amid the slaughtered, in their hold,
Stifling, in vain their warriors bold
Each blazing sconce in fury sought,
Poured on the foe their deadly shot,
Or in mad leaps of torture broke
Thro' sulphurous fire and volumed smoke;—
While uproar, flame, and deafening yell
Made the scene seem the vault of hell,
Where, writhing wild in penance dire,
Fiends danced mid pyramids of fire!
Nor ceased the musket roar, the shout,
The obstreperous clamours of the rout,
Till gathering night with shades profound
Of gloom and horror closed around.
Tracked by their blood along the snow,
Returned the victors, sad and slow;—
But, where the smoking ruins show
The prostrate citadel—one heap
Of smouldering ashes, broad and deep,
Where friend or husband none may trace,
The pride of Narraganset's race,
The grisly trophy of the fray,
A holocaust for freedom lay!

IX.

Stabbed in the heart of all their power,
The voice of triumph from that hour
Rose faintly, mid the heathen host,
Sunk was their pride, and quelled their boast.
Broken and scattering wide and far,
Feebly they yet maintained the war.

Spring came; on blood alone intent,
Men o'er her flowers regardless went;
Thro' cedar grove and thicket green,
The serried steel was glistening sheen;
Earth lay untilled; the deadly chase
Ceased not of that devoted race,
Till of the tribes whose rage at first
In one o'erwhelming deluge burst,
No trace the inquiring eye could find,
Save in the ruins left behind.
Like wintry torrent they had poured,
O'er mounds and rocks it raved and roared,
Dashed in blind fury where it broke,
In showery spray and wavy smoke;
And now, sad vestige of its wrath,
Alone was left its wasted path.

X.

Stark thro' the dismal fens they lie,
Or on the felon gibbet high
Their mangled members hung proclaim.
Their constancy—their conquerors' shame.
Ah! happier they, who in the strife
For freedom fell, than o'er the main,
Those who in slavery's galling chain
Still bore the load of hated life,—
Bowed to base tasks their generous pride,
And scourged and broken-hearted died!
The remnant of the conquered band,
Submissive, at the victor's hand,
As for a boon of mercy, crave
A shred of all their father's land,
A transient shelter and a grave.
Or far where boundless lakes expand,
With weary feet the exiles roam,
Until their tawny brethren gave
The persecuted race a home.

XI.

But METACOM, the cause of all,
Last of his host, was doomed to fall.
Unconquered yet, when at his side
His boldest and his wisest died;
When all whom kin or friendship made
To his fallen fortunes dear were dead;
Beggared in wealth and power; pursued
A sentenced wretch, thro' swamp and wood;—
Yet he escaped—tho' he might hear
The hunters' uproar round him wake,
And bullets whispered death was near;
O'er bank and stream, thro' grove and brake
He led them, fleet as mountain deer,
Nor yet his limbs had learned to quake,
Nor his heart caught the taint of fear.

XII.

His covert to his foes unknown,
With such worn train as war had spared,
Once more to Haup the chief repaired,
Of all his line the home and throne.
There, where the spirits of the dead
Seemed flitting through each moonlight glade,—
Where pageant hosts of glory fled
In mockery rose with vain parade,—
In gloomy grandeur o'er his head,
Where forests cast congenial shade,—
Brooding mid scenes of perished state,
He mused to madness on his fate.
South from the tarlëd swamp that spread
Below the mount, an upland rose;
Where towering elms all gray with eld,
And birchen thickets close concealed
The hunted race from quest of foes.

Beneath, their screen the elders threw,
And fern and bramble rankly grew;
By simple nature wisely taught
Such covert still the savage sought:
So in her leafy form the hare
Sits couched and still, when down the gale,
Of hounds and horns the mingling blare
She hears in tones of terror swell.
So spreads, beneath the liquid surge,
To shun the approaching monster's gorge,
The wary fish its inky blood,
And dies with rayless hue the flood.

XIII.

Beside the mountain's rugged steeps,
The SACHEM now his council keeps;
Though straitened in that hopeless stound,
Begirt with fear and famine round,
Resolved himself on daring deed,
He listened reckless of their rede.
Once more within their ancient hold,
How dwindled from their pomp of old!
Toilworn and few and doubtful met
The PANIESE in their council state.
High rose the cliffs; but proud above
The regal oaks their branches fling,
Arching aloft with verdant cove,
Where thick their leaves they interwove,
Fit canopy for woodland king.
Vines, with tenacious fibres, high
Clomb o'er those rocks luxuriantly;
Oft o'er their rugged masses gray,
With rustling breeze the wild flowers play;
While at the base their purple hues,
Impearled with morning's glittering dews,
Bloomed round the pile of rifted stone,
Which, as in semblance of a throne,

'Tis the death wail of a departed race,—
Long vanished hence, unhonoured in their grave;
Their story lost to memory, like the trace
That to the greensward erst their sandals gave;—
Wail for the feather-cinctured warriors brave,
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O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
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Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
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Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew-drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul!

II.

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.

The hand of Nature there had placed;
And rambling wild, where lower still
Bubbled and welled a sparkling rill,
These simple flowers its margin graced.
Clear as the brightest steel to view,
Thro' mossy turf of greenest hue,
Its lymph that gushing fountain spread:—
And still though ages since have sped,
That little spring is seen;
It bears his name whose deeds of dread
Disturbed its margin green;
As pure, as full, its waters rise,
While those who once its peace profaned,
Have pass'd, and to the stranger's eyes
Nor trace, nor memory hath remained.
Smooth lay the turf before the seat,
Sprinkled with flow'rets fair and sweet;
The violet and the daisy gay,
And goldcups bright like spangles lay.
Thick round the glade the forest grew,
Whose quivering leaves and pillars through,
The eye might catch the sparkling ray,
Where sea-gulls wheeled in mazy play.

XIV.

There met the council, round the throne,
Where he, in power, in thought alone,
Not like the sentenced outlaw sate,
The abandoned child of wayward fate,
But as of those tall cliffs a part,
Cut by some bolder sculptor's art,
The imaged God, erect and proud,
To whom the simple savage bowed.
His was the strength the weak that sways;
The glance the servile herd obeys;

The brow of majesty, where thought
And care their deepest lines had wrought,
And told, like furrows broad that mark
The giant ash-tree's fretted bark,
How stormy years, with forceful sway,
Will wear youth's scarless gloss away.
Shorn were his locks, whose ample flow
Had else revealed him to the foe;
And travel-stained the beaver spoils,
That sheathed his martial limbs below.
But seemed it that he yet would show,
Even mid the hunter's closing toils,
Some splendours of his former state,
When in his royalties he sate.
For round his brow with symbols meet,
In wampum wrought with various die,
Entwined a studded coronet,
With circling plumage waving high.
Above his stalworth shoulders set
A feathery-woven mantle lay,
Where many-tinctured pinions gay
Sprinkled the raven's plumes of jet.
Collar beneath and gorget shone,
The peäg armlets and the zone,
That round with fretted shell-work graced,
Clipped with broad ring his shapely waist.
And all war's dread caparison,
Horn, pouch, and tomahawk were slung;
And wide, and far descending hung,
Quaintly embossed with bird and flower,
The belt that marked the SACHEM'S power.

XV.

Know ye the Indian warrior race?
How their light form springs in strength and grace.

Like the pine on their native mountain side,
That will not bow in its deathless pride;
Whose rugged limbs of stubborn stone
No flexuous power of art will own,
But bend to heaven's red bolt alone!
How their hue is deep as the western die
That fades in Autumn's evening sky;
That lives for ever upon their brow,
In the summer's heat, and the winter's snow;
How their raven locks of tameless strain,
Stream like the desert courser's mane:
How their glance is far as the eagle's flight,
And fierce and true as the panther's sight:
How their souls are like the crystal wave,
Where the spirit dwells in his northern cave;
Unruffled in its caverned bed,
Calm lies its glimmering surface spread;
Its springs, its outlet unconfess'd,
The pebble's weight upon its breast
Shall wake its echoing thunders deep,
And when their muttering accents sleep,
Its dark recesses hear them yet,
And tell of deathless love or hate!

XVI.

The council met; each bosom there
Pregnant with doubt or with despair;
And each wan eye and hollow cheek
The waste of toil and famine speak;
Yet o'er the dew-webbed turf reclined,
Silent they sate; and stranger's eye
Had deemed, in idle mood resigned
To nature's sweet tranquillity,
They lay to catch the mingling sound
Of woods and waters murmuring round;—

That the robin carolling blithe they heard,
Or the breeze the shivering leaves that stirred.
Among their eagle plumes it played,
And with their cinctures dalliance made;
But customed were they to control
The cradled whirlwinds of the soul;
And calm was every warrior's mien,
As if there a feast of love had been.

XVII.

Ill could the fiery SACHEM brook
That gloomy, never-changing look.
Though long inured to mazy wile,
Through all the thousand lakes of guile,
His secret skiff had held its course,
And shunned each torrent's eddying force,
Yet ever would the fiery soul
Through all the circles dart,
Which, like the ice around the pole,
Begirt the Indian heart.

XVIII.

Up started METACOM;—the train
Of all his wrongs,—his perished power,—
His blasted hopes,—his kindred slain,—
His quenchless hate which blazed in vain,
So fierce in its triumphant hour,
But now to his own heart again
Withdrawn, but ran like liquid flame
Boiling through all his fevered frame,—
All, all seemed rushing on his brain:—
Each trembling fibre told the strife,
Which quelled that storm with madness rife,
Gathering in horrors o'er his brow,
And flashing wildly bright below.
While o'er his followers faint and few,
On inquest stern his glances flew,

Across his quivering lips in haste
A smile of bitterness there pass'd ;—
As if a beam from the lamp had stole
That burnt within his inmost soul,
As in a deep, sepulchral cell,—
It seemed with transient curl to tell,
How in his triumph or his fall,
He doubted, and he scorned them all !
But silence straight the SACHEM broke,
And thus his taunt abrupt he spoke—

XIX.

" Still do we live ? to yonder skies
Yet does our warm breath buoyant rise,—
To that Great Spirit, who ne'er inhales
Incense from all the odorous gales,
In the world of warrior souls, more blest,
Than that respired from the freeman's breast !
Yet do we live ? or struck by fear,
As the wretch by subtle sorcerer near,
Palsied and pining, must we lie
In yon dark fen, and dimly spy
Our fathers' hills, our native sky :—
Like the coward ghosts, whom the bark of stone
Leaves in the eternal wave to moan,
And wail for ever, as they descry
The blissful isle they can come not nigh ;
Where the souls of the brave from toil released,
Prolong the chase, the dance, the feast,
And fill the sparkling chalice high,
From the springs of immortality !
Say, has oblivion kindly come,
To veil remembrance in its gloom ?
Have ye forgot, that whilome here,
Your fathers drove the bounding deer ;
When now, so works the Evil One,
Like heartless deer their children run ;—

Or trembling in their darksome lair,
While fear's cold dews gush full and fast,
One venturous glance no longer dare
Round on their native forests cast.
The hunters came, the charm they brought;
The tempting lure the senseless sought,
And tamely to the spoiler gave
The ancient birthright of the brave!

XX.

"Oblivion? O! the films of age
Shall shroud yon sun's resplendent eye.
And waning in his pilgrimage,
His latest beam in heaven shall die,
Ere on the soil from whence we fled,
The story of our wrongs be dead!
Could the tall trunk of peace once more
Lift its broad foliage on our shore;
And on the beaver robe outspread
Our remnant rest beneath its shade;
From stainless bowls and incense high
Amid the blue and cloudless sky;
Mark round us waves unrimpled flow,
And o'er green paths no bramble grow;—
Say where in earth profoundly deep,
Should all our wrongs in darkness sleep?
What art the sod shall o'er them heap;
And rear the tree whose verdant tower
Aloft shall build, beneath embower,—
Till men shall pass and shall not know
The secrets foul that rest below?
The memory ne'er can die, of all
For blood, for vengeance that can call,
While feels a red man in his breast
The might, the soul his sires possess'd,
Toil, death, and danger can defy,
Look up to heaven, and proudly cry,

Eternal and Almighty ONE,
Father of all! I am thy son!

XXI.

"Poor, crouching children of the brave!
Lo! where the broad and sparkling wave
Anointed once the freeman's shore,
Your father's tents arise no more.
There lie your masters in their pride;
And not so thick, o'er torpid tide,
The blessed light that beams on earth
Warms the coiled vipers into birth,
And not so loathsome do they spread
Their slime along its sedgy bed,
As glittering on my aching eyes,
The white man's homes accursed rise!
I rave;—and ye are cold and tame;
Forget ye MASSASOIET'S shame?
Forget ye him, who, snared and caught,
Soared on the chainless wings of thought,
A lowly captive might not be,
For his heart broke, and he was free!
Last, poorest of a mighty race,
Proscribed, devoted to the chase,
I hold this cumbrous load of life,
  Avenging powers! from you;
The remnant of its dreary strife
  To hoarded vengeance due!
But ye—live on; and lowly kneel,
And crouching kiss the impending steel,
Which, in mere weariness of toil,
Full sated with your kinsmen's spoil,
May haply grant the boon to live;—
For this your cringing *taubut* give;
And o'er your father's hallowed grave
Drag the foul members of the slave!

O slaves! the children of the free!
The hunted brute cries shame on ye!
At bay each threatening horn he turns,
As fierce the enclosing circle burns;—
And ye are baited in your lair,
And will ye fight not for despair?"

XXII.

Thus spoke the SACHEM in his ire,
Bright anger blazing in his eye;
And, as the bolt of living fire
Streams through the horrors of the sky,
Kindling the pine, whose flames aspire
In one red pyramid on high,
In all his warriors, as he spoke,
The rising fury fiercely woke;
Each tomahawk, in madness swayed,
Gleamed mid the forest's quivering shade;
Loud rose the war-whoop, wild and shrill;
The frowning rock, the towering hill
Prolonged the indignant cry:
Far o'er the stilly æther borne,
By the light pinions of the morn,
It fell on the lonely traveller's ear,
Round on the wilderness in fear
He gazed with anxious eye;
On distant wave the wanderer well
Knew the loud larum terrible,
And trembled at the closing swell,
As slow its echoes die.

XXIII.

"'Tis well—no more," the SACHEM said,
"The Spirit hears your answer made.
But who art thou, whose arm alone
Hangs nerveless at thy side?

Who mak'st thyself mid warriors one,
And, dog-like, hast no single tone,
To swell their shout of pride?
Son of a base and recreant band!
Who from the common tyrant's hand,
Took the war-hatchet, blood died pledge
Of peace between them and our foe,
And proved too well how keen its edge;—
Its temper well their brethren know.
MIANTONIMO's honoured head
Our laggard vengeance will upbraid;—
CANONCHET and PANOQUIN, slain
By coward hands, look forth in vain,
From their eternal towers, to spy
Mohegan ghosts go wandering by;—
For blood a thousand heroes cry,
Whose bones, untombed, dishonoured lie:
No kindred hands, with reverent care,
Those relics from the waste shall bear;
Ne'er from his path shall traveller turn,
Beside their grassy mound to mourn;
Nor, prostrate stretched beside their grave,
Sighing shall say—there sleep the brave!
And shalt thou live, and mingle here
With those their memory who revere?"

XXIV.

Young AGAMOUN, by many a snare
Of fame, revenge and promise fair,
Long since from the Mohegan shore
The Sachem and his warriors bore:
Then the young hero's heart beat high,
With all the patriot's sympathy;—
Fierce as the battle god, for fight
Collecting his unconquered might,

Along the war-path of the heaven,
Revealed in red and sulphurous levin,
Rolling his gloomy clouds afar,
Exulting at the scent of war;—
So he went forth, in strength and youth,
And hailed hope's paltering form as truth:
But years had passed since hope grew cold;
False was the fraudful tale she told;
Ambition's dream and promise high
Were but the song of birds flown by!
He saw his marshalled tribe oppose
Their brethren, as their mortal foes;
He saw their scanted numbers fail,
Like autumn's leaves on winter's gale;
Until, his hopes, his followers gone,
The western chief remained alone.
Mistrust and jealousy had torn
A noble heart by fortune worn;
From council and from power estranged,
He saw the Saxon's visage changed;
The silver chain, in earthly dust,
Had caught the stains of human rust;
Till in the hour of adverse fate,
Its links were snapp'd for e'er by hate.

XXV.

So where at first, with gurgling rush,
The founts of mighty rivers gush,
So near the kindred streamlets flow,
Their pebbly channels murmuring through,
Their distance at a stride the child
May measure, as he gambols wild;
Each, mingling with its countless tides,
O'er earth's unequal bosom glides,
Through adverse climes and distant realms,
And when their tribute ocean whelms,

With stranger name each stream appears,
Disgorged in different hemispheres
Untainted yet by crime and woe,
While nature's generous currents flow
Thro' sympathy's luxuriant mould,
Hearts, side by side, their course may hold,
But parted on the wastes of time,
How soon forgot that earlier clime!

XXVI.

"Speak! traitor, speak! thy thoughts unfold!
Be thy cloaked treasons instant told!
Whizzes in air the venomed dart,
Ere yet it rankles in the heart;—
Prepared to sting the lurking snake
His monitory hiss will wake;
Hiss, serpent, hiss!"
The Saxon spake:
Resentment rising seemed to choke
The words of wrath that forth had broke:
But conscience lent her bland relief,
And calmly spoke the injured chief.
—"Whate'er of private feud my heart
To my tongue's language might impart,
I learned to bury and to hide,
When battling on my country's side.
Who, when her sacred cause inspires,
Enkindles at polluted fires,
Where unclean spirits hold retreat,
Where none but the impure may meet,
His passions base, revenge or pride,—
Curs'd be that guilty parricide!
O noteless in the songs of fame,
A beacon blaze his recreant name,
Hovering for ever may it be
O'er the dull fens of infamy!

The stem must crack—the cause must fall,
If such unholy warmth prevail!
But wherefore more? ye've known me long,
Ye saw me when your cause was strong—
Ye proved me when your hopes were weak;
If ye have found me wanting, speak!

XXVII.

"Here if we linger, what remains?
Inglorious death, accursed chains!
Ah! tho' the bleak and sheeted blast
Round Haup's bare cliffs its shroud shall cast,
And sweep in howling, wild affray
The sere and shivering leaves away,
Again its demons far will fly,
When milder spirits rule the sky;
The moon of birds her horns will show,
The bough will bud, the fountain flow;
But METACOM, thy second spring
No Weko-lis shall ever sing!
Once Pawkanawkut's warriors stood,
Thick as the columns of the wood;
On shores and isles, unconquered men
Called MASSASOIT father, then!—
The blasting wind with poisoned breath
Brought on its withered pinions death;
Ere bade the Owawox o'er the deep
Their castle-barks triumphant sweep:—
Past is the Autumn of our pride,
When every leaf with blood was died!—
And now dread Winter's troop alone
Shriek round our power and promise gone!
From earth when nations perish, ne'er
Again their leaflets shall appear.
The stranger, in the after time,
Weets not of glory's earlier clime!

Seal with thy blood the covenant made,
When UNCAS first our rights betrayed.
The white man's arms are best employed,
Their recreant proselyte destroyed."

XXXI.

He said, and from beside him caught
The tube with deadly vengeance fraught;—
Then instant forth AHAUTON stood
(He too of the Mohegan blood),
But short the raving SACHEM broke
The words the intercessor spoke.
"By Sassacous' honored bones,
Where'er, untombed in sacred stones,
In the fierce Maquas clime they lie—
No more, or with him shalt thou die!"
Then on his friend the sentenced chief
Cast a last look intent and brief;
It bade AHAUTON not to dare
The wolf's wild fangs within his lair,
But life for nobler vengeance bear.
Stern lowered the Wampanoägs round,
Subdued beneath their chieftain's frown;
Breathed to the doom of death no sound;
While AGAMOUN knelt calmly down,
Unblenched and firm; awhile his gaze
The horde, the earth, the heaven surveys,
As giving them his last good-bye:—
"Brothers! behold a warrior die!
For kindred let the white men grieve;
To those who love me, all I leave
Is the large legacy of hate!
True as the ball that drinks my blood,
Mohegan warriors shall make good
To METACOM and his the debt.

Escape be yours!—but O! if won,
Beware!" he spoke no more,
For closely now the levelled gun
Was placed his heart before.

XXXII.

A moment's pause intensely still,—
A quick, cold, deep and silent thrill,—
The steel gives fire,—the chieftain fell,—
The death-shot's sound his only knell,
And a low murmur's smothered tone
His parting requiem alone!

XXXIII.

"Take, Areskoui! take thine own!"—
With voice subdued the Sachem said,—
"A braver offering never bled,
To thee in battle's gory bed!
And I could mourn the recreant thought
By which so dear a life was bought,
But that I may not waste a sigh,
On foul, infectious treachery.
Brothers, away! not yet the foe
These our last haunts of safety know;
Till better days, our watch-word be
Hope, vigilance, and secrecy."

XXXIV.

They raise the bleeding corse, and back
Hold to their dark retreat the track;
With Metacom remains alone
The brave, the generous Annawon,
"Brother and friend,"—the Sachem cried,
"The only friend my fortunes know,
When all by kin, by love allied,
Are captive to the unpitying foe,—

Or unavenged, are journeying slow
To that far world where spirits go—
O friend! my trust is firm in thee
As in his dream the initiate's faith;
Calm is thy soul in victory,
And bold when comes the hour of scaith.
Yon trembling herd it is not meet
Should read our final purpose yet;
Their courage is an old year's flame,
Polluted and unworth the name;
Terror alone their hearts must sway—
For this the brave has bled to-day.
But I must fly—my native earth,—
My father's throne and council-hearth;—
I, of the peerless eagle race,
Must fly the hawk's unwonted chase,—
The insatiate hawk—who all will have,
Nor yields his victim e'en a grave!
Since childhood's earlier moons were dead,
When I forgot what things had been,
And claimed to rank with warrior men—
Of mortal foe I knew no dread.
Had nature made these limbs to quail
At danger's front, the white men ne'er
Had chilled them with the spells of fear;—
For, in those hours when dreams prevail,—
When on the boy's bewildered eyes
The future's shadowy visions rise,
I learn'd to fear nor wound nor fate
From those pale offspring of the east:—
This too oft sung the illumined priest,
When heaven he might interrogate,
Ere the Manittos' voices ceased.
This have I felt, when slaughter fell
Shrieked in my ear its murderous yell;—

This in the kindling battle's mell,
In deathful stour was proven well;—
This have my widowed fortunes found,
When all I love lie cold around;—
When like a blasted trunk, alone,
Leaf, blossom, bud, and scion gone,
I stand,—the fire, the axe defy,
And swift-consuming bolts on high.
It is not fear!—but o'er my heart
The shade of sorrow oft will fly;—
And though from these fair scenes to part
Might ask the tribute of a sigh,—
That sigh, the last, the only one,
Becomes not MASSASOIET'S son!

XXXV.

"But let this pass;—by fraud or force,
Through Nipnet tribes we hold our course;
YAMOYDEN to their broken bands
Yet dear, must through their northern lands
Make smooth our path. Thou say'st that he
Lists in Aquetnet's woods to hear
A bird, whose music is more dear
Than vengeance or than liberty.
A turtle-dove he nurses there,
And shelters with a parent's care.
That nest must be despoiled! the chief
Must share our common bond of grief!
And hear me, chieftain—ere our flight,
The last, the long-neglected rite,
Again must blaze in midnight gloom,
Prove if the spirits yet be dumb!
Since ARESKOUI sees no more,
Supine in heaven, his children's wo,
Evoking powers, our friends of yore,

The sacrifice of blood must pour,
And o'er their awful altars flow !"

XXXVI.

Here pause we for a while the song,
While they their counsels wild prolong,
Where many a troubled accent came,
Oft mingling with YAMOYDEN's name.

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO SECOND.

Hail! sober evening! thee the harassed brain
And aching heart with fond orisons greet:
The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet:
'Tis then the sage, from forth his lone retreat,
The rolling universe around espies;
'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
With lovely shapes, unkenned by grosser eyes,
And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west
Her argent cresset lights the star of love:—
The spiritual hour! when creatures blest
Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove;
While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
Round well-known couch, with noiseless tread they rove,
In tones of heavenly music comfort b eathe,
And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneath.

Hour of devotion! like a distant sea,
The world's loud voices faintly murmuring die;
Responsive to the spheral harmony,
While grateful hymns are borne from earth on high.

O! who can gaze on yon unsullied sky,
And not grow purer from the heavenward view!
As those, the Virgin Mother's meek, full eye,
Who met, if uninspired lore be true,
Felt a new birth within, and sin no longer knew.

Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,
O'er kindling hills unfurled with gorgeous dies!
O mild, blue Evening! still to thee I turn,
With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes;—
Where wealth and power with glare and splendour rise,
Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn!
Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize;
The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons learn!

I.

The sun is sinking from the sky
In calm and cloudless majesty;
And cooler hours, with gentle sway,
Succeed the fiery heat of day.
Forest and shore and rippling tide
Confess the evening's influence wide,
Seen lovelier in that fading light,
That heralds the approaching night;—
That magic colouring nature throws,
To deck her beautiful repose;—
When floating on the breeze of even,
Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,
With brighter tints of glory blending,
And darker hues of night descending.
While hastening to its shady rest
Each weary songster seeks its nest,
Chanting a last, a farewell lay,
As gloomier falls the parting day.

II.

Broad Narraganset's bosom blue
Has shone with every varying hue;
The mystic alchymy of even
Its rich delusions all has given.
The silvery sheet unbounded spread,
First melting from the waters fled;
Next the wide path of beaten gold
Flashing with fiery sparkles rolled;
As all its gorgeous glories died,
An amber tinge blushed o'er the tide;
Faint and more faint, as more remote,
The lessening ripples peaceful float;
And now, one ruby line alone
Trembles, is paler, and is gone,—
And from the blue wave fades away
The last life-tint of dying day!
In darkness veiled, was seen no more
Connanicut's extended shore;
Each little isle with bosom green,
Descending mists impervious screen;
One gloomy shade o'er all the woods
Of forest-fringed Aquetnet broods;
Where solemn oak was seen before
Beside the rival sycamore,
Or pine and cedar lined the height,
All in one livery brown were dight.

III.

But lo! with orb serene on high,
The round moon climbs the eastern sky;
The stars all quench their feebler rays
Before her universal blaze.
Round moon! how sweetly dost thou smile,
Above that green reposing isle,—

Soft cradled in the illumined bay,
Where from its banks the shadows seem
Melting in filmy light away.
Far does thy tempered lustre stream.
Checkering the tufted groves on high,
While glens in gloom beneath them lie.
Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,
Mid the thick forest's mass of shade,
The shingled roof is gleaming white,
Where labour, in the cultured glade,
Has all the wild a garden made.
And there with silvery tassels bright
The serried maize is waving slow,
While fitful shadows come and go,
Swift o'er its undulating seas,
As gently breathes the evening breeze.

IV.

Solemn it is, in greenwoods deep,
That magic light o'er nature's sleep;
Where in long ranks the pillars gray
Aloft their mingling structures bear,—
Mingling, in gloom or tracery fair,
Where find the unbroken beams their way,—
Or through close trellis flickering stray,
While sheeny leaflets here and there
Flutter, with momentary glow.
'Tis wayward life revealed below,
With checkered gleams of joy and wo!
And those pure realms above that shine,
So chaste, so vivid, so divine,
Are the sole type that heaven has shown
Of those more lovely realms, its own!

V.

There is no sound amid the trees,
Save the faint brush of rustling breeze;

Save insect sentinels, that still
Prolong their constant larum shrill,
And answer all, from tree to tree,
With one monotonous revelry.
And at this hushed and solemn hour,
As gradual through the tangled woods,
Mystery usurps her wonted power,
The spirit of the solitudes,—
Musing upon her lonely state,
As plains the dove her absent mate,
Sad NORA sits, and mournfully
Sings her dear infant's lullaby.

VI.

Sorrow had been her lot. She loved,
As few have loved of earthly frame;
And misery but too well had proved
Her anguished heart was still the same.
Ere Areskoui's wild alarms
Called all the red men forth to arms,
A Nipnet chieftain wooed and won
Her virgin love; and when begun
The desolating strife, his care
Long screened her from the quest of war.
Night closed on PHILIP'S victor day,
And hurrying in the desperate fray,
The Nipnet chieftain with his bride
Were borne near Haup's beleaguered side.
A home he found, that none could know,
So deemed the chief,—or friend, or foe;
He placed her in that island grove,
With one dear pledge of mutual love.
Deep in the forest's bosom green,
  Their cot embowered arose;
Enveloped in its woven screen,
  And wrapt in calm repose.

The fairy humming-bird could scarce
Amid the boughs its entrance pierce;
And practised Indian's hunter eye
Would fail to trace its mystery.
One eye alone its labyrinth knew,
One only heart to NORA true.
Here while her vigil sad she keeps,
And lists in vain YAMOYDEN'S steps,
Her weeping babe she hushed to rest,
And lulled upon her heaving breast,
Or wove a passing strain to cheat
The tedious hours with music sweet.

VII.

"Sleep, child of my love! be thy slumber as light
As the red bird's that nestles secure on the spray;
Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
As the dew drops that sparkle around with the ray!
O soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast;
In the wild wood, sleep cradles in roses thy head;
But her who protects thee, a wanderer unbless'd,
He forsakes, or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.
I fear for thy father! why stays he so long
On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,
And the sailor oft lingered to hearken her song,
So sad o'er the wave, e'er she hardened to stone.
He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
Where the foe in the moon-beams his path may descry;
The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
And lost in the wave be thy father's death cry!
The POWER that is round us,—whose presence is near,
In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul,
Protect that frail bark in its lonely career,
And shield *thee*, when roughly life's billows shall roll."

VIII.

The noise of parting boughs was heard,
Within the wood a footstep stirred:
The partner of her griefs appears,
To kiss away her falling tears.
"And oh!" YAMOYDEN said, "that thou
This sad reverse of life should'st know!
Wretch that I was, with hand unbless'd,
To snatch this nursling from her nest,
And bear her with me darkly on,
Through horror's tide and misery's moan!
Alone, though wild the tempest raved,
The roar, the flash, I might have braved;—
But thou, so young, so wondrous fair,
A wanderer's restless lot to share"—
"Mourn not for me," she calm replied,
"With thee, the worst I can abide;
And hope and joy are present here
Mid tenfold gloom, if thou art near.
And in the hour of darkest ill,
There is a hope a refuge still—
Lift we our thoughts, our prayers on high,—
There's comfort in eternity!"

IX.

In rapt delight the chieftain gazed,—
Her pale, fair brow was upward raised;
In her blue eye devotion shone,
With that mild radiance, all its own,
Such as might mark, with purer light,
O'er heaven a passing seraph's flight.
"NORA, thou cam'st, mid dreary strife,
To bless and cheer a wayward life;—
O! thou wast borne upon my sight,

In blessedness and beauty given,
Of all good tidings omen fair;
As floating through the azure air,
The Wakon bird descends from heaven,
Poised on his fleet and equal wings,
And from his glittering train far flings,
Marking his pathway from above,
The rainbow hues of peace and love!
Not vain hath been thy care to teach
The great, good Spirit's belovëd speech:
And not in vain thy words have shown
The prophet who from high came down,
The Priest and Offering. I have sought
His ear, with prayers thy lips have taught,
When clouds above were deep and dread,
And brightness seemed around them shed,
Till, like yon snow-wreaths of the sky,
They passed in fading lustre by.
When lone I cross'd the silent wave,
While its soft light the moon-beam gave,
And all above, and all below,
Was kindling with the heavenly glow,
My heart was full of prayer; and then,
Methought thy hopes would not be vain.
I felt the Comforter appear,
And every doubt and every fear
Depart; the cheering presence stole
With sweeter influence on my soul,
Than the mild breeze around my frame,
That o'er the tranquil waters came.
Oh! on the bare and wintry ground,
When utter darkness reigned around,
Oft have I watched the morning star
Break through the eastern mists afar;
But never yet upon my view
It came in such immortal hue,

As that glad beam of hope that stole
Above the darkness of my soul."

X.

Entranced in sudden bliss they sate,
Forgetful of the storms of fate;
With thoughts by favoured minstrels sung
Amid their happiest numbers,
While o'er her child the mother hung
And marked its innocent slumbers;
Or met YAMOYDEN's kindling gaze
Where mingling love and rapture blaze:—
The hawk's wild scream the silence broke,
Again the sense of pain awoke.

XI.

"And I must go," the chieftain cried,
"To join the children of despair;—
The eagle may fly to his mountain side,
And the panther from toils and death may hide,
In his wood-circled lair;
But they, the lords of earth and sea,
May to no home of refuge flee!"
"O why forsake thy child and me?
Thou art not summoned there—
Where thou, a Christian, may'st again
Thy hands with Christian slaughter stain!"
"NORA, if recreant thought were here,
For us what hope, what home is near?
The base Mohegan's hand would sink
The treacherous axe within my brain;—
I have not learn'd from death to shrink,
Yet keener far than torture's pain,
Or the vile foe's exulting strain,
It were, upon thy woes to think;—
For thou, thy kinsmen's scorn, would'st live
Unpitied and alone to grieve.

And this my boy—it cannot be!
I would, when I am dead, that he
Should be the Indian's friend,—should bear
Glad tidings to our tribes dispersed;
Should plant the vine and olive there,
And deep beneath the foliage fair
Bury the tomahawk accursed.
But friend and foe alike would shun
The traitor's child, the coward's son!
They shall not say that when the fire
Circled the hunted herd, his sire
Wept like the roebuck when he flies,
And died as warrior never dies.

XII.

"I sought Seaconet's queen to try
Her faith once plighted to the brave;
But she, in sore extremity,
Received the axe the white men gave;
Her tribe has joined their battle cry;
Alone, unaided, we must fly,
Break through our toils, the hunter bands,
To find a home in happier lands.
O haply yet, our dangers past,
Some bless'd retreat may rise at last.
Yet may we find some lovely plain,
A world within itself our own;
Encircled by a mountain chain,
Whose crests eternal forests crown;
While through the midst, serene and slow,
A gently winding stream shall flow,
Those woods, whose undisputed sway
The buskined hunter genii keep,—
That stream, whose banks, in guileful play,
Behold the wily red fox leap,
To snare the sportive birds, whose fate
Those treacherous gambols proves too late,—

Those scenes no war-whoop shall assail:
The vines untrod shall clothe the vale,
Thick mantling with their cheerful hues
And clustering with their purple store;
From the full bark the honeyed juice
Its gushing treasures round shall pour;
There melons with their varying die
Shall bask beneath a milder sky;
The plumed maize, with shapely blade,
Shall stand like marshalled host arrayed.
Oh! there the tranquil hours shall flow,
Calm as the glassy wave below;
Remembrance of past griefs shall cease
In the sweet bosom of that peace,
Yielding sweet streams of comfort blest,
Like balmy fountains of the west,
Which spirits gift by healing charm,
With unction meet for every harm!"

XIII.

"YAMOYDEN, 'tis a blissful dream,—
A glimpse of heaven thro' thunder-clouds;
Despair forbids such light to beam
O'er the deep gloom our fate that shrouds.
Dark is the lord whose desperate cause
Thou followest; yet for reason pause;
Pause, ere that heart of guilt and guile
Entrap thee in its latest wile!"
"Fear not; his wasted power forbids
The secret hope of hostile deeds.
Yet if Revenge the spirit be
That holds the SACHEM company,
How shall his foes the outlaw blame,
Or marvel whence the dæmon came?
Can he forget, while heaves his breath,
An outraged brother's captive death?

Can he forget the lurid light
Of Narraganset's bloody night?
The forests broad his fathers swayed,
O'errun beneath the oppressor's tread;—
The bones that bleach in every fen,
The perished race of warrior men;—
The limbs once cast in freedom's mould,
Fettered in slavery's iron hold;—
The wanderer of the lonely place
Waylaid, and tortured to confess;
His kindred slain, or captive led;—
A price upon his homeless head;—
O! his are wrongs that but with death
From burning memory can depart;
All the pure waters of thy faith
Could wash them ne'er from human heart!

XIV.

"Farewell! the sound is as the wail
That rises o'er the closing grave!
While yet the shades of night prevail,
My boat must cross once more the wave.
I go to speed our brethren's flight,
And with the morrow's closing light,
Return to bear thee hence, and far
For ever fly from sounds of war."
"Farewell! I will not weep;"—she said,
Tho' stealing from its liquid bed
There fell the unbidden tear;—
"I will not weep;—a warrior's wife
Must learn the moods of wayward life,
Nor know the form of fear.
There is a chill my bosom o'er,
Which sadly says, we meet no more.
But let it pass;—farewell! and God
Preserve thee, on the path of blood!"

XV.

Mute was their last embrace, and sad,
Forth fared the chief thro' forest shade;
And still, like statue of despair
His lonely bride stood fixëd there,
Gazing entranced on vacant air;
Sense, feeling, wrapt in this alone,
The cherished theme of love was gone.
One throb remained;—the spell it broke,
When her unconscious infant woke;
Maternal cares recalled her thought,
And soothed her labouring breast o'erfraught,
While thus again her accents flow
In deep accordance with her wo.

XVI.

1.

"They say that afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

2.

"There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green isle of lovers!

3.

"Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires

Her spoiler's dusky brow she scanned,
Yet struggling from his ruthless hand
Her wailing child to tear,—
As one would mark the madman's eye,
When a fearful precipice was nigh,
And he had grasped him there.
She met his glances, stern and keen,
Such might the hungry wolf's have been,
Whose spoils now swathed him round;
And in his front all bare and bleak,
And in his high, scar-riven cheek,
No line of mercy found.
A rapid look surveyed the rest;
In vain to them despair may cling!
Ah! sooner mantling verdure blest
On the bald thundercliff shall spring!

XX.

The mother from her child is torn,
A cry that rent her heart forlorn,
Their murderous triumph told;
Then kind oblivion came to save
From madness; dark, as is the grave,
Dreamless, and void, and cold.
One bears her senseless in his arms,
Another stills the babe's alarms;
Then through the forest's tangled way,
Swift and straight, towards the bay
Their path the Indians hold.
Each stepping where the first had gone,
'Twas but as the mark of one.
So noiseless was their cautious tread,
The wakeful squirrel overhead
Knew not that aught beneath him sped.
No bough recoiled as on they broke,
Scarce rustling leaf their impress spoke.

XXI.

From the first blush who judges man,
Must ill his Maker's image scan:
The traveller in the boundless lands,
Where the fair west its stores expands,
Oft marks with cheerful green unblent,
High piled to heaven the bleak ascent,
As scathed and blasted by the fire,
That fell from the Almighty's ire.
But as along the vale he sweeps,
More gently swell the fir-clad steeps,
Till all the sunny mountain rise,
With golden crown amid the skies.
Not the swarth skin, nor rude address
Bespeak the bosom's dreariness;—
Happy, if thus the evil brain
Bore stamp'd the outward curse of Cain.

XXII.

Slowly from NORA'S wandering soul,
Oblivion's mists of midnight roll,
And, as she woke, to view again
Uncertain horror's spectral train,
Dashing waves were murmuring near,
Rode the bright moon high and clear:
The plunderers cross'd a shelving glade;
Around the forest's mass of shade
Rose darkling; and before, the bay
Was quivering with the silver ray.
Dim memory rose; an Indian eye
Watched its first dawning earnestly.
Strange was the face that, frank and bold,
Spoke a heart cast in gentler mould.
He bore the waking lady up,
And lingered last of all the group;

Nor e'er at superstition's shrine,
Did votary mark the fire divine,
When wavering in its golden vase,
With feelings more intense,
Than o'er her wan and death-like face,—
Like morning blushing o'er the snow,—
The warrior watched the beaming glow
Of lost intelligence.

XXIII.

He pointed, where his comrade bore
Her infant in his arms, before.
His gaze with melting ruth was fraught,
And that uncertain peril taught
A language to his look:
Of needful silence in that hour,
Of rescue near from saviour power
And faithful aid it spoke.
But still they sped towards the wave,
And he whose glance had sworn to save,
Yet often eyed the circling wood
Where only gloom and mystery brood.
The rippling tides, the insects shrill,
At times the plaining whip-poor-will,
In melancholy concord wake;
But other sound was none, to break
The wild suspense of hope and fear;
There was no sign of rescue near.
Fair shone the moon; but there gleamed no ray
Of hope in her calm and pearly way;
Bright rolled the expanding floods below,
But there shone no promise in their flow;
The hues serene of nature's rest
But agonized her anxious breast.

XXIV.

Nearer and nearer to the shore,
Their prize the hurrying party bore;—
The bank is gained; its brake amid,
Their light canoe was closely hid.
While cautious its descent they guide,
To the calm bosom of the tide,
Their comrade, lingering yet above,
Gazed anxiously around to prove
His silent promise true;—
But not a sound is heard, nor sign
Is there of aid; the giant pine
Its gloomy limbs unmoving bears,
And still the silent forest wears
Its sad and solemn hue.

XXV.

'Tis launched,—they beckon him to haste;
One glance he threw, and hope has pass'd,
No more could NORA brook to wait,
In passiveness, uncertain fate.
She shrieked,—far rung the loud alarm,—
And as she struggled from his arm
To break, whose faint resistance made
A moment's brief delay,
An Indian leaped to lend his aid;
But, ere he touched the trembling maid,
Even in his middle way,—
Loud from the wood a gunshot rung,
Straight from earth the NIPNET sprung,
Then, with but one mortal pain,
Dead he sunk upon the plain.
Again, again the volleys pour,
And NORA saw and heard no more.

XXVI.

She woke; the ground was wet with blood,—
Her Indian saviour o'er her stood;
Around her she discovered then,
The faces of her countrymen.
"Where is my child?" they answer not;
Her dusky guardian's eye she sought;
O'er his high cheek of rugged mould,
The moon-beam glistened, clear and cold;
A crystal tear was starting bright,
And glittering with the pale, pure light;—
"Where is my child? in mercy, say?"
He pointed to the expanding bay;—
There was no speck on its azure sheet,
No trace in the waters smooth and fleet,—
As if furrowing keel had ploughed them never,—
And she knew her child had gone for ever.

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO THIRD.

Bright as the bird whom Indian legends sing,
Whose glance was lightning, and whose eye was flame,
The deep-voiced thunder trembling in his wing,
When from the ocean earth emerging came;—
Fair freedom soars with wing and glance the same,
And calls, from depths profound and cheerless waste,
The quickening spark that fires the burning frame,
Glows deathless in the patriot's ardent breast,
Where loud the thunders speak, where lie her sons oppress'd.

O who hath ever from her buoyant air
Drank vigorous life beneath her wings outspread,
And would not that the scenes of nature fair
Lay rather like the desert seared and dead,—
Than see the spirit that inspired them fled,
Quenched the bright lightnings of her awful eye;
Hope, valour, crushed beneath oppression's tread,
And o'er the darkening scene of death descry
How stern destruction holds her drear ascendency.

Hearts that loved freedom came, away to tear
From fellow-men that birthright which they bless'd;
And they, to whom religion's cause was dear,
Fanned the unholy passion in their breast;—

The persecuted sought on the oppress'd
To trample;—bared the exterminating sword,
Above their victim's last, defenceless rest;
Yea, self-deluded, loud their cries they pour'd
For aid, to HIM, the God of peace, whom they adored.

I.

While hot pursuit a moment failed,
The victor host their council held;—
Tho' boastful hope had vaunted sure
Their victim and his band secure,
Yet varied tale and rumours dark
Misled them from their destined mark;
And on Pocasset's winding shore,
Awhile they gave the hunting o'er,
And on the island now they rest,
Which blooms o'er ocean's placid breast,
In its bright emerald livery dress'd,
The garden of the deep;
They heeded not its verdant bowers,
Its peaceful groves and myriad flowers,—
Snatching a few uncertain hours,
Their council stern to keep.
But few were met; their scouts afar
Pursued the scent of failing war;
While here in anxious doubt they stay,
Thus rose the supplicating lay.

II.

WAR HYMN.

1.

O THOU! for whom in the heavens high
Seraphim embattled fly!
Before us be thy banner spread
Like the pillar of fire which thy people led!

2.

Almighty Conqueror! to thee we cry;—
Gird thy bright falchion on thy thigh;
Let all creation's trembling arch
Proclaim our God's victorious march!

3.

King of all kings! to thee belongs
To inspire our weak and mortal songs;
Hear the strains thy Spirit taught
Through HIM that our ransom from death hath bought.

4.

May we break on the foe, to blaspheme thee who dared,
With the sword of thy righteousness, whetted and bared,
As burst, when their fountains are broken, the floods,
As the storm when it tears up the pride of the woods.

5.

They shall fade like the smoke which is lost in the air,
They shall melt from thy wrath when its fury shall glare;
Unblenched shall we track them, through wild flowing war.
By the light of our battle, thy conquering star!

III.

Ceased the deep strain. On every brow
Sat exultation's crimson glow;
And every bosom beat, as high
Swelled the loud anthem to the sky.
They felt, as if on promised land,
  Like Israel's guided host,
They followed heaven's directing hand,
  To every isle and coast;
They felt as if his word had bade
Their ranks unsheath the glittering blade,
Whose high command to JOSHUA given
Led Jacob to his earthly heaven!
No throb was there of pity's mood,
For native of the solitude;

Doomed to the carnage of the sword
They deemed the country and its lord;
And bigot zeal, to bosoms brave,
The callous thirst of slaughter gave.
On each flushed cheek, and glistening eye,
The glowing fever revelled high;
While fancy's fixed,—unbounded gaze
Almost beheld the Godhead's blaze;
As upwards, in ecstatic trance,
Beamed on the azure heaven their glance.
Awhile they stood. No word was spoken—
Deep was that silence, and unbroken—
Even the dark water's hollow roar
Was hushed upon the rocky shore,—
The wood-wind's music clear and shrill
Amid that solemn pause was still;—
Till, with one sudden burst again
Arose the animating strain.

IV.

HYMN.

1.

Lift up thy banner, Lord, afar,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light!
Arise, O Conqueror, to the war,
In all the glories of thy might!

2.

For who is God, save Thou, and where
Shall man find safety but in Thee?
Thy strength shall aid, thy kindly care
Preserve in blest security.

3.

The God of armies on our side
Hath waged his warfare, and o'ercome;
And he shall be our stay and guide,
Our hope, our refuge, and our home.

4.

High as the heavens, to God again
Lift then the song that tells his praise;
And earth prolong the solemn strain,
And angels tune their golden lays.

V.

As dies, far heard along the shore,
The ocean's deep and sullen roar;
As down the mountain's rugged brow
The failing thunder's echoes flow;
At first, in cadence wild and strong,
The notes profound their voice prolong,
Till, rolling far, they part and die,
Tho' still unquenched their majesty;—
So hushed the strain;—so sunk away
The Christian warriors' ardent lay;
So far the mighty echoes flow,
The Indian, in his light canoe,
E'en at Seaconet's troubled wave,
Felt terror shake his bosom brave;
And shrunk, within his fragile boat,
To hear that long re-echoed note:—
Omen of sorrow, deep and dire,
Of rending sword,—of wasting fire,—
Of hopes destroyed,—of bosoms torn,—
Of exile, cheerless and forlorn,—
Of power extinct, and glory gone,—
And his last boon—despair alone.

VI.

Fair breathes the morn; but not for him
Its floods of golden glory swim,
The outcast wretch forlorn;
There is no sunrise in his breast,
He turns him from the kindling east,

And, like some wandering ghost unbless'd,
Flies the sweet breath of morn.
The sea-gull skims along the waves,
Its snow-white bosom gladly laves:
The eagle cleaves the rack, and sails
High o'er the clouds and nether gales;
The red deer heaves his antlers high,
Bounding in "tameless transport by;"—
But what with them to do hath he?
They, like the elements, are FREE!
And thoughts, than death more dread and deep,
Across his mental vision sweep,
While only lives the soul for pain,
Like vulture tyring on the brain.

VII.

Yet to the camp no tidings come
Where PHILIP and his followers roam;
And, while the scent was cold,
The English band that tracked his way,
Beneath broad oaks embowering lay,
And varying converse hold.
Small space between them, and the rout
Of Indians who had joined the shout,
That hung on PHILIP's flight:
Mohegans and Seaconets too,
A motley band, in numbers few,
Were gathered for the fight.*

VIII.

Amid the Christian corps there stood
A gray old man; the book of God

* The seven first verses of this canto were transcribed by their author, but a few weeks before his death; and have been printed exactly after his manuscript.

Was in his hand; with holy verse
That spoke the ancient heathen's curse,
He bless'd the murders they had done,
And called on Heaven the work to crown.
As o'er the past their converse turned,
His eye with inspiration burned,
While thus his speech began to flow,
O'er earlier scenes of toils and wo.

IX.

"Nor lure of conquest's meteor beam,
Nor dazzling mines of fancy's dream,
Nor wild adventure's love to roam,
Brought from their father's ancient home,
Mid labours, deaths, and dangers toss'd,
O'er the wide sea the pilgrim host.
They braved the battle and the flood,
To worship here their fathers' God.
With shreds of papal vesture tied
To flaunting robes of princely pride,
In formal state, on sumptuous throne,
Daughter of her of Babylon,
Sat bigotry. Her chilling breath
To fires of heavenly warmth was death;
Her iron sceptre England swayed,
Religion withering in its shade.
The shepherd might not kneel to call
On Him, the common sire of all,
Unless his lips, with harsh constraint,
Were tuned to accents cold and faint;
For man's devices had o'erwrought
The volume by a Saviour bought;
And clogged devotion's soaring wing
That up to heaven should instant spring,
With phrases set, that bore no part
In the warm service of the heart.

But why recount their sorrows past,
From the first martyr to the last?
Or pope's or bishop's bigot zeal,
Alike their hate of Christian weal;
Or torture's pangs and fagot's flame,
Or fines and exile, 'twas the same,
Same antichrist, whom prophets old
With sad announcing voice foretold!

X.

"Such were the wrongs that cried to heaven,—
What time shall see those wrongs forgiven!
O ENGLAND! from thine earliest age,
Land of the warrior and the sage!
Eyrie of freedom reared on rocks
That frown o'er ancient ocean's shocks!
Cradle of art! religion's fane,
Whose incense ne'er aspired in vain!
Temple of laws that shall not die,
When brass and marble crumbled lie!
Parent of bards whose harps rehearse
Immortal deeds in deathless verse!
O ENGLAND! can thy pride forget
Thy soil with martyrs' blood is wet?
Bethink thee,—like the plagues which sleep
In earth's dark bosom buried deep,
As the poor savage deems,—that o'er
Thine head, the vials yet in store,
Vials of righteous wrath must pour!

XI.

"Strong was the love to heaven which bare
From their dear homes and altars far,
The old, the young, the wise, the brave,
The rich, the noble and the fair,
And led them, o'er the mighty wave,
Uncertain peril's front to dare.

Strong was their love; and strong the Power
Whose red right arm, in danger's hour,
Was bared on high their path to show,
Through changeful scenes of weal and wo;
By signs and wonders, as of old,
When Israel journeyed through the waste,
Was its mysterious guidance told;
Though lightnings flashed, and thunders rolled,
The sunbeam glorious smiled at last.

XII.

"How oft the storm their barks delayed,
How oft their prows they turned dismayed;
How oft his wings above their head
The death-announcing angel spread;
While the chill pestilential gale
Sung in the shrouds and shrinking sail!
They came; upon the soil they trod,
Where they might worship Nature's God;—
But not, as erst from Pisgah's height,
Burst on the patriarch's aching sight
The promised realms of life and light,
Rose on their view the land they sought,
By exile, want, and misery bought.

XIII.

"Blazing o'er heaven with sickly flame,
A meteor fierce their herald came;
Plagues filled with death the tainted air,
To yield the pilgrims entrance there.
A golgotha of sculls was spread
O'er all the land beneath their tread:—
For backward flew the savage race,
To give the new intruders space;
Expected now their wilds among,
Foretold by captive's prophet tongue.

In dismal depths of swampy dell
Their Powahs met with purpose fell,—
With haggard eye, and howls of ire,
They called on famine, sword, and fire,
To fill the air with Christian groans,
And whiten earth with Christian bones.

XIV.

"God heard their blasphemy. Though not
By spell of theirs was ruin wrought,
For wisest ends, from man concealed,
The Indian curse was half fulfilled.
Gaunt famine came;—with ghastly train
Of all the screaming fiends of pain,
He stalked o'er forest, hill, and plain;
On herb and tree his mildew dealt,
And man and beast the syroc felt.
Long fed they on the withering roots,
Wild berries and the forest fruits;
With what the barren ocean flung,
From its vast womb their rocks among;
Until their numbers grow too weak,
Such scanty sustenance to seek.
Then fled the rose from beauty's cheek;
Then the last spark cold age that fired,
Gleamed in its socket and expired;
Then youth unripe its stem forsook;
Untimely blasts the sapling shook;
Then manhood's sterner sinews bowed;
Till death sat scowling o'er the crowd—
None left to lay, with pious pains,
In decent earth their cold remains.—
The heaven was brass above their head;
The earth was iron 'neath their tread;—
Then from its surface cracked and dry,
Egypt's worst pests their fears espy;

Crawled forth the myriad insect host,
With shrilly wings o'er all the coast;
The coming plagues their swarms declared,
Disease destroyed whom death had spared.
Sore were their trials; oft their toil
Was vainly spent on steril soil;
Oft blazed their roofs with raging flame;
And oft the fierce tornado came,
And in its whelming fury ran
O'er all the works of God and man:
The tall pine like a wand it broke,
Plucked from its roots the giant oak,
Made all its mighty fibres writhe,
And whirled and wound it like a withe.

XV.

"Yet mark the all-preserving care,
When helpless, faint, and sick they were,
And when the heathen might have trod
In dust and death the church of God,
A mortal terror o'er them came,
Withheld the sword and wasting flame;
And dread and reverence like a spell
On their unholy purpose fell.

XVI.

"Such were their changeful woes for years
Of toils and doubts, and hopes and fears.
Yet still before the freshening gale
New pilgrims bade their canvass swell;
And he who whilome walked the sea,
The turbid waves of Galilee,
Lit the vast deep with heavenly ray,
And bade the waters yield them way;
Till in the wilderness arose
His church triumphant o'er her foes.

O'er heathen rage, and lips profane,
That mocked the sufferers' mortal pain,
When in their agonies they cried
On CHRIST to save their souls, and died;—
O'er daring sin, that strove to rear
The shrine of Dagon, even here;—
O'er damning error's secret wiles,
Prolific schism's delusive toils;—
O'er pagan and apostate foes,
The church of God triumphant rose.
Till now, o'er wilds where murder swayed,
Her branches cast their sacred shade,
Springing with instant growth to heaven,
Like the blest gourd to JONAH given.
Wo to the worm, whate'er it be,
Whose tooth corrodes that goodly tree!
If e'er the thirst for novel lore,
Half learn'd pretension's shallow store,
Or foul design, with secret blow
To lay the goodly structure low,
Corrupt the sacred faith we own,
Or pluck from CHRIST the GODHEAD'S crown.
Then shall the Indian curse yet fall
In whelming fury on them all!
Ruin and havoc shall again
Destroy their homes and blight their plain!
To after ages shall they be
A proverb for their infamy!

XVII.

"The hour is come; the pagan host
Scattered, dissolves like morning frost.
The hour is come, when we shall tread
In dust the writhing serpent's head.
What mercy shall to him be shown
Who weds eternal hate alone?

Revenge his god—to murder led,
For this he woos e'en Christian aid;
When wreaked his wrath, he turns to dart
His sting into his patron's heart.
For this, on Moloch's streaming pyre,
He gives his children to the fire.
For this in torture he will die,
Smiling through all his agony;
Till, in its horrid transport lost,
To Tophet flies the howling ghost!
Thus saith the Lord—fear not their spite,
The outcast heathen's power to harm;
Against my people, in my sight,
They shall not raise the murderous arm.
His works in latter days proclaim
From age to age his power the same;
Even as of old when JOSHUA's word
The lights of heaven obedient heard;
O'er Gibeon's towers the lingering ray
Prolonged the unwonted blaze of day;
While hung the moon with crescent pale,
O'er Ajalon's undarkened vale."

XVIII.

Thus ran the preacher's theme; and long
Dwelt on his words the listening throng;
Recounting portents far and near
On rumour's gales inconstant driven,
Whence superstition's greedy ear
Drank in the immediate voice of heaven.
They talked of that polluted night
That saw the heathen's damning rite;
By God forsaken, when their spell
Conjured in aid the Prince of Hell:
When groans of tortured martyrs blended
With yells of furious joy ascended;

When, while the sacrifice was screaming,
The hot, baked earth was wet and steaming,
As drop by drop it caught the blood
Of saints, whose latest prayer to God
  In blasphemy was drowned.
Since then the savage crest was bowed,
Sunk was their spirit stern and proud,
Nor more was heard their war-cry loud,
  Through echoing groves to sound.
But judgment with destruction fraught,
Hung o'er their heads, where'er they sought
  Escape from tempests round,
As broke the clouds of thunder o'er
The routed Amorites of yore.
Then talked they of the sign beheld
  By their advancing troop,
When through their borders first was yelled
  The death-announcing whoop;
When at the midnight's ghostly noon,
A crimson scar deformed the moon:
Like Indian scalp the shape it had;
And, while they gazed, the planet bright
Plunged into earth's o'erwhelming shade,
And veiled her silver orb in night.
From thence with awe had holy lips
Presaged the foe's more dark eclipse.
Nor this alone portended war;
Through the clear æther heard afar,
Strange sounds were pealed with deafening din,
As from the mouth of culverin;
As if aërial hosts on high
Waged strife sublime for victory.
And whizzing balls with musket knell
Like wintry hail descending fell;
And o'er them martial music pass'd,
With rolling drum and clarion blast;

And trampling steeds, with thunder shod,
O'er heaven's rebounding arches trod.
They talked of God's immediate hand
Outstretched above the suffering land;
Of timely rains that often came,
To quench the fiercely conquering flame,
That wrapt their homes in helpless hour—
They spoke and bless'd the saving power.
And long, to while the hours away,
They talk of many a former day;
Of native hill and peaceful plain,
Far o'er the wild and severing main;
While some with anxious speech prepare
The future councils of the war.

XIX.

Upon a hillock's tufted breast,
Holding no converse with the rest,
  An aged man there sate;
Care seemed enstamped upon his front
As if he had endured the brunt
  Of long and adverse fate.
Scarce sixty winters' snows were spread
Upon his venerable head;
And still within his full gray eye
There was a tameless energy,
That told a heart inured to bear
Each form of wo without despair,
And stands aloof, unchilled by sorrow,
No cheer from earthly hope to borrow.
Religion's promise in his view
Was fixed, and he believes it true;
Star of his soul! in glory beaming,
A light worth all earth's sweetest dreaming!
As many a busy murmur fell
  On his scarce conscious ear,

At times to memory, audible,
They told of vanished scenes too well
  Remembered, and too dear.
Still at some half-caught sentence rose
The troublous image of his woes;
He heard them speak of distant land,
And memory with obtrusive hand
  Would point his vision there;
He heard them tell of tender ties,
And the full tide of agonies
Rushed o'er his soul left sad and lone;
A deep, involuntary groan
  The inward conflict told;
It was so strange for him to show,
Such outward sign of secret wo,
That silence followed straight, profound,
As if at supernatural sound;
And every speaker's eye around
  Turned on that warrior old.
Oft had they longed in vain to hear
That ancient man of life austere,
  His trials dark relate;
For his stern mien, his sadness mix'd
With lines of wo subdued, had fix'd
  Their interest on his fate:
But sorrow's sacred mystery
Can reverential sympathy
  In every heart create;
That long-drawn sigh, that burst unchecked,
Appeared to break the spell respect
Had thrown around his fortunes wrecked,
  Lone misery's robe of state!
And they besought him to disclose,
At large, the story of his woes.

XX.

It seemed that feeling's bursting tide
Had half o'erborne the silent pride
That barred communion with its pain,
And made the wish to comfort vain.
A struggle passed, intense and brief,
While thus began his tale of grief.
"Dark even in youth the orphan's fate,
But youth is ne'er quite desolate;
Its tears revive with moisture sweet,
The wild flowers springing at its feet;
And round in goodly prospect rise
Green, smooth ascents, and cloudless skies.
For who, when fancy warm and young,
Depicts the future's dazzling scope,
Lists not the charmer's syren tongue,
Owns not the power of suasive hope?
Would that in after years of grief,
I could have felt the sadness brief
That infancy bestows!
Would that my heart by madness wrung,
To hope's sweet comfort could have clung,
Amid severer woes!
But rolling years of varied sorrow,
Have bade me naught from hope to borrow;
Far is her flight, and strong her wing,
And eagle-like her foot will cling,
Above the storm, to cliffs that raise
Their fronts to catch the solar blaze.
Yet lives she not amid the skies,
Like eastern birds of Paradise,
Whose feed in fragrant air is given,
Who quaff the balmy dews of heaven;
Deserted on her eyry high,
Her bosom faints, and fails her eye,
And hope herself unfed will die.

Who follows not the torch of hope,
Shall in no future darkness grope;
Who builds not on her promise fair,
Needs fear no earthquake of despair.

XXI.

"I had a brother whom I loved,
The only kindred death had left;
And wo our mutual friendship proved,
Of those who cherished us bereft.
I loved him—and he clung to me,
Though nearly young and weak as he;
For friends were cold; and coldness made
Us seek each other's feeble aid.
And oft together would we mourn
O'er days that never could return;
We wept for those whom memory still
Would to our youthful hearts reveal;
We wandered to their sepulchre,—
For all we loved was resting there:
Where oft till midnight we would stay,
And watch, and weep again, and pray;
Till seemed in our young bosoms shed,
A fellow-feeling with the dead.

XXII.

"We parted, when a venturous band
In quest of wealth, to foreign land,
The aspiring Edward drew;
'Twas with a deep, foreboding gloom
Beside our parents' sacred tomb,
We spoke our last adieu.
And tidings rare and far between,
Told where the wanderer's steps had been;
Till silence o'er his fate was spread,
And when long years had come and fled,
I deemed him numbered with the dead.

But now, to blast the realm's repose,
The banner dark of discord rose,
And friends became each other's foes
  In that unnatural war:
My soul was young, untutored then,
In all the evil ways of men;
And liberty's insulted name,
Set all my bosom in a flame,
  The glorious strife to share.
The infant's inexperienced sight
Of distance cannot judge aright;
And youthful dreams will still deceive,
And youthful bosoms still believe,
  When passion has the sway:
Alas! that time can but disclose
The snares that trap the soul's repose,
  In youth's misguided day!
When wisdom learns too late to shun
The snares by which we were undone,—
  In age's dim decay.

XXIII.

"Grand, but delusive, is the dream,
When dazzling rays of glory seem,
With light celestial, to illume
The burnished crest, and dancing plume;
When angel tones are heard to fill
The trump's inspiring clamours shrill;
When the mailed host, in stern array,
Rolls onward with resistless sway;
While with one pulse each heart beats high,
One sacred fire in every eye,
And one the unbroken battle cry,
'For conscience and for liberty!'
The cause for which I fought and bled,
Is dear, though all its hopes have fled,—

Fled from our country's ark, to trace
In western wilds a resting-place,
Where yet, in solemn groves, the soul
Communes with heaven without control,
And, like the patriarch in the wood,
Invokes the everlasting God!

XXIV.

"It boots not now with pains to tell
Of all that in that war befell;
How king and state with various chance
Encountered each the other's lance;
How, bleeding fresh from every pore,
Our country weltered in her gore;
While every breeze that swept the sky
Told but of war's wild revelry;
When even the brother had imbrued
His hands amid his brother's blood;
The parent wept no more his son,
In that disastrous strife undone;
For all was hostile;—all arose
To fill the cup of England's woes.

XXV.

"It was on Naseby's fatal plain
Our host was marshalled once again;
And, on their common soil, for blood
The kindred ranks impatient stood.
While CHARLES and RUPERT on the right
In triumph brief maintained the fight,
I followed CROMWELL's sage command,
Where LANGDALE led his loyal band,
And vainly strove to check the tide
That all his vigilance defied.
Routed and broken as he flew,
More wide the scattering slaughter grew.

I marked a gallant warrior long
At bay restrain the impetuous throng;
Fierce fell the flashes of his blade,
Like lightning on the foeman's head;
And death was dealt in every wound,
Till parted his assailants round;
I marked him, where alone, amain
His courser scoured the encumbered plain:
Filled with the fury of the day,
I followed reckless on his way;
Fainter and faltering in their course,
The blood-drops fell from knight and horse;
He turned, as my descending sword
Through the reft mail his bosom gored,
Then sunk, his fleeting vigour gone;—
The staggering steed rushed blindly on;
O God! as round my victim gazed,
His eye with death's dull amel glazed,
I saw my brother in my foe!
And he his murderer seemed to know—
For pardon lingered in his eye,
As death's drear shadow flitted by;—
His lips essaying seemed to sever,
But quivering vainly, closed for ever!

XXVI.

"No more with martial zeal inspired,
To a lone valley I retired,
To spend what yet remained of years
In penitential thoughts and tears:
But sadness came as horror pass'd,
New objects charmed my soul at last,
And from my wounded core anew
A scion green of promise grew.
I loved—was bless'd—'tis briefly said—
As swift those blissful moments fled:

The angel partner who had smiled
On my lone path, through deserts wild,
And led to earth's sole paradise,
Was wrapp'd to her congenial skies.

XXVII.

"One pledge she left; I could not brook
Longer upon those scenes to look,
Where ghosts of pain or pleasure past
Started, where'er my glance was cast.
I bore my daughter o'er the flood,
Trembling at ocean's wild alarms,
Just blooming into womanhood,
And ripe in all her mother's charms.
Ye know the rest;—an Indian sought
Ere long our newly rising cot:
It seemed the friendship which he bare
The white man's race had led him there,
With strong desire their love to learn,
And Christian usages discern.
He showed what soil would bear the grain,
What best our scanty herds sustain;
For he had learn'd to speak our tongue,
And he would listen, fixed and long,
When of sublimer themes I spoke,
Revealed in inspiration's book;
Unfolding thence the wondrous plan
Of all that God had done for man.
By converse oft, and frequent view,
Almost as one of us he grew;
Yet liked I not sometimes to hear
How he would win my Nora's ear,
With legends of his tawny race,
And feats that Nipnet annals grace.

XXVIII.

"In sooth his form was free and bold,
And cast in nature's noblest mould;
His martial head full lightly bore
The many-tinctured plumes he wore;
His glossy locks beneath their band
Were clipp'd with no unskilful hand;
His polished limbs unseamed with scars,
And wonted stains of Indian wars—
And well the robe we gave became
With graceful fold his goodly frame.
Frank was his speech; but ne'er would rove,
Tutored by cunning, or by love,
To themes for woman's ear unfit:
And NORA listening long would sit,
By words and signs while he expressed
Creation's wonders in the west;
Or told of foughten field; or showed
Through woods and wolds the hunter's road;
How plain, and swamp, and forest through,
They chased the mighty buffalo;
Or winged the unerring arrow, where
High coiling in his leafy lair,
They saw the panther's eyeballs glare.
Of ambush base and torture fell,
Of midnight fire and murderous yell,
Of blood-stained rites and league with hell,
The treacherous spoiler did not tell!
And she would ask to hear again
The feats of wild and martial men;
Or told in turn what art had done,
In lands beyond the rising sun;
Of those vast hives of human homes;
Proud palaces and glittering domes;
Of loaded quays, and sails that bear
From all the globe their tribute there;

Of armies in their panoply,
And floating bulwarks on the sea.
Yet little marvelled he, at all
The pomp her memory could recall,
But better was she pleased, to tell
Of her own loved and pastoral vale,
Its sheltering hills, and banks of green,
Of childhood's gladsome pranks the scene.
Then rapt, his ear he would incline,
As if some seraph's voice divine
Brought tidings from those opal fields
Which autumn's sun, descending, gilds.
I should have looked to see as soon
The uncaverned wolf in frolics boon,
With bounding fawn unfeared agree,
As that between *them* love should be.
But I abhorred such converse vain,
And checked the Pagan's speech profane.
I chided and forbade. Alas!
Too late to save my child it was.
Perchance, too long alone she strayed,
In her young hours, within the shade
Of those blest scenes where life began,
Far from the busy haunts of man.
For sinful phantasy still loves
To people mountains, caves, and groves;
By whispering leaves and murmuring rill,
The tempter speaks, when all is still,
And phantoms in the brain will raise,
That haunt the paths of after days.
Weeds o'er the uncultured mind will spread,
As fern from earth's neglected bed.
Perchance, and I believe it true,
Of herb and spell the powers he knew;
Tutored in their foul juggler's art,
By fiendish craft he won her heart.

XXIX.

"I drove the Pagan forth too late,
For they at stolen hours had met;—
Haply, too sternly to my child
I spoke; her nature was most mild,
Her feelings warm, but never wild,
I trod too rudely on the shoot
Of that young passion's embryo root;
Like the meek chamomile, it grew
Luxuriant from the bruise anew.
An English youth her suitor came;
I hoped to quench the unholy flame
The heathen lit, by sacred vows
Of wedlock with a Christian spouse.
It did but haste her final doom,—
On one sad night she left her home;
She parted, with the tawny chief,
And left me lonely in my grief.
Research was vain, though long pursued,
I sought again my solitude:—
She sowed the winds that madly blew,—
She could but reap the whirlwind too!
'Twas cruel, in the stranger's clime,
Thus from her gray old sire to part,
And barb the only shaft that time
Had yet in store to pierce my heart.
But O, my child! where'er thou art—
Whether beneath the inclement sky,
Thy whitened bones unburied lie;
Or dead alone in damning sin,
Thou sharest the apostate's slough unclean,
This, this the undying source of pain,
We cannot meet in heaven again!
Is it not written—'when thy God
Shall make the nations' realm thine own,

Thou shalt not mingle with their blood,
Nor yield thy daughter to his son.
For from the path her fathers trod,
Her steps to idols will be won
And swift destruction's fiery doom
The accursed union shall consume !"

XXX.

FITZGERALD ceased; and every eye
Paid tribute to his agony:
Even hearts were moved, long hardened made,
By cold, deliberate murder's trade.
On rough-worn features, stern and rude,
The glistening tear unwonted stood;
As on the gnarled oak's scathed boughs,
The dew-drop of the morning glows.
Scarce had he paused, when through the wood,
Up to the camp, two horsemen rode,
Wayworn, as if with tidings bound;
And quick, their panting coursers round,
The troop impatient thronged to hear
What news they brought of hope or fear.
Right glad their leader was, to view
His former comrades, bold and true;
And loud the joyous murmurs broke,
As thus the elder soldier spoke.

XXXI.

"News from the SACHEM! trapp'd at last.
In his own den we hold him fast,
An Indian from the rebel fled,
Incensed for blood of kindred shed,
From Haup's wild fastnesses last night
Escaped and beckoning met our sight.
Brought from the adverse bank, he told
Where now the traitor keeps his hold;

And bade us haste, from murderous knife,
If we would save a Christian's life.
On secret enterprise, a band
Had sought by METACOM's command,
At eventide, the island shore,
Its central forests to explore.
And with them had his friend been sent,
Who told him of their black intent,
Some secret foul, which but those few
Of PHILIP's trusted followers knew.
Brief time for rescue was allowed,
We took what followers chance bestowed;
Swift was our journey; but 'twas yet,
To intercept the foe too late.
Just on the bank their band we met,
And one beneath our instant shot
Was stretched in death upon the spot.
The rest in terror o'er the flood,
Through the dim shades their flight made good.
Clasped by the friendly Indian there,
A Christian woman, young and fair,
Fainted we found; the Indian's art
Recalled the life-pulse to her heart,
The living lustre to her eye,
Which only gazed on vacancy:—
Her child was gone—her cry was vain,
And feverish madness fir'd her brain;
On woven boughs and leaves upborne,
We brought the unconscious dame forlorn.
Through tangled brake and forest screen
Long has our toilsome journey been:—
Waste we no more of idle breath,
But hunt the outlaw to the death!"

XXXII.

Meantime, the oaks' tall columns through,
The expected band appeared in view;
Slow through the glade their steps advance;
Locked in a calm and deathlike trance,
With them the rescued dame was brought,
Free from the agonies of thought.
Near, in an opening of the wood,
A long-forsaken wigwam stood.
Its ruins nought but curious quest
The former haunt of men had guessed;
For woven saplings, germing new,
Thick round the rustic dwelling grew.
The twisted creeper's verdant woof
O'erspread the boughs, and bearskin tough,
And birchen bark, its simple roof;
And wild flowers mid the foliage twine;
The many-coated columbine,
And bittersweet luxuriant sprung,
Robust and statelier vines among.
Now from that pyramid of green,
A curling smoke was rising seen,
Mid sycamore's o'erarching screen.
A transient shelter it became,
To a poor settler and his dame;—
Though comfortless such dwelling be,
'Twas yet the home of liberty.—
Straightway the two Mohegans there
The litter with its burden bare.
O'er the fair form, in pitying mood,
The lowly cabin's inmates stood;
They bathed her brow, and raised her head,
Until again her stupor fled:
The circling white of her blue eye
Was stained with redly gushing die;

Streaks with a storm of anguish past,
Across its liquid heaven had cast
Now those bright orbs, with wandering roll,
Betrayed the twilight of the soul;
And now a shriek, on every ear,
Fell, like lost wretch's cry of fear,
When, toppling from the dizzy steep,
He sinks into the roaring deep!
FITZGERALD heard the phrensied cry—
It struck on his bosom suddenly,
Like a chord's sad sound, when bursting near,
From a harp whose music was most dear.

XXXIII.

He rushed to the hut;—with a start he met
The child he loved too fondly yet;
Up springing wildly at the sight,
Her madness yields to nature's might.
At first the father would have press'd
The hapless wanderer to his breast;
But sterner thoughts repulsive rose,
Of all her guilt and all his woes:
While a drear conflict was begun,
And nature now, now anger won,
Pale NORA hid her face to shun
The glance she dared no longer meet:—
Prostrate and trembling at his feet,
She only clasped his knees and wept,
While round her auburn tresses swept:—
She only sighed, in murmurs low,
"O do not curse me!" "Curse thee! no;
Tho' down the vale of years alone,
I bear my cross with tottering frame,
And pangs than death more dread have known,
Pangs from a daughter's hand that came—
I would not call the eternal wrath,
To burst o'er thy misguided path!

Though hopeless of forgiveness there,
I can but plead with earnest prayer,
  Against its heavier curse:
Oh! I had borne to see thy bloom
Of youth, slow withering o'er its tomb—
  Had borne to see thy hearse,
Hung with the stainless virgin wreath,
That told thy purity in death.
But thus—from heathen's couch defiled,
Polluted outcast of the wild—
I cannot brook to see my child!"
"Then, then, I am indeed undone,
And light or hope on earth is none!
Here let me die!" "No! sinful one!
Live! rising from the gloomier grave
Of guilt, no more the tempter's slave.
Live! let thy days in tears be spent,
In mental penance deep repent;
Thou art not fit to die!" he said,
And raised the mourner from the ground,
And all his gathered sternness fled,
When in his arms his child he found.
Their tears together blended flow—
Her crime forgiven, almost forgot,
Till severing from her pressure slow,
Calmer he left the lonely cot.
"Nora, farewell! if heaven shall spare
Thy sire, his home thou still shalt share;
But if in this uncertain strife,
An Indian ball destroy my life,
Christians, I know, my child will save;
And, when I moulder in the grave,
Remember—that thy sire forgave."
He left her, but his parting word
His shuddering daughter had not heard;
On adverse sides—her only thought—
Her father and her husband fought.

XXXIV.

Counsel meantime the soldiers hold—
The Indian there his injury told;
He said AHAUTON was his name,
And of Mohegan line he came;
Told how the death of AGAMOUN
A brother's vengeance must atone;
And how to dust by sorrow borne,
By pain, defeat, and famine worn,
The wily SACHEM could not hope
Much longer with his foes to cope.
Tho' fiercely yet of war he spoke,
Yet his stout heart was almost broke,
When last were slain, round Taunton's wave,
His counsellors and his warriors brave.
Left now of all his tribe alone,
The Wampanoags' glory gone—
His every friend and kinsman dead,
Soon he must yield his forfeit head.

XXXV.

Their eager conference o'er at last,
The mandate for the march was pass'd.
Swiftly the scanty files withdrew,
As shrill the warning bugle blew;
Their arms thro' thickets glittering bright,
Before the sun's retiring light,
Who, waning from his central throne,
Thro' clouds and forests lurid shone.
The rising wind that shook the trees,
Or curled the waving of the seas;
The shrieking birds that sped along,
Or plunged the rising waves among,
Proclaimed by signs distinct and clear,
The bursting of a storm was near.
As pass'd the eager troop away,
FITZGERALD made a brief delay,

With the Mohegan chief, before
He joined the march along the shore.
They spoke in low and whispered tone,
But, when their earnest speech was done,
"Lead thou my steps," the old man cried,
"To their foul haunts be thou my guide.
Heaven bids me mar the rites defiled,
And seek and save my daughter's child."

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO FOURTH.

As if to battle, o'er the midnight heaven
The clouds are hurrying forth: now veiled on high;
Now sallying out, the moon and stars are driven,
As wandering doubtful; in the shifting sky,
Mid mazes strange the Dancers seem to fly;
Wildly the unwearied hunters drive the Bear:
Through the deep groves is heard a Spirit's cry;
And hark! what strain unearthly echoes there,
Borne fitful from afar, along the troubled air.

I.

TO THE MANITTO OF DREAMS.

1.

"SPIRIT! THOU SPIRIT of subtlest air,
Whose power is upon the brain,
When wondrous shapes, and dread and fair,
As the film from the eyes
At thy bidding flies,
To sight and sense are plain!

2.

"Thy whisper creeps where leaves are stirred;
Thou sighest in woodland gale;
Where waters are gushing thy voice is heard;
And when stars are bright,
At still midnight,
Thy symphonies prevail!

3.

"Where the forest ocean, in quick commotion,
Is waving to and fro,
Thy form is seen, in the masses green,
Dimly to come and go.
From thy covert peeping, where thou layest sleeping,
Beside the brawling brook,
Thou art seen to wake, and thy flight to take
Fleet from thy lonely nook.

4.

Where the moonbeam has kiss'd
The sparkling tide,
In thy mantle of mist
Thou art seen to glide.
Far o'er the blue waters
Melting away,
On the distant billow,
As on a pillow,
Thy form to lay.

5.

Where the small clouds of even
Are wreathing in heaven
Their garland of roses,
O'er the purple and gold,
Whose hangings enfold
The hall that encloses
The couch of the sun,
Whose empire is done,—
There thou art smiling,
For thy sway is begun;
Thy shadowy sway,
The senses beguiling,
When the light fades away,
And thy vapour of mystery o'er nature ascending,
The heaven and the earth,
The things that have birth,
And the embryos that float in the future are blending.

II.

1.

"From the land, on whose shores the billows break
The sounding waves of the mighty lake;
From the land where boundless meadows be,
Where the buffalo ranges wild and free;
With silvery coat in his little isle,
Where the beaver plies his ceaseless toil;
The land where pigmy forms abide,
Thou leadest thy train at the eventide;
And the wings of the wind are left behind,
So swift through the pathless air they glide.

2.

Then to the chief who has fasted long,
When the chains of his slumber are heavy and strong,
Spirit! thou comest; he lies as dead,
His weary lids are with heaviness weighed;
But his soul is abroad on the hurricane's pinion,
Where foes are met in the rush of fight,
In the shadowy world of thy dominion
Conquering and slaying, till morning light!

3.

Then shall the hunter who waits for thee,
The land of the game rejoicing see;
Through the leafless wood,
O'er the frozen flood,
And the trackless snows
His spirit goes,
Along the sheeted plain,
Where the hermit bear, in his sullen lair,
Keeps his long fast, till the winter hath pass'd,
And the boughs have budded again.
Spirit of dreams! all thy visions are true,
Who the shadow hath seen, he the substance shall view!

III.

1.

" Thine the riddle, strange and dark,
Woven in the dreamy brain:—
Thine to yield the power to mark
Wandering by, the dusky train;
Warrior ghosts for vengeance crying,
Scalped on the lost battle's plain,
Or who died their foes defying,
Slow by lingering tortures slain.

2.

Thou the war-chief hovering near,
Breathest language on his ear;
When his winged words depart,
Swift as arrows to the heart;
When his eye the lightning leaves;
When each valiant bosom heaves;
Through the veins when hot and glowing
Rage like liquid fire is flowing;
Round and round the war pole whirling,
Furious when the dancers grow;
When the maces swift are hurling
Promised vengeance on the foe;
Thine assurance, SPIRIT true!
Glorious victory gives to view!

3.

When of thought and strength despoiled,
Lies the brave man like a child;
When discoloured visions fly,
Painful, o'er his glazing eye,
And wishes wild through his darkness rove,
Like flitting wings through the tangled grove,—
Thine is the wish; the vision thine,
And thy visits, SPIRIT! are all divine!

4.

When the dizzy senses spin,
And the brain is madly reeling,
Like the Pów-wah, when first within
The present spirit feeling;
When rays are flashing athwart the gloom,
Like the dancing lights of the northern heaven,
When voices strange of tumult come
On the ear, like the roar of battle driven,—
The Initiate then shall thy wonders see,
And thy priest, O SPIRIT! is full of thee!

IV.

"SPIRIT OF DREAMS! away! away!
It is thine hour of solemn sway;
And thou art holy; and our rite
Forbids thy presence here to-night.
Go light on lids that wake to pain;
Triumphant visions yield again!
If near the Christian's cot thou roam,
Tell him the fire has wrapp'd his home:
Where the mother lies in peaceful rest,
Her infant slumbering on her breast,
Tell her the red man hath seized its feet,
And against a tree its brains doth beat:
Fly to the bride who sleeps alone,
Her husband forth for battle gone;
Tell her, at morn,—and tell her true,—
His head on the bough her eyes shall view;
While his limbs shall be the raven's prey:—
SPIRIT OF DREAMS! away! away!"

V.

So sung the Initiates, o'er their rite
While hung the gloom of circling night.
Nor yet the unholy chant must rise,
Nor blaze the fire of sacrifice,

Until beyond yon groves afar,
The Bear hath dipp'd his westering car;
And shrouded night, with central sway,
Veiled deeds unfit to meet the day.
Then rose the PROPHET, on whose eye
Past generations had gone by:
He saw them fall, as some vast oak,
By storms unriven, by bolts unbroke,
Sees all the forest by its side
In countless autumns shed its pride;
Marks, gathering still, as years roll on,
Winter's sere harvest round it strown;—
Yet his gigantic form ascends,
Nor to the howling voice of time,
One sturdy, veteran sinew bends,
Erect in native grace sublime.
The scattered relics of the lock,
Which oft had waved o'er battle shock,
In long and silvery lines were spread,
Like the white honours o'er the head
Of ancient mountain ash;—
His large eyes brightly, coldly shone,
As if their mortal light was gone
With clear, unearthly flash;
With strong arms forth outstretched he sprung;
Loose o'er his frame the bearskin hung;
Through every limb quick tremors ran,
As, rapt with fate, that aged man
His lore oracular began.

VI.

THE PROPHECY.

"O heard ye around the sad moan of the gale,
As it sighed o'er the mountain, and shrieked in the vale?
'Tis the voice of the Spirit prophetic, who pass'd;
His mantle of darkness around him is cast;

Wild flutters his robe, and the light of his plume
Faint glimmers along through the mist and the gloom;
Where the moonbeam is hidden, the shadow hath gone,
It has flitted in darkness, that morrow has none;
But my ear drank the sound, and I feel in my breast,
What the voice of the Spirit prophetic impress'd.
O saw ye that gleaming unearthly of light?
Behold where it winds o'er the moor from our sight!—
'Tis the soul of a warrior who sleeps with the slain;—
How long shall the slaughtered thus wander in vain?
It has pass'd; through the gloom of the forest it flies,—
But I feel in my bosom its summons arise.

VII.

"Say, what are the races of perishing men?
They darken earth's surface, and vanish agen;
As the shade o'er the lake's gleaming bosom that flies,
With the stir of their wings where the wildfowl arise,
That has pass'd, and the sunbeam plays bright as before,—
So speed generations, remembered no more;
Since earth from the deep, at the voice of the Spirit,
Rose green from the waters, with all that inherit
Its nature, its changes. The oaks that had stood
For ages, lie crumbling at length in the wood.
Where now are the race in their might who came forth,
To destroy and to waste, from the plains of the north?
As the deer through the brake, mid the forests they sped,
The tall trees crashed round them; earth groaned with their tread;
He perished, the Mammoth,—in power and in pride,
And defying the wrath of YOHEWAH he died!
And say, what is man, that his race should endure,
Alone through the changes of nature secure?
Where now are the giants, the soil who possess'd,
When our fathers came down, from the land of the west?

The grass o'er their mounds and their fortresses waves,
And choked amid weeds are the stones on their graves;
The hunter yet lingers in wonder, where keeps
The rock on the mountains the track of their steps;
Nor other memorial remains there, nor trace,
Of the proud ALLEGEWI's invincible race.

VIII.

"As their nation was slain by the hands of our sires,
Our race, in its turn, from our country expires!
Lo! e'en like some tree, where a Spirit before
Had dwelt, when rich garlands and offerings it bore,
But now, half uptorn from its bed in the sands,
By the wild waves encroaching, that desolate stands,
Despoiled of the pride of its foliage and fruit,
While its branches are naked, and bare is its root;—
And each surge that returns still is wearing its bed,
Till it falls, and the ocean rolls on overhead;—
Nor a wreck on the shore, nor a track on the flood,
Tells aught of the trunk that so gloriously stood,—
Even so shall our nations, the children of earth,
Return to that bosom that yielded them birth.
Ye tribes of the EAGLE, the PANTHER, and WOLF!
Deep sunk lie your names in a fathomless gulf!
Your war-whoop's last echo has died on the shore;
The smoke of your wigwams is curling no more.
Mourn, land of my fathers! thy children are dead;
Like the mists in the sunbeam, thy warriors have fled!

IX.

"But a Spirit there is, who his presence enshrouds,
Enthroned on our hills in his mantle of clouds.
He speaks in the whirlwind; the river outpours
Its tribute to him, where the cataract roars.
His breath is the air we inhale; and his reign
Shall endure till the waters have triumphed again;

Till the earth's deep foundation convulsions shall heave,
And the bosom of darkness its fabric rceive!
'Tis THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! and ne'er shall our grave
Be trod by the recreant, or spurned by the slave!
And lo! as the vision of years rolls away,
When our tribes shall have pass'd, and the victor hath sway,
That spirit I mark o'er the war-cloud presiding;
The storm that rolls upward sublime he is guiding;
It is bursting in terror; and choked is the path
Of peace, by the ruins it whelms in its wrath.
The rivers run blood; and the war-caldron boils,
By the flame of their cities, the blaze of their spoils.
Bend, bend from your clouds, and rejoice in the sight,
Ye ghosts of the red men! for freedom they fight!

X.

"Dim visions! why crowd ye so fast o'er my eyes,
In the twilight of days that are yet to arise?
Undefined are the shapes and the masses that sweep,
Like the hurricane clouds o'er the face of the deep;
They rise like the waves on the surf-beaten shore,
But recede ere they form, to be gazed on no more.
Like the swarms of the doves o'er the meads that descend,
From the north's frozen regions their course when they bend,
So quick o'er our plains is the multitude's motion;
Still the white sails gleam thick o'er the bosom of ocean;
As the foam of their furrows is lost in the sea,
So *they* melt in one nation, united and free!

XI.

"Mourn, land of my fathers! the red men have pass'd,
Like the strown leaves of autumn, dispersed by the blast!

Mourn, land of the victor! a curse shall remain,
Till appeased in their clime are the ghosts of the slain!
Like the plants that by pure hands of virgins alone
Must be plucked, or their charm and their virtue is gone,
So the fair fruits of freedom, souls only can taste,
That are stained by no crime, by no passion debased.
His nest where the foul bird of avarice hath made,
The songsters in terror took wing from the shade;
And man, if unclean in his bosom the fire,
No holier spirits descend to inspire.
Mourn, land of the victor! our curse shall remain,
Till appeased for their wrongs be the souls of the slain!"

XII.

He ceased, and sunk exhausted down,
Strength, fire, and inspiration gone.
The fear-struck savages in vain
Await the unfolding voice again.
A panic terror o'er them ran,
As now their impious task began.
Their pyre was reared on stones that fell,
What time, their father's legends tell,
The avenging Spirit's fiery breath
Had poured the withering storm of death
Along that field of blood and shame;
Where now, for ages past the same,
There grew no blade of cheerful green;
But sere and shivering trees were seen,
Blasted, and white with age, to stand,
Like spectres on the accursëd land.
Therewith, meet sacrifice of guilt,
Broad and high-reared their pile was built.
And now their torch unclean they bear;
Long had they fed it light with care,
Stolen, where polluted walls were razed,
And purifying flames had blazed.

XIII.

Swift o'er the structure climbs the fire;
In serpent course its streams aspire;
Entwined about their crackling prey,
Aloft they shoot with spiral way;
Wreathing and flashing fiercely round,
Their glittering net was mingling wound
O'er all the pile; but soon they blended;
One mighty volume then ascended,—
A column dense of mounting flame:—
Blacker the shrouded heaven became,
And like substantial darkness frowned
O'er the red atmosphere; around
The sands gave back the unnatural glare;
Lifting their ghostly arms in air,
Were seen those trunks all bleak and bare;
At distance rose the giant pine,
Kindling, as if by power divine,
Of fire a living tree;
While, where the circling forests sweep,
Each varying hue, or bright or deep,
Shone as if raised o'er nature's sleep,
By magic's witchery.

XIV.

He who had marked the Pów-wahs then,
As round the pyre their rites begun,
Had deemed it no vision of mortal men,
But of souls tormented in endless pain,
Who for penance awhile to earth again
Had come to the scene where their crime was done.
No other robe by the band was worn,
Save the girdles rude from the otter torn;
Below, besmeared with sable stain,
Above, blood-red was the fiendish train,

Save a circle pale around each eye,
That shone in the glare with a fiery die;
While a bird with coal-black wings outspread
Was the omen of ill on every head.
And while their serpent tresses wound,
Unkempt and unconfined around;
For unpurified, since their vows, had been
Those ministers of rites unclean.
And one there was, round whose limbs was coiled
The scaly coat of a snake despoiled;
The jaws by his cheek that open stood.
Seemed clogged and dripping yet with blood.
With a rattling chichicoe he led,
Or swift, or slow, their measured tread;
And wildly flapped, the band among,
The dusky tuft from his staff that hung;
Where the hawk's, the crow's and raven's feather,
With the bat's foul wings were woven together.

XV.

Close by a couch, with mats o'erspread,
As if a pall that wrapped the dead,
Sat crouching one, who might beseem
The goblin crew of a monstrous dream;
For never did earthly creature wear
A shape like that recumbent there.
No hideous brute that starving sought
Some cavern's grisly womb, to rot,
Nor squalid want in death forlorn,
Hath e'er such haggard semblance borne.
A woman once;—but now a thing
That seemed perverse to life to cling,
To rob the worm of tribute due;—
Her limbs no vesture covering,
No season's change, nor shame she knew.

Burnt on her withered breast she bore
Strange characters of savage lore;
And gathering up her bony frame,
As fiercely raged the mounting flame,
Not one proportion equal told
Of aught designed in nature's mould.
Her yellow eyeballs bright with hate,
Rolled in their sunken sockets yet,
With sickly glare, as of charnel lamps
That glimmer from sepulchral damps.

XVI.

And now began the Initiates' dance;
Slow they recede, and slow advance;
Hand locked in hand, with footsteps slow,
About the ascending flame they go.
At first, in solemn movement led,
A chant low muttered they obeyed;
But shrill and quick as the measure grew,
Whirling about the pyre they flew,
In a dizzy ring, till their senses reeled,
And the heavens above them madly wheeled,
And the earth spun round, with its surface burning,
Like a thousand fiery circles turning.
Louder and wilder as waxed the tone,
They sever, in uncouth postures thrown;
They sink, they tower, and crouch and creep,
High mid the darting fire they leap,
And with fearful prank and hellish game,
Disport, as buoyant on the flame.
Now terror seemed to freeze each heart,
As tremulous in every part,
With outstretched arms and wandering eyes,
They brave aërial enemies,
And combat with an unseen foe;
He seems to strike above, below;—

And fiercer grew the imagined fight,
Till every limb, convulsed and tight,
Showed the muscle strained, and swollen vein,
As of madman writhing in mortal pain.
With fury blind, they rolled around,
Impervious to the scorching ground,
And even within the glowing verge
Unconscious and unheeding urge.
The measure changes: ere its close,
Staggering the rout possessed arose;
  Then pealed the loud *hah-hah!*
Harsh, dissonant, in anguish heaved,
As if the soul, to be relieved,
  In sound took wing afar.
Like laughter of exulting fiends,
The startling chorus wild ascends;
While the shrill whoop,—that had seemed to die
With the last breath of agony,
Then rose with its horrid shriek and long,—
Closed that disturbed, discordant song.
Then in the silence, you had thought
The dæmon coming whom they sought,
And from the sullen chichicoe,
Had heard his boding answer flow

XVII.

SONG OF THE POW-WAHS.

"Beyond the hills the Spirit sleeps,
His watch the power of evil keeps;
The Spirit of fire has sought his bed,
The Sun, the hateful Sun is dead.
Profound and clear is the sounding wave,
In the chambers of the Wakon-cave;
Darkness its ancient portal keeps;
And there the Spirit sleeps,—he sleeps.

XVIII.

"Come round on raven pinions now,
Spirits of ill, to you we bow!
Whether ye sit on the topmost cliff,
While the storm around is sweeping,
Mid the thunder shock, from rock to rock
To view the lightning leaping;
As ye guide the bolt, where towers afar
The knotted pine to heaven,
And where it falls, your serpent scar
On the blasted trunk is graven:—
Whether your awful voices pour
Their tones in gales that nightly roar;—
Whether ye dwell beneath the lake;
In whose depths eternal thunders wake,—
Gigantic guard the glittering ore,
That lights Maurepas' haunted shore,—
On Manataulin's lonely isle,
The wanderer of the wave beguile,—
Or love the shore where the serpent-hiss,
And angry rattle never cease,—
Come round on raven pinions now!
Spirits of evil! to you we bow.

XIX.

"Come ye hither, who o'er the thatch
Of the coward murderer hold your watch;
Moping and chattering round who fly
Where the putrid members reeking lie,
Piecemeal dropping, as they decay,
O'er the shuddering recreant day by day;
Till he loathes the food that is whelmed amid
The relics, by foul corruption hid;
And the crawling worms about him bred
Mistake the living for the dead!

XX.

"Come ye who give power
To the curse that is said,
And a charm that shall wither
To the drops that are shed,
On the cheek of the maiden,
Who never shall hear
The kind name of Mother
Saluting her ear;
But sad as the turtle
On the bare branch reclining,
She shall sit in the desert,
Consuming and pining;
With a grief that is silent,
Her beauty shall fade,
Like a flower nipt untimely,
On its stem that is dead.

XXI.

"Come ye, who as hawks hover o'er
The spot where the war-club is lying,
Defiled with the stain of their gore,
The foemen to battle defying;
On your dusky wings wheeling above,
Who for vengeance and slaughter come crying;
For the scent of the carnage ye love,
The groans of the wounded and dying.

XXII.

"Come ye, who at the sick man's bed,
Watch beside his burning head;
When the vaunting juggler tries in vain
Charm and fast to sooth his pain,
And his fever-balm and herbs applies,
Your death watch ye sound till your victim dies.

XXIII.

"And ye who delight
The soul to affright,
When naked and lonely,
Her dwelling forsaken,
To the country of spirits
Her journey is taken;
When the wings of a dove
She has borrowed to fly,
Ye swoop from above,
And around her ye cry:
She wanders and lingers
In terror and pain,
While the souls of her kindred
Expect her in vain.

XXIV.

"By all the hopes that we forswear;
By the potent rite we here prepare;
By every shriek whose echo falls
Around the Spirits' golden walls;
By our eternal league made good;
By all our wrongs and all our blood;
By the red battle-axe uptorn;
By the deep vengeance we have sworn;
By the uprooted trunk of peace,
And by the wrath that shall not cease,
Where'er ye be, above, below,
SPIRITS OF ILL! we call ye now!

XXV.

"Not beneath the mantle blue
Spread below YOHEWAH'S feet;
Not through realms of azure hue,
Incense breathing to his seat;

Not with fire, by living light
Kindled from the orb of glory;
Not with words of sacred might,
Taught us in our fathers' story;
Not with odours, fruit or flower,
Thee we summon, dreadful Power!
Power of darkness! Power of ill!
Present in the heart and will,
Plotting, despite of faith and trust,
Treason, avarice, murder, lust!
From caverns deep of gloom and blood,
Attend our call, O serpent god!
Thee we summon by our rite,
HOBAMÓQUI! Power of night!

XXVI.

"Behold the sacrifice!
A harmless infant dies,
To whet thine anger's edge!
A Christian woman's pledge,
Begot by Indian sire,
Ascends thy midnight pyre.
For thy friendship, for our wrongs,
To thee the child belongs."

XXVII.

Did the fiend hear and answer make?
Above them loud the thunders break;
The livid lightning's pallid hue
Their dusky canopy shone through;
Then tenfold blackness gathering far
Presaged the elemental war.
While yet in air the descant rung,
Upward the listening priestess sprung,

By instant impulse; as if yet
The spirit of her youth survived,
As if from that lethargic state,
Quickened by power vouchsafed, she lived.
She tore the sable mats away,
And there YAMOYDEN's infant lay,
By potent opiates lulled to keep
The silence of the dreamless sleep,
O'er which that night should sink;
Swathed in the sacrificial vest,
Its bier the unconscious victim press'd.
The hag's long, shrivelled fingers clasp
The babe in their infernal grasp,
While o'er the fiery brink,
Rapidly, giddily she hurls
The child, as her withered form she whirls;
And chants, with accents hoarse and strong,
The last, the dedicating song.

XXVIII.

SONG OF THE PRIESTESS.

"The black clouds are moving
Athwart the dull moon,
The hawks high are roving,
The strife shall be soon.
Then burst thou deep thunder!
Pour down all ye floods!
Ye flames rive in sunder
The pride of the woods!
But O thou! who guidest
The flood and the fire,
In lightning who ridest,
Directing its ire;—

If darker to-morrow
The wrath of the strife,
Be the white man's the sorrow,
And thine be his life!
The elk-skin about him,
The crow-skin above,
To thee we devote him,
The pledge of mixed love.
For ever and ever
The slaves of thy will,
Let ours be thy favour,
O SPIRIT OF ILL!"

XXIX.

She had not ceased, when on the blast
A warning shriek of horror pass'd;
Emerging from the woodland gloom,
They saw a form unearthly come.
White were its locks, its robes of white,
And gleaming through their lurid light,
Swift it advanced. The Pów-wahs stood,
Palsied amid their rites of blood;
E'en the stern PROPHET feared to trace
The awful features of that face,
And shrunk, as if towards their flame
YOHEWAH'S angry presence came.

XXX.

He grasped the witch by her skinny arm,
Her powerless frame confessed the charm;
Before his bright, indignant glance
Her eyes were fixed in terror's trance.
"Away," the stranger cried, "away!
Votaries of Moloch! yield your prey!

Have ye not heard the wrath on high
Speak o'er your foul iniquity?
Know ye not, for such worship fell,
Deep yawns the eternal gulf of hell?"
Then, bursting from his dream of fear,
To front the intruder rushed the SEER,—
When straight, o'er all the vaulted heaven,
Kindled and streamed the glittering levin;
Pale and discoloured shone below
The embers in that general glow,
As blind amid the blaze they reel,
Rattled and crashed the deafening peal;
And with its voice so long and loud,
Fell the burst torrent from the cloud;
It dashed impetuous o'er the pile;
The hissing waters rave and boil;
The smothered fires a moment soar,
Spread their swarth glare the forest o'er,
Then sink beneath their whelming pall,
And total darkness covers all.

XXXI.

O many a shriek of horror fell,
Amid that darkness terrible,
Unlit, save by the lightning's flash,
And echoing with the tempest crash
Those stifled screams of fear;
They deem in every bursting peal
The avenging Spirit's rage they feel,
And crouching, shuddering hear.
While ever and anon ascended
The dying PRIESTESS' maddening cry,—
With muttering curses fearful blended
It rose convulsed on high.

And when their palsying dread was gone,
And a dim brand recovered shone,
And when they traced by that sad light
The scene of their unfinished rite,
And many a look uncertain cast,
The STRANGER and the CHILD had pass'd.

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO FIFTH.

'Tis night; the loud wind through the forest wakes,
With sound like ocean's roaring, wild and deep,
And in yon gloomy pines strange music makes,
Like symphonies unearthly, heard in sleep;
The sobbing waters dash their waves and weep;
Where moans the blast its dreary path along,
The bending firs a mournful cadence keep;
And mountain rocks re-echo to the song,
As fitful raves the storm, the hills and woods among.

I.

What wanderer finds his way to-night,
Amid the forest's depth of gloom,
Where gleams no ray of lingering light
The horrid darkness to illume;
Save where the lightning's dazzling stream
Descends with momentary gleam?
O'er his high form and plumëd head,
The thick and heavy drops were shed;
While round there fell upon his ear
Many a sound for doubt and fear;
The wolf's fierce howl at distance heard;
The screaming of each startled bird;
At times the falling forest's crash,
Scattered by the rending flash,
Mingled with the tempest's wrath,
Around that lonely wanderer's path.

II.

Across the strait, whose heaving wave,
When rising gusts impetuous rave,
And gales are sweeping on their way,
From isle to isle and bay to bay,
Wakes, lashed to foam, with fury strong,
To join the chorus of their song,
YAMOYDEN sought the island shore,
Despite of all the billowy roar;
And onward through the tangled path,
Sped heedless to the tempest's wrath.
Swifter his cautious footsteps grew,
When near, his NORA's bower he knew.
A gleam prolonged of lightning showed
The limit of his darksome road;
Pale, but distinct, its lustre played,
Lambent along the narrow glade:—
Where yon old elm its arm extends,
That slowly o'er his pathway bends,
With solemn gesture, as if meant
To warn the wanderer of intent
  Unknown, or danger near,—
Does fancy's mimic dread portray
Amid the boughs a spectre gray,
Or is it the boding vision seen,
Where murder's secret work has been,
  Oft by the Indian seer?
Ha! points it to the cottage now?
Fled from his heart the rising glow,
And gushing stood upon his brow,
  The damps of awful fear.

III.

That moment ceased the tempest's sound,
As if its spirits hovering round,

Listening the wanderer's tread,
Awhile withheld their deafening yell;
And a hushed pause about him fell,
The silence of the dead.
The thunder was no longer heard;
No breath the dripping forest stirred:
There only murmured far away,
Solemnly the moaning bay;
The faint sigh of the sinking breeze
Rustled amid the farthest trees;
The rain-drops from the loaded spray
With sullen plash around him sunk;—
Then paused the wanderer on his way;
Bowed to foreboding terror's sway
His soul within him shrunk.

IV.

The cottage of his hope is near;
But came no sound upon his ear;
No trembling taper twinkled dim,
To tell of vigils kept for him.
Perchance she sleeps; he onward pass'd;
The humble roof is gained at last;
He paused awhile to listen there,—
'Twas still and solemn as despair;
He called,—none answered to his call,—
He entered, it was darkness all.
It struck to his heart with a deadly chill,
That horrid darkness, deep and still;
Stunned was his brain as with a blow;
And still he seemed not yet to know
The fearful certainty of wo.

V.

As one not heeding why or where,
He staggered back in the chilly air.

Again the tempter's spir't spoke,
Again the deep-voiced thunder woke,
In lengthening volleys peal on peal,
Whereat earth's fabric seemed to reel;
While, as from caldrons vast, of flame,
Down the o'erwhelming deluge came.
Died on his ear, unheard, the roar;
He had not recked although before
His step the earth had yawned;
Through all the imagined shapes and forms
That drive to battle blackening storms,
In stern array his path had cross'd;—
In grief's thick darkness he was lost,
On which no daybeam dawned.

VI.

"There is no hope," he murmured, "none!
I journey homeless and alone.
The forest eagle's secret nest
Has seen, at last, the spoiler's quest.
O'er life's remaining wastes of wo,
Alone, and desperate, forth I go.
Fool that I was, who vainly thought,
When ruin's work was round me wrought,
Amid a people's funeral cry,
Still to secure that only tie,—
That flower which, with too venturous hand,
From danger's topmost steep I bore;
And fostered in a desert land,
Amid the gaunt wolves' raving band,
Amid the whirlwind's ceaseless roar.
And yet it grew, mid doubt and fear,
And desolation round, more drear;
And still was every care it brought,
Affection's agony of thought,

That tore the heart, and racked the brain,
Bless'd in the sacred source of pain;
Like some lone bird, whose pinions hover,
Flapping and tired as on she hies,
The lake's far gleaming surface over,
Who now a seeming reed espies,
Where, mid the waters, she may rest
Her drooping head and weary breast,
Then trusting to that guileful stay,
Becomes the lurking monster's prey,
Her heart by fangs relentless torn
Even from that dearly welcomed bourne;
So I, a wan derer lone, had fain
On love's confiding bosom lain;
To find, when all the rest had pass'd,
Thence come the deadliest wound at last,
And that fond shelter vain.
Vain! shall I seek her father's hall,
Where she must pine in dreary thrall,
Reproach her portion sad in life,
Who dared to be the Indian's wife?
Shall I forsake our brethren left,
Of power, of kin, of home bereft;
Even the vile fox's part essay,
And point the ruffians to their prey?
Idle the dastard treachery were,
They would not yield her to my prayer.
O Nora! if one beam of hope
Could through unfathomed darkness grope,
For thee, thy child, thy God, I dare
All but a traitor's name to bear;
All the proud heart must bend to brook.
Soothed by thy one atoning look.
For thee, for them, I once have borne
Thy father's wrath, thy kinsmen's scorn,

Their pledge of peace they tear away,
And vengeance hath its debt to pay.

VII.

"Roar on, ye winds! your voice must be
Sweet as the bridal chant to me.
Widowed in love, with hate I wed,
Espoused within her gory bed.
The storm of heaven will soon be past,
And all be bright and calm at last;
But man in cruelty and wrong
The tempest's fury will prolong,
And pause not in his fell career
Save o'er my brethren's general bier.
Then come my foes! your work is done!
I cannot weep, I will not groan.
My fathers winced not at the stake,
Nor gave revenge, with torture rife,
One drop its burning thirst to slake,
To the last ebbing drop of life.
My heart is cold and desolate;—
I shall not struggle long with fate.
Had I a mortal foe, and were
His form to rise upon me here,
There is no power within my soul,
My arm or weapon to control;—
Sunken and cold! but it will rise,
With my lost tribe's last battle cries;
And death will come, like the last play
Of lightning on a stormy day!"

VIII.

So mused the chieftain as he strode
Backward upon his cheerless road.
The shore is nigh; the storm again
Had hushed its mad and clamorous strain;

There was a roar along the surge,
Which howling winds had ceased to urge;
The dark gray clouds above were spread,
In softening aspect, overhead;
The lightning faint at distance played,
And low the thunders die.
Most melancholy was the sound
Of murmuring winds and waters round;
And sadly showed the tempests' path,
Where yet the signals of its wrath
Were hung in grandeur high.
Dark flowed the rapid waves beneath,
Save where the levin's lessening wreath
Yet trembled in the sky;
Painted the feathery surge upon,
Its flash in dying glory shone,
And vanished fitfully.
It was an hour for one to mourn,
In life, in love, in hope forlorn;
When all above, and all below,
Pour their deep thrill on heart of wo,
Lone sorrow's luxury;—
As oft there gleams a transient glow,
Above the headlong torrent's flow,
To sooth and cheer the eye;
With its half lost and filmy ray,
Lingering upon the restless spray,
As fleets the current by.

IX.

Once more his bark is on the wave,
To join the desperate and the brave;
On through the heaving bay it flew,
As his strong arm behind him threw
The crested wave; unheedful still,
While strength exerts its wonted skill,

He only felt, his heart around,
A girth that all its pulses bound;
And all of memory, fear or hope,
Was wound within its anguished scope;
As when the fated victim feels
The Carcajou about him dart;
And staggering thro' the forest reels,
While still the foe insidious steals
His mortal pressure round the heart,—
Until the wound his mercy deals,
That lets the struggling soul depart,

X.

Meantime within his trusted hold
The dauntless outlaw lay;
In scapeless peril proud and bold,
As in his victor day.
The bear mid northern winter's gloom,
In some old oak's sequestered womb,
Lethargic lives, nor tastes of food,
Till from his cheerless solitude,
The exulting voice of balmy spring,
The sullen hermit forth shall bring;
But can the soul, that slumbers never,
Live on, when hope has fled for ever;—
When homage, royalty, and power
Have pass'd, the pageant of an hour;—
Live on, through exile, want, and chains,
When neither friend nor slave remains;—
Live on, the mark and theme of hate,
To bide the smile of frowning fate,—
The single chance,—not yet to fall,
As vulgar souls resign their breath;—
And bear, with gloomy patience, all,
One trophy to erect in death;
One stab, with dying hand, to give,
And know *one* foeman shall not live?

XI.

Thou, of the ocean rock! what eye
  Thy secret mind shall scan?
No conqueror now, no monarch high;
  A lone, a captive man!
Thine was the chance, in regal sway,
Amid thy panoplied array,
  And gallant pomp around,
To meet thy last, decisive day,
When war, along the kindling fray,
  With dazzling horrors frowned;
While myriad swords around thee moved,
Flashing afar the blaze beloved;
And with thy name their battle cry,
The charging squadrons rushed to die.
But here, in Haup's inglorious swamp,
In subterrene, unwarlike camp
The stones his pillow, and the reeds
The only couch he asks or needs,
A hero lay, whose sleepless soul
Was given, the spirits to control
Of lesser men; of heart as great
As thine, spoiled favourite of fate!
And he was wise, as bold and true,
To use the simple craft he knew;
  His skill from nature came;
A different clime, a different age,
Had scrolled his deeds in glory's page;
And proud as thine his wreath had been!
But if unlike thy closing scene,
  How more unlike thy fame!
Thy strife was for another's throne,
For realms and subjects not thine own,
  And for a conqueror's name:
He fought, because he would not yield
His birthright, and his fathers' field;

Would vindicate the deep disgrace,
The wrongs, the ruin of his race;—
He slew, that well avenged in death,
His kindred spirits pleased might be;—
Died, for his people and his faith,
His sceptre, and his liberty!

XII.

And on this night, whose parting shades
Shall see the avengers lift their blades,
And bring relentless fury, fraught
With many an insult's goading thought,
The outlaw SACHEM slept;
The while his scanty band around,
Low in the swamp's unequal ground,
Their mournful vigils kept.
Tall trees o'erthrown their bulwark made,
While rude, luxuriant vines o'erspread,
Concealed their lurking place;
There, now to feeble numbers worn,
In strength o'erspent, in hope forlorn,
Shrunk, trembling for the coming morn,
The WAMPANOAG race.

XIII.

Mothers and widows sad, were then
Hidden within that gloomy fen;
Left for a space, by war, to mourn
Each sacred bond asunder torn.
Perchance they thought of many a scene
Departed, to return no more;
How, when the hunter's toil was o'er,
And dressed his frugal meal had been,
His children clustered round his knee,
To hear the tales of former days,
And learn what men should strive to be,
While listening to the warrior's praise:

And she, thrice happy parent! sate,
Well pleased, beside her honoured mate;
What time gray eve its welcome hue
O'er distant hills and forests threw:
Nor idle then, with dexterous hand,
She wrought the glittering wampum band;
Or loved the silken grass to braid;
Or through the deer-skin, smooth and strong,
Weaving the many-coloured thong,
Her hunter's comely sandals made.
This they recalled; and marvelled they,
When bounteous earth is wide and free,
Why man, whose life is for a day,
So much in love with wo should be!

XIV.

He slept, yet not the spirit slept;
Her feverish vigil memory kept;
In motley visions on her eye,
The phantom host of dreams pass'd by.
Tradition, meet for vulgar faith,
Has told of threats of coming skaith,
Spoke by the Evil One, who came,
This eve, his destined prey to claim,
In form, as when at noon of night,
He met him on the mountain's height:
O'er the gray rock the fiend outspread
His sable pinions as he fled,
And ere the sounding air he cleft,
His foot gigantic impress left.
Such superstition's idle tale,—
But let the minstrel's lore prevail.

XV.

He saw the world of souls; and there,
Brave men and beauteous women were:

Fair forms to chiefs of godlike mien,
Reposing in their arbours green,
Supplied the spicy bowls they quaffed,
And round them danced, and joyous laughed;
While aye the warriors smiled to see
Those lovely creatures in their glee;
And pledged them in the sparkling cup;
Or breathed their fragrant incense up;
Grateful and pure, 'twas seen to flow
From calumets like stainless snow.
Apart reclined in kingly state,
The ancient MASSASOIET sate,
And earnest with UNCOMPOEN old,
Speech grave, but pleasant, seemed to hold;
Uncompoën, slain in recent fight,
Contending for his nephew's right.
Just from the woods, like hunter dight,
The gallant OUAMSUTTA came;
Bearing behind his plenteous game,
In order moved the warrior's train;
Joyous his bearing was, and free,
As if fatigue and wounds and pain,
In that bless'd world could never be;
His buskins trapped with glittering gold,
His floating mantle's graceful fold
  Clasped with a sparkling gem;
Dazzling his cincture's radiance gleamed,
Woven from the heavenly bow it seemed,
And like the sun-rays danced and streamed
  His feathery diadem.
A spear with silver tipt he bore;
The gayly-tinkling rings before,—
  The quiver rattling on his back,
His buoyant frame and kindling eye,
The thrilling pulse of transport high,
  The sense of power and pleasure spake.

And one and all the SACHEM knew,
When near their blissful bower he drew;
And clapped their hands with joy to see
The hero join their company.
And strains of softest music round,
From flutes and tabors, with the sound
Of voices, sweet as sweetest bird,
To greet the entering guest were heard.
"Welcome," they sung, "thy toils are done,
Thy battles fought, thy rest is won;
And welcome to the world thou art,
Where kindred souls shall never part;
Honor on earth shall valour have,
And joy with us attends the brave."

XVI.

That ravishing dream was rapt away,
Vanished the forms, the music died;
And changeful fancy's wayward sway
Visions of darker hue supplied.
O'er frozen plains he seemed to go,
Mid driving sleet, and bluiding snow.
Then Assawomsett's lake he knew,
And dim descried, the tempest through,
Apostate SAUSAMAN arise;
Stiff were his gory locks with ice,
And mangled was his form;
It towered aloft, to giant size;
Fierce shone the fury of his eyes,
Like lightning through the storm.
He cried, "My spirit hath no home!
A weary, wandering ghost, I roam.
This night the avengers lift the blade,
And my foul murder shall be paid!"

XVII.

Then thought the SACHEM that his way
Through Metapoiset's forest lay.
Mid the thick shadows of the grove,
A form was rushing seen;
He saw with wildered paces rove
Pocasset's warrior queen.
As from the water's depths she came,
With dripping locks and bloated frame.
Wild her discoloured arms she threw
To grasp him; and as swift he flew,
Her hollow scream he heard behind,
Come mingling with the howling wind.
"Why fly from WATAMOE? she died,
Bearing the war-axe on thy side!"

XVIII.

Now in a gloomy glade he stood;
Along the sward, the tracks of blood
Led, where in death a conguar lay;
Fast ebbed the crimson stream away;
But fiercely rolled his balls of fire,
And flashed their unextinguished ire
Towards the forest; where the chief
An armëd Indian could descry,
Who, less in anger than in grief,
Seemed to behold his victim die,
Though lost his features were in gloom.
But Philip knew his hour was come,
And death from Indian hand was nigh.
For that red tiger oft had been,
In earlier dreams prophetic, seen.
It was the emblem of his soul,
The shade that still his life attended;
And but when life attained its goal,
He knew its visioned being ended.

XIX.

He woke, and from his covert sprung;
O'er the dark fen deep silence hung;
The moon had burst her sable shroud,
And from a silver-skirted cloud
Emerging, radiant but serene,
Looked forth upon the varying scene.
Now verging to the opening west,
  Her beams obliquely fell;
O'er the broad hill's rock-girdled breast,
  O'er thicket, glade, and dell;
Scattered the bay's blue waters o'er,
And lit Pocasset's shelving shore.
'Twas as if now, when fate was near,
Awhile she brushed away her tear;
That, the last time, the SACHEM'S eye.
His native regions might descry,—
So lovely is that trembling beam,
That well his soul entranced might deem,
The Spirit's world, with all its bliss,
Had not a realm so fair as this.

XX.

If sorrow hath its feeling high,
And sadness its sublimity,
'Tis when the hero on his fate,
With thought composed, can meditate;
Throw o'er the past a steady eye,
And bid an ingrate world good-by!
Long and intently gazed the chief,
Till found his thoughts in speech relief.
"Like thee, fair sun of night! have I,
Through mountain clouds of destiny,
Struggling, and darkened oft, been driven;
But fixed, as is thy course in heaven,

Nor brethren's fear, nor foeman's wrath,
Hath turned me from my purposed path.
My hour is come; my light is lost,
By never-bursting blackness cross'd;
While unrevenged my kindred lie,
My nation's ghosts indignant cry;
And unatoned, my native lands
Must captive pass to stranger hands.
But thou, in thine immortal march
Renewed, wilt span the eternal arch:
Here wilt thou pour thy mellow flood,
When other sandals press the sod:
Thou, eye of even! on yonder hill
Wilt look, serene and beauteous still,
When the last echo shall have died,
That spoke my tribe's expiring pride;
Thy quenchless font diminished not,
When METACOM shall be forgot.

XXI.

"Fair sun of night! thou movest alone;
Compeer or friend thou ne'er hast known,
Mid all the swarms in yonder plain,
That sparkle only in thy wane.
And lone as thine, my course has been,
Amid the multitudes of men.
Through all the crowds that hemmed me round,
My soul no kindred spirit found.
All brutish natures I could meet,
The wary, bold, and strong, and fleet;
But that, whereby men's spirits sway
The herds that fly them, or obey,
I could not waken to my will
Or touch to one responsive thrill;
The nobler powers of men unite,
In hopes, in council, or in fight.

Else, conquering ever, I had met
The foe I reverence, while I hate;
And to their ocean hurled agen
The intruders proud, who are but men.

XXII.

"I can believe what seers of old,
And earlier dreams have dimly told,—
With memory's casual beams, that play,
To mock with ineffectual ray,—
With those wild thoughts and fancies vain,
That idly cross the waking brain;—
I can believe some souls, that quit
Their fleshy forms, again are sent,—
Unconscious, after wanderings fit,
Of their forsaken tenement,—
By wisdom's lore to sway the host,
Or glow within a warrior's frame;
As thou, O moon! though sometimes lost,
Return'st, another, yet the same.
If thus it be,—or if the soul,
Escaped, shall wing its viewless flight,
Amid the clouds that o'er us roll,
To track the eagle's realms delight,
And swell the tempest's martial voice,
When spirits bold in fight rejoice;—
Or seek those far off western climes,
Whence came our sires, in distant times,
For ever with their shades to dwell:—
Where'er the spirit's course may be,
My last good-night I give to thee;
Since thou no more shalt beam on me,
Moon of my fathers! fare thee well!"

XXIII.

He heard soft steps advancing fast;
Long shades o'er the rough fen were cast;

Indians draw near; in moments brief,
YAMOYDEN stands before the chief.
" Brother, well met; if firm thou art,
With me to stand or bleed;
If not, even as thou camest, depart,
No doubtful aid we need.
For treacherous dogs have sought the foe,
And soon our secret haunt will show;
Uncertain to remain or fly,
Our hope is but like men to die."
" SACHEM, no doubtful faith is mine;
My heart, my hand, my friends are thine.
To life to bind me there is nought;
Like thine, my kindred all have sought
The world where spirits go;
Like thine, a captive led, my wife
Leaves me a beggared half of life,
Hopeless to struggle with the strife
Of roaring waves of wo.
No wingëd sorcerer, from the bed,
Where they lie fathoms deep, and dead,
My perished hopes can bring;
No charmëd bough can find again
My cherished treasure's secret vein;
And no sweet songster's welcome voice
Can bid this widowed heart rejoice,
Or tell of budding spring.
My tongue with thee hath known no wile;
I liked thee not when stained with guile,
And helpless innocence thy spoil:
And yet if thine the serpent stroke,
And thine the serpent sting,
Thy foes did first each deed provoke,
And rattling indignation spoke
Swift vengeance on the wing.
Nor e'er shall Indian say that I
Stood calm, in recreant baseness nigh,

To see the foul and senseless beast
On generous valour coldly feast;
Gorge on, with no remorseless pang,
Nor feel the venom, nor the fang."

XXIV.

"Brother, enough; our wrongs the same,
One be our fate, and one our fame!"
Abrupt their speech the SACHEM broke,
For conscience smote him as he spoke.
In that high moment of despair,
When kindred valour swore to share
The hour of peril and of death,
The secret wrong lay hid beneath;
The deadly wrong, unthought, untold,—
And all was hollow, false, and cold!
"Rise, warriors rise!" the chieftain cried;
"Even here, on Haup's majestic side,
Yet be the white man's power defied!
Once more our native holds shall see
The Wampanoägs' martial glee;
Once more their echoes shall prolong
Our ancient, sacred, warrior song!"

XXV.

Emerging from the checkered sod,
From moving tree, from parting clod,
A hundred Indians rise;
As if a wizard's power had bade
The graves in throes give up their dead,
The potent spells of fear obeyed,
At which the pale moon overhead
Shrunk fading from the skies!
Around the expecting warriors ran;
His martial dance the chief began;
With ponderous club the earth he stroke,
And thus his death-song wildly woke.

XXVI.

PHILIP'S DEATH-SONG.

1.

"Heard ye, among the murmuring trees,
The spirits' whispering in the breeze?
Mark! where along the moonlight glade,
Flits the wandering hero's shade!
Old and sage OOSAMEQUIN!
Seekest thou thy people's groves agen?
Wise and ancient Sagamore!
Warily his wrongs he bore;
But still his spirit o'er its hate
Brooding did deeply meditate;
Living, it lowered on their abodes,
Dying, curs'd the white men's gods!

2.

See ye not a frowning ghost?
Valiant son of valiant sire!
Alas! that thine was not the boast,
OUAMSUTTA! to expire,
As warriors love their life to yield,
With blood-stained arms, on battle field!
The stately beech is green in vain,
When dies at top its vital part;
Wrought in thy brain the victor's chain,
And withered all thy manly heart.
But let thy foemen, from thy hearse,
Hear, and dread thy dying curse!

3.

Along the mist-clad mountain's brow
The deer may course in transport now;
O'er his plains may bounding go,
Bold, the shaggy buffalo;
Now the gray moose may fearless fly;
For cold the valiant hunters lie!

Strong was their arm; their step was fleet;
Swift as the deer's their wingëd feet:
How oft in desperate conflict low
They laid the madly struggling foe;
How oft their grasp, with sinewy might,
Has staid the elk, in wildest flight!

4.

Say, have I left ye, champions brave,
Forgot, dishonoured in your grave?
Say, did your spirits call in vain,
On one unmindful of the slain?
Brothers, have I idly stood,
When rung your war-cry in the wood;
When crimson battle-stains ye took,
Your quivers filled, and war-clubs shook?
Ye for my long remembrance speak,
Midnight fire, and midnight shriek!
Scalps, that my deadly vows made good!
Fields, where I quaffed the bowl of blood!"

XXVII.

But here no more our song must dwell,
While other chiefs look up the tale
Of their forefathers' deeds;
TIASK and TESPIQUIN began,
And through their sanguine annals ran,
The feuds and wars of many a clan,
Lost to the storied race of man,
Nor of them memory heeds:
Then, doomed to fall by guileful plan,
Long spoke the generous ANNAWAN.
Meantime YAMOYDEN stood aloof;
He heard a solemn, still reproof,
Demanding why the song of blood,
Ascending to the Christian's God,
To his late vows succeeds?

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO SIXTH.

Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene, thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll,
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl!

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To sooth the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O, who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress,—
The lonely moments of secluded wo,—
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friendship bless!

Thee youthful fancy loves in aid to call;
Thence first invoked the sacred sisters were;
The form that holds the enthusiast's heart in thrall,
He, mid his bright creation, paints most fair;—
True,—in this earthly wilderness of care,—
As hunters path the wilds and forests through;

And firm,—all fragile as thou art,—to bear
Life's dangerous billows,—as the light canoe,
That shoots, with all its freight, the impetuous rapid's flow,

Thee, Indians tell, the first of men to win,
Clomb long the vaulted heaven's unmeasured height:
And well their uncouth fable speaks therein
The worth even savage souls can never slight.
Tired with the chase, the hunter greets at night
Thy welcome smile, the balm of every wo;
Thy patient toil makes all his labours light;
And from his grave when friends and kindred go,
Thou weeping comest, the sweet sagamité to strow!

I.

Left to the troublous thoughts that rose
To bar her wearied frame's repose,
Sad Nora, in her guardian's care,
Had pass'd, in penitence and prayer,
The hours, till evening round descended,
And forests, shores, and waters blended,
In her pale, misty light:
The tenants of the wigwam slept,
And silently their prisoner crept
Forth in the doubtful night;
She gazed, with moist and wistful eye,
As now the moon, through clouds on high,
Climbed near her central height;
The wind, careering o'er the sky,
Scattered the rack confusedly;
One moment all was bright,
The next with shadows overspread;
And dark the forests waved their head;
And dark each scene that lay beneath
The inconstant heaven's uncertain wreath,
Arose upon her sight.

II.

And now the hour was near, she knew,
When, to his love and promise true,
YAMOYDEN from the mount would speed,
To seek his desolated cot;
It was in vain she mused, and sought
The morning's dark events to read,
That tore her thence away
From all she loved, in danger's hour,
And to the gloomy ruffian's power
Consigned her child a prey.
She only saw her husband, reft
Of all that fate unkind had left,
Roam through the forest, lost and wild,
Calling on NORA and her child;—
And then she thought upon the brave,
Doomed with him to a common grave,
Whom yet her warning voice might save.

III.

Unconscious where her footsteps strayed,
She roved through many a darksome glade,
Till, far from the forsaken glen,
She knew her morning's road agen.
She marked it by a lonely mound,
Raised by the traveller's pious hand,
That told, in its deserted ground,
Slept the dead heroes of the land;
Dead, ere upon the verdant strand
The invader's hostile feet were found;
Now sleeping, nameless, and alone,
Beneath that heap of rugged stone.
Onward through thick embowering wood,
Her lonely journey sped;
Deep was the tangled solitude
That round the wanderer spread.

Onward she went, till wild and rude,
The tempest burst in wrathful mood,
  Careering o'er her head.
Withdrawn was now the silver ray;
The lightning's momentary play
  A ruddier splendour shed;
Then midnight blackness round was cast;
Nor longer could the path be traced,
  And roving wild she fled.

IV.

Yamoyden rushed in that same hour
Forth from his desolated bower.
Alas! that hearts thus close allied
Should struggle with the severing tide,
  So near, yet so remote!
Like sailors of some perished bark,
Struggling mid billows vexed and dark;
While howls so loud the storm's career,
Each other's screams they cannot hear,
  Nor catch one dying note;
While but a single wave disparts
Those gallant, lost, and faithful hearts!

V.

Soon reason left her mind again;
There seemed a gulf of thoughts and pain
Roaring around her harassed brain,
  Where nought distinct arose;
She knew not why she wandered there,
Nor heard the sound that rent the air,
  Nor felt the tempest's throes.
It seemed as if, in murmurs nigh,
Throbbed on her ear some melody,

She once had loved and sung;
And well-known voices whispered near,
Even to her darkling memory dear;
And then a moment thundered by
The elemental revelry,
And deafening round her rung.
But when to consciousness once more
She waked, she marked the billows roar,
With troubled hue and sullen dash,
Oft lit by the retiring flash.
The storm had ceased its maddening rage,
And on her clouded pilgrimage
The moon was slowly riding;
High, mid the fringings of the storm,
She showed, half hid, her lucid form,
The scene of tumult chiding.

VI.

New terror blanched her pallid brow,
When o'er her path a stranger cross'd,
With wildered air, and footsteps slow,
As one in moody musings lost.
It was a red man she espied,
And, on her nearer view,
Her kind deliverer and her guide
The trembling lady knew.
The bold MOHEGAN shrunk to see
So wan, so fair a form as she;
In white was robed her slender frame,
And needs, he thought, a spirit came;
A spirit more beautiful than e'er
Had visited this gloomy sphere.
Her tremulous voice dissolved his spell;
"Mysterious friend?" she cried, "O tell,

Since life thou gavest me, where are those,
My husband and my infant where,—
Without whom life is hard to bear,
A prison-house of many woes!
Why was I torn from home away?
At whose command,—and wherefore—say."
"Such oft thy question," said the chief,
"Amid the darkness of thy grief.
Then vain my words to reach thine ear;
For it was closed; and I could hear
Thy converse with the spirits near.
Christian, than this I know no more,—
'Twas METACOM'S command that bore
Thy child to Pawkanawkut's shore.
And thou with him hadst gone; but I
Sought from his feeble cause to fly,
And thought that through thyself, for me,
Peace with thy brethren there might be:
Nor other aim had then, to save
Thy form from bondage or the grave.
Of UNCAS' race am I, who ne'er
Aught heeded woman's idle tear.
But when thou didst, in thy despair,
Hang on me like a wild-flower fair,
To the bleak cliffs of Haup that clings,—
When thou wast borne beneath my wings,
So lovely, helpless, wo-begone,—
Amid our ruthless band alone,—
A new-born gush of mercy stole,
Like a fresh dew, upon my soul:
Ay! though thy treacherous race I hate,
That melting pity lingers yet.
Beautiful Christian! I would die,
To spare thine heart one heavy sigh!
But this is idle; wouldst thou seek
News of YAMOYDEN?" "Speak! O speak!"

"I saw him, as his swift canoe,
Hours since, towards the mountain flew.
I marked him, through the mists and gloom:
I knew him by his eagle plume,
And by his woven mantle red;"
"And thou wilt serve me,—thou hast said?
O then conduct me there!
And I will call on heaven to shed
Its choicest blessings o'er thy head,
Even with my dying prayer."
"Fair Christian! to the mountain side,
Gladly thy footsteps I will guide;
But where thy husband lies below,
With METACOM, I cannot go.
Sad scenes will meet thine eyes,"—"No more!
Kind chieftain, bear me to the shore!"

VII.

His boat was nigh; its fragile side
Boldly the venturous wanderer tried;
Along they shot o'er the murmuring bay,
As they bore for the adverse bank away.
I guess it was a full strange sight,
To see in the track of the ghostly light,
The swarthy chief and the lady bright,
O'er the heaving waves borne on;
While her white wan cheek and robe of white
The pale ray played upon;
And above his dusky plumage shook;
Backward was flung his feathery cloak,
As his brawny arms were stretched to ply
The oars that made their shallop fly:—
I ween that he who had seen them ride,
As they rose in turn o'er the bellying tide,
Had deemed it a vision of olden time,
Of Afric wizard in faëry clime;

In durance dread, by sorceries dark,
Who wafted a lady in magic bark.
And all above, and around them, save
Where the quivering beam was on the wave,
Was dubious light, and shifting shade,
By clouds and mists and waters made:
The snowy foam on the billow lay,
Then sunk in the black abyss away;
The rack went scudding before the blast,
And its gloom o'er the bay came swift and pass'd;
Flittingly gleamed the silvery streak,
On the waving hills and mountain peak;
But the star of love looked out in the west,
As if that lone lady's path she bless'd.

VIII.

Swift, where the midway current swept,
His pirogue's course AHAUTON kept;
And soon, upon the opposing shore,
They saw their skiff securely moor;
And NORA knelt upon the sand,
And bless'd her God's directing hand;
Then on their course they bent;
Tall rocks in rude disorder piled,
Frowned o'er the bank sublimely wild;
Where fancy's eye, at dusky hour,
Might image citadel and tower.
And o'er the margin where they hung,
The fir from frequent fissure sprung;
Here, bending as it strove to lave
Its branches in the passing wave;
There, perched on high, with solemn cone,
It stood, in gloomy pride, alone.

IX.

She marked them not; nor, farther still,
Succeeding to that broken hill,

Where wide the landscape lay;
Nor paused they where an ancient wood,
In dark repose, and silent, stood;
Beyond its awful solitude,
The twain pursued their way.
Now, by the margin of the cove,
In rugged, winding path they rove.
She only looked, where, broad and high,
Mount Haup arose in majesty;
Lifting, through forests brown, its head,
Where the gray cliffs their rampart spread;
Their moss-clad brows the chroniclers
Of time, for many a thousand years,
That here, unstoried, came and went;
Aloft they stood, like battlement
Of Spirit's castle; as if there,
The wandering hosts of upper air,
In fleecy vapour oft revealed,
Nightly their spectral wassail held.

X.

And now, through wet and tangled ground,
Their pathway to the mountain wound.
The moon's last rays were trembling o'er
The hill, the bay, and adverse shore.
A moment, faintly bright, they rest
Upon the summit's naked breast;
Checker the thickets on its side,
Shed filmy lines along the tide;
On distant bank and rock and isle,
Gleam with their melancholy smile;
They tip the farthest hills that bound
The fading landscape glimmering round;
Fringe the deep clouds with parting light,
Then fail, and all is lost in night.

XI.

In darkness and in doubt, they tried
The rising mountain's rugged side;
Rude and uneasy its ascent,
To one with toil and grief o'erspent.
She heard the startled fox's cry,
Pass with its sudden wailing nigh;
The wolf's sad howl came frequent by;
But human voice was heard not there;
'Twas lone and mournful as despair;—
No watchfire shot its gleams afar,
Nor woke the red man's song of war;—
If warriors in these shades reposed,
All was in utter silence closed.

XII.

Pass'd is the long and rocky slope;
She stands upon the mountain top;
And cool is now the breeze that flings
O'er the bleak height its humid wings,
Freshening across the eastern bay,
The signal of approaching day.
And faintly, in the distant sky,
A gray beam stole on Nora's eye;
Dimly morn's struggling herald kiss'd
The foldings of the billowy mist,
And fell upon the waves below,
With soft and melancholy glow.

XIII.

Here the Mohegan paused; he bent
Northward, awhile, his gaze intent;
As if he marked, mid glooms below,
The haunts where lay ensnared his foe.
Troubled he seemed, as one who doth
A task, to which his will is loath,

But feels some fatal power control,
As with resistless whirl, the soul.
"Christian," he cried, "I leave thee here,
Where danger's course thou needst not fear.
He, who my brother slew, lies there!
As it were shame beyond repair,
If any but my father's son,
The murderer's scalp in battle won!
I would the tempest, o'er him spread,
Might burst but on the guilty head;
But the red bolt, once launched, must fall
In wrath and ruin upon all.
I go; but when the strife is past,
And the proud king lies cold at last,
When the foul birds shall downward sweep,
And forth the wolves on carnage peep,
Then mayst thou hence descend, to save
With thy sweet prayers the captive brave;
Bid the stained hand of slaughter stay
The axe impending o'er its prey;
Perchance YAMOYDEN rescue,—nay!
Now, vain thy farther journeying were.
Farewell! I leave thee thus alone,
But when my destined work is done,
His life shall be my dearest care."

XIV.

Silent and swift the chief departed;
Dark o'er the bosom of the hill,
Along the rocks she marked him steal,
Then in the thicket's depths he darted;
And she was left, alone to feel
The sad impatience that would see
The measure of its misery;
That hath, in man, nor hope nor friend,
Nor knows what time its wo shall end.

Then fervently the lone one prayed,
In this her trying hour for aid.

XV.

Sad rose the morning; not in bloom
Awakening radiant from the gloom;
All nature gladdening as it spread,
And light, and life, and glory shed;
Not sporting on the gentle gale,
That floats o'er stream and dewy vale;
Not bursting mid the kindling heaven,
Its hues in gold and purple given;—
For now, in dreary twilight lay
The scene beneath its mantle gray:
Mute was the melody of morn,
And hushed was nature's harp forlorn.
Alone, above the vaporous elouds,
That hung, with mournful hue, like shrouds,
O'er every distant peak,
Rose a faint line, as morning here
Thro' the dark hosts her flag would rear,
The coming day to speak.
Purple it seemed, yet lost and blending,
With the dull hues around ascending;
And a soft roseate tint was seen,
At intervals, the shades between;
As changeful, as unfixed it spread,
As the last bloom, ere life has fled.
But as the light of day uprose,
Those transient tints of beauty close;
In volumes dense, o'er earth and main,
Descend the wreathing mists again;
Pocasset's long and verdant coast
In that unwelcome veil was lost,
With sweep of hills and forests wide,
And sparkling waves between that glide;

Where, glancing o'er the sunny isles,
That stud the water's dimpling smiles,
The eye might ocean's breast explore,
Or scan the western streams that pour
Their tides on Narraganset's shore;
Or upward, to Patuxet's side,
Extend the tribute of their pride.
But now the scene had narrow bound,
And scarce the mountain's base beyond,
  Was aught distinctly seen:
Strange were the shapes that seemed to rise
Imperfectly upon the eyes;
And wildered fancy here might form
The awful Spirit of the storm,
  In all his terrors dress'd;
Stretching his giant arms abroad,
And throned where footsteps never trod;
Or high in gloomy car upborne,
Rushing to combat with the morn,
  Upon the tempest's breast.

XVI

Still as she gazed with anxious eye,
The expected battle to descry,
The breeze with murmurs low that sighed,
Came freshening from the eastern tide,
And swept the brooding mists away,
That o'er the northern prospect lay.
Rocks, woods, and swamps arose to view,
Though yet o'erhung with vapoury hue
And eastward, dimly mid the trees,
The English forms and arms she sees;
Low couched beneath the forest shade,
Round lay their silent ambuscade.
Prostrate the moveless band she spied;
An Indian by a white man's side,

Alternate placed, was crouching seen,
Skirting the borders of the fen.

XVII.

Intently as she gazed, agen,
Elsewhere, she marked where armëd men
Westward were hid, in ambush close,
From where a swelling upland rose.
That knoll a practised eye alone
The haunt of savages had known;
For the rude sconce, around it reared,
Like thicket's tangled growth appeared.
And there the remnant of that race,
So long devoted to the chase,
Lay hid; thus hemmed, all unaware
What morning greetings foes prepare;—
But, as the elks in northern wood,
Girt by the hunter's circle fly,
And headlong plunging in the flood
New dangers meet, and with their blood
Staining the guarded waters, die;
So, vainly may the band betrayed
Rush from their leaguered palisade,
The swamp's recesses dark to try,—
There, too, relentless foemen lie.

XVIII.

As Nora marked them, from the knoll,
With wary steps an Indian stole;
And seemed it, that the thicket's screen
Kept from his glance the foe unseen.
For forth he gazed; and though in sad
And dusky livery morn was clad,
Nature's free kingdom seemed to yield
A transport through his heart that thrilled.

He leap'd for joyance; when a flame
Bright from the ambushed thicket came;
The death-ball whizzed, with angry knell,
And from the rampart wild he fell.

XIX.

Then, as that signal's echoes rung,
Far flashed the fire the woods among.
Too soon their shot the ambush sent;
Innocuous o'er the foe it went.
But the dun smoke that upward flew,
The fortress veiled from NORA'S view,
Till, as the breezes slowly bear
Its volumes through the drizzly air,
She marked the assaulted Indians glide
Forth from their bulwark's eastward side,—
Unclosed, that timely they might gain
The marsh; disordered ran the train;
The dark morass they hurried through,
Ever low-bending as they flew,
Where sinking soil, and bush and tree,
Might best their screen and shelter be.
And issuing from the forest's verge,
Swift on their track the foemen urge;
As beagles to the death-scent true,
They rushed, and as remorseless too;—
The English, for their brethren's blood,—
Mohegans, for their ancient feud,—
Seaconets, too, by treachery base,
Who hoped to win the conquerors' grace;—
How weak the web that treason wove,
When ruin followed if it throve!

XX.

Then rose from that wild swamp the shout
That followed on the Indians' rout;

And their mad yell of fear and wrath,
As the shot whistled o'er their path;
And flame and smoke, far scattering, met
The lady's glance, who lingered yet
Above;—but then a film came o'er
Her sight, and she beheld no more.
A husband's death-cry in her ear
Came sadly, wildly ringing near;
And from the mountain steep she sped,
Unknowing where her pathway led.

XXI.

With that abrupt and steep descent,
Her senses reeled, her breath was spent;
But she was borne, in her giddy way,
To where the eastern ambush lay.
They marked her not, though near she came;
Fixed was their gaze, intent their aim,
Where, lost in their uncertain dread,
A band confused of Indians fled,
Toward the forest bound;
Quick paused they in their progress rash,
The thicket kindled with the flash,
And rung the musket sound.
Staggered, dismayed, the wildered band;
Some idly drew, with trembling hand,
Their moose-strings wet; the forest through
The arrowy shower in mockery flew;
A few their deadlier arms employ,
But now as powerless to destroy;
Then scattering, as the allied force
Uprose and urged upon their course,
Swift o'er the fen they fly;
Yet NORA heard, above the rout,
The vollying shot and scream and shout,
Old ANNAWAN'S war-cry.

He strove, with cheer, reproach, and threat,
His naked band to rally yet,
And yet the unequal conflict wage;
But vain, stout heart! thy gallant rage,
That well, on this sad field, became
The trophies of thine ancient fame!

XXII.

Thus from the covert where she stood,
Vanished the motley multitude;
One only here erect remained,
And moveless; one alone disdained
To gnaw the toils his hunters spread,
But reared at bay his monarch head.
A white man and an Indian near,
Fronted and stayed his bold career;
And scarce their muskets' length apart,
Stood, levelling at the warrior's heart.
Thus stopp'd he, barred in his advance;
Firm on the twain he fixed his eye,
Fierce as the pouncing falcon's glance;
His battle-axe he brandished high;
Else all unarmed. An instant there
Paused in their purposed work the pair;
So proud, in his defenceless state,
And terrible, he seemed to wait,
Himself to death to dedicate!
Trembling, the white man first gave fire,
But saw in faithless flash expire
The engine's fatal store;
"Thine is the chance the prize to gain,"—
He said, but spoke no more,
Ere, hurled with dexterous hand amain,
Sunk the fell tomahawk in his brain,
And down, a ghastly corse, he fell!
Then straight a loud and joyous yell

His Indian comrade gave:
"A ghost had been incensed," he cried,
"If thou by other arm had'st died!
This, from his gory grave,
Sends AGAMOUN!" he said, and true,
On their swift wings, the death balls flew,
A moment yet the SACHEM stood,
His right hand planted on his breast,
Where inward gushed the vital blood
And his attempted words suppress'd.
AHAUTON marked his dying look,
Speaking its stern and sad rebuke;
Then in the moor's dank, miry bed,
Deep fell the indignant chieftain, dead!

XXIII.

This in a moment's space was pass'd;
But as around the wanderer cast
Her gaze, a vision came,
That drew, despite of toil and fear,
E'en to the verge of battle near
Her now exhausted frame,
Amid a roving band, alone,
Her father in the fen was thrown,
Now feeble waxed with age and toil;
And scarce upon the slippery soil
He kept his footing; while he held,
With strength surpassing that of eld,
The ruffian host at bay;
A well-known voice salutes her ear,
E'en in that hurried scene most dear;
A well-known form she marked among
That haggard, fierce, and desperate throng,
Round, howling for their prey;
And, o'er her father's white hairs swung,
As high a murderous axe was hung,
She saw YAMOYDEN stay

The lifted arm; alas! too late
To break the blow, impelled by fate!
Averted from the old man's head,
On his own faithful breast it fell!
A rescue comes,—the Indians fled,—
Far off the sounds of conflict swell;—
But never more, on battle field,
That valiant arm shall weapon wield;
Nor, mid the combat's voices blending,
His cheering cry be heard ascending!

XXIV.

Dying he lay; and o'er him bent
FITZGERALD, now with kind intent.
As ebbed the living current fleet,
He whispered soothing comfort sweet,
Fraught with such heavenly nourishment,
Such chrism to the departing soul,
As amber gum to feverish vein;
Deep in the mental wound it stole,
Forgotten then his mortal pain.
What form comes floating on his glance,
Brightest in that celestial trance?
"Fair image of my blessëd wife!
Comest thou too, from the load of life
To loose the spirit's struggling wing,
And bid it upward, upward spring?
Wilt thou not join me in that clime,
On whose far shore the waves of time
Fall with faint murmur as they flow?—
Our child—farewell!"—"YAMOYDEN, no!
Alone thy spirit will not go.
We have not loved as those that woo,
Amid the spring-tide's laughing flowers,
And in green summer only true,
Part ere dark winter's chilling hours.

Hearts, long in grief and danger tried,
Relenting death will ne'er divide!"

XXV.

Thus faintly murmuring, by his side
Exhausted sunk his faithful bride.
She strove, with her long locks unbound,
To stanch the grim and ghastly wound;
Her husband's arms, with dying grasp,
Her lovely, wasted form enclasp;
Her constant bosom to his breast
Closer and closer still he press'd;
Her gaze met his, where every ray
Of earthly passion pass'd away;
The glance of love, that conquers time,
Was blent with confidence sublime;
As if on their departing view,
With heaven, that love was opening too!
FITZGERALD, bending o'er them, brushed
Aside the tears that freely gushed.
"Farewell, misguided one!" he said,—
"Dim light along thy path was shed;
There may be mercy, even for thee!
Thy child; may heaven to me
Be kind as I to him shall be!
May this thy parting hour be sweet;
Thy wounded conscience healed;
With unction of the Paraclete,
Thy soul's salvation sealed;
And may thy parted spirit meet
Thy Saviour's form revealed."

XXVI.

The old man's glance was heavenward cast,
As breathed that wish, the best, the last,
And strong and fervent was his prayer,
Communing with his Father there.

He viewed them as they lay reclined,
Their lips conjoint, their forms entwined.
They moved not, heaved not, breathed not, yet
It seemed the lovers' glances met.
He knelt, he strove his child to raise,
But vain the task the sire essays;
He felt no struggle; caught no sound;
But to each other they were bound,
So close, that vain were all endeavour,
With aught that sacred clasp to sever,
  Save sacrilegious knife;
The father gazed in anguish wild,—
He press'd the bosom of his child,—
  There beat no pulse of life!

CONCLUSION.

Sad was the theme, which yet to try we chose,
In pleasant moments of communion sweet;
When least we thought of earth's unvarnished woes,
And least we dreamed, in fancy's fond deceit,
That either the cold grasp of death should meet,
Till after many years, in ripe old age;
Three little summers flew on pinions fleet,
And thou art living but in memory's page,
And earth seems all to me a worthless pilgrimage.

Sad was our theme; but well the wise man sung,
"Better than festal halls, the house of wo;"
'Tis good to stand destruction's spoils among,
And muse on that sad bourne to which we go.
The heart grows better when tears freely flow;
And, in the many-coloured dream of earth,
One stolen hour, wherein ourselves we know,
Our weakness and our vanity,—is worth
Years of unmeaning smiles, and lewd, obstreperous mirth.

'Tis good to muse on nations passed away,
For ever, from the land we call our own;
Nations, as proud and mighty in their day,
Who deemed that everlasting was their throne.
An age went by, and they no more were known!
Sublimer sadness will the mind control,
Listening time's deep and melancholy moan;
And meaner griefs will less disturb the soul;
And human pride falls low, at human grandeur's goal.

PHILIP! farewell! thee KING, in idle jest,
Thy persecutors named; and if in deed,
The jewelled diadem thy front had press'd,
It had become *thee* better, than the breed
Of palaces, to sceptres that succeed,
To be of courtier or of priest the tool,
Satiate dull sense, or count the frequent bead,
Or pamper gormand hunger; thou wouldst rule
Better than the worn rake, the glutton, or the fool!

I would not wrong thy warrior shade, could I
Aught in my verse or make or mar thy fame;
As the light carol of a bird flown by,
Will pass the youthful strain that breathed thy name:
But in that land whence thy destroyers came,
A sacred bard thy champion shall be found;
He of the laureate wreath for thee shall claim
The hero's honours, to earth's farthest bound,
Where Albion's tongue is heard, or Albion's songs resound.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Stanza II.

The forest cinctured mountain stood.

Mount Hope appears to have been called by the Indians Mont Haup, or Montaup; and has been thence easily corrupted into its present name. It has given occasion for many pleasant puns to Mr. Hubbard and Cotton Mather. As when Philip fled there in his last exigency, it is called Mount Hope, rather Mount Misery—"Lucus a non lucendo," &c. It is called Haup throughout the poem; improperly, I believe—Transeat cum cæteris. The following description is pretty correct; although somebody has been playing a hoax upon the worthy meditator among the tombs; first, as to the name of the hill; secondly, as to the fact of Philip's choosing the most conspicuous situation he could possibly select when he most needed concealment; and, thirdly, as to the circumstance of his droll exhibition on the occasion of his death. That there is no foundation for this tradition seems evident from the account of Captain Church himself, extracted in the notes to the Sixth Canto.

"King Philip, as he is usually called, erected his wigwam on a lofty and beautiful rise of land in the eastern part of Bristol, which is generally known by the name of Mount Hope. According to authentic tradition, however, *Mon Top* was the genuine aboriginal name of this celebrated eminence. To this there was no doubt an appropriate meaning; but it cannot, at present, be easily ascertained.

"From the summit of this mount, which is, perhaps, less than three hundred feet* above high-water mark, it is said, that in a clear day every town in Rhode-Island may be seen. The towering spires of Providence in one direction, those of Newport in another, the charming village of Bristol, the fertile island of Poppasquash, fields clothed with a luxuriant verdure as far as the eye can stretch, irregular meandering waters intersecting the region to

* By a late admeasurement it is not much more than two hundred.

the west, Mount Hope bay on the east, and distant lands with various marks of high cultivation, form, in the aggregate, a scene truly beautiful and romantic.

"The late Lieutenant-Governor Bradford, in early life, knew an aged squaw, who was one of Philip's tribe, was well acquainted with this sagamore in her youthful days, and had often been in his wigwam. The information through her is, therefore, very direct, as to the identical spot where he fixed his abode. It was a few steps south of Captain James De Wolf's summer-house, near the brow of the hill, but no vestige of the wigwam remains. The eastern side of this hill is very steep, vastly more so than that at Horse Neck, down which the intrepid Putnam trotted his sure-footed steed, in manner worthy of a knight of the tenth century, *in time of the revolutionary war*, and wonderfully escaped his pursuing enemy.

"When Church's men were about to rush upon Philip, he is said to have evaded them by springing from his wigwam as they were entering it, and rolling, like a hogshead, down the precipice which looks towards the bay.

"Having reached the lower part of this frightful ledge of rocks without breaking his bones, he got upon his feet, and ran along the shore in a northeasterly direction about a hundred rods, and endeavoured to screen himself in a swamp, then a quagmire, but now terra-firma.

"Here the sachem of Mon Top, long the magormissabib of the New-England colonies, was shot, on the 12th of August, 1676, by Richard,* one of his Indians, who had been taken a little before by the noted Captain Church, and was become his friend and soldier.

"The ledge of rocks, forming the precipice before mentioned, extends for a considerable distance nearly parallel with the shore of the bay. In a certain situation between the site of the wigwam and the place where Philip received his death wound, and where the solid mass of quartz, which forms the basis of Mon Top, is nearly perpendicular and forty or fifty feet high, is a natural excavation of sufficient dimensions to afford a convenient seat. It is five or six feet from the ground, and is known by the name of Philip's *Throne*. A handsome grass plat of small extent lies before it. At the foot of the throne is a remarkably fine spring of water, from which proceeds a never-failing stream. This is called Philip's Spring.

"On that throne, tradition says, Philip used often to sit in regal style, his warriors forming a semicircle before him, and give law to his nation."—*Rev. T. Alden's Collection of Epitaphs*, Pentade I., vol. iv.

Aquetnet Green.

Aquetnet was the Indian name for the island now called Rhode Island.—*New-England's Memorial*, 116.

* This was not his name. See the Notes to Canto VI.

Pocasset's Hills.

The Pocasset shore, now called Tiverton, is opposite Mount Hope.

STANZA IV.

Now two-score years of peace had pass'd, &c.

"As for the rest of the Indians, ever since the suppression of the Pequods, in the year 1637, until the year 1675, there was always in appearance amity and good correspondence on all sides; scarce an Englishman was ever known to be assaulted or hurt by any of them until after the year 1674," &c. —*Hubbard's Narrative of the Indian Wars in New-England, &c.*

Until the Pequods' empire fell.

"The Pequots, or Pequods, were a people seated in the most southerly bounds of New-England; whose country the English of Connecticut jurisdiction doth now for the most part possess. This nation were a very warlike and potent people about forty years since; at which time they were in their meridian. Their chief sachem held dominion over divers petty sagamores; as over part of Long Island, over the Mohegans, and over the sagamores of Quinapeake, yea, over all the people that dwelt upon Connecticut river, and over some of the most southerly inhabitants of the Nipmuck country, about Quinabaag. The principal sachem lived at or about Pequot, now called New-London. These Pequots, as old Indians relate, could in former times raise four thousand men fit for war; and held hostility with their neighbours that lived bordering upon them to the east and north, called the Narragansitts, or Nechegansitts; but now they are few, not above three hundred men; being made subject unto the English, who conquered and destroyed most of them, upon their insolent deportment and just provocation, anno 1638."—*Gookin's Historical Collections of the Indians in New-England; first printed from the original manuscript, at Boston, in* 1792.

"Historians have treated of the Pequots and Moheagans as two distinct tribes, and have described the Pequot country as lying principally within the three towns of New-London, Groton, and Kensington. All the tract above this, as far north and east as has been described, they have represented as the Moheagan country. Most of the towns in this tract, if not all of them, hold their lands by virtue of deeds from Uncas, or his successors, the Moheagan sachems. It is, however, much to be doubted, whether the Moheagans were a distinct nation from the Pequots. They appear to have been a part of the same nation, named from the place of their situation. Uncas was evidently of the royal line of the Pequots, both by his father and mother; and his wife was daughter of Tatobam, one of the Pequot sachems. He appears to have been a petty sachem, under Sassacus, the great prince of the nation. When the English first came to Connecticut, he

was in a state of rebellion against him, and of little consequence among the Indians. The Pequots were by far the most warlike nation in Connecticut, or even in New-England, &c. Their principal fort was on a commanding and most beautiful eminence in the town of Groton, a few miles south-easterly from Fort Griswold. This was the royal fortress, where the chief sachem had his residence. He had another fort near Mystic river, a few miles to the eastward of this, called Mystic fort. The Pequots, Moheagans, and Nehantics, could doubtless muster a thousand bowmen."—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut*, vol. i., p. 42.

"*The Mahiccanni*," says Mr. Heckewelder, "have been called by so many names that I was at a loss which to adopt, so that the reader might know what people were meant. Lookiel calls them 'Mohicans,' which is nearest to their real name Mahiccanni, which, of course, I have adopted. The Dutch called them Mahicanders; the French Mourigans, and Mahingans; the English, Mohiccons, Mohuccans, Mohegans, Muhheekanew, Schaticooks, River Indians.

They are called Muhhekaneews, by Dr. Edwards, in his "*Observations*" on their language, published at New-York, 1801. The old historians of New-England term them Moheags, Moheaks, and Mohegins, &c. I have adopted in the text the mode of writing it which seemed most euphonious. These people were one of the most martial and important tribes of the great family to which the Delawares belonged, called *Lenopi* by Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," and *Lenni Lenape*,* by Mr. Heckewelder. The latter author agrees with the venerable historian of Connecticut, as to the Mohicans being the same race with the Pequods.

Until the Pequots' empire fell, &c.

I have thought it necessary to make the foregoing extracts in relation to the people, who, after their decisive overthrow, mentioned in the text, always took part with the English against Philip. But as the events, recapitulated in the fourth and sixth following stanzas, were merely premised, as explanatory of the allusions made in the poem, it is unnecessary to give much more than references to the authors who have recorded them.

And Sassacoüs, &c.

The name of the Pequod sagamore is thus written, without the diæresis, by the Rev. Mr. Hubbard. The accent is, however, placed on the first syllable, in a poem by Governor Winthrop, preserved in the "*Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*." "At Sassacus' dread name," &c.

The Pequods quarrelled with the colonists at an early period of the settlement: and, after a hollow treaty of peace, which they entered into in the year 1636, they protected certain of the Narragansetts who had murdered

* Meaning an original people, *αυτοχθονες*.

some of the English on Block-Island. This led to a war, in the course of which the Narragansetts, with the versatile and jealous policy of Indian nations, made their own peace with the English, and refused to assist the Pequods. They appear, however, to have experienced some compunction when the Pequod fort was attacked by the English on the 26th May, 1637; when, after a vigorous and desperate resistance by the savages, the fort was fired by Captain Mason's men, sixty or seventy wigwams burnt, and seven hundred of the miserable Pequods destroyed. The Narragansetts were mere spectators on this occasion. They either felt, or pretended, an unconquerable fear of Sassacus, whom they called invincible; saying, "he was all one god." Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, who, as has been already mentioned, was in a state of revolt against the great sagamore when the English first settled in Connecticut, was their guide to the fortress of his enemy; and ever after, with wary and more consistent policy than belonged to his brethren, adhered to the interests of his new allies. Sassacus fled to the Mohocks (termed Mohogs and Maquas* by the old historians), who murdered him and sent his scalp to the conquerors.—*See Trumbull's History of Connecticut, and the authorities there quoted; also Hubbard's Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians, first published, by authority, at Boston*, 1677. *New-England's Memorial, Boston printed, Newport reprinted*, 1777. *Prince's Chronological History of New-England, Boston*, 1736. *Mather's Magnalia, Book VII. &c.*

Till Metacom his war-dance held.

"The Paukanawkutts were a great people heretofore. They lived to the east and northeast of the Narragansitts; and their chief sachem held dominion over divers other petty sagamores, upon the island of Nantuckett, and Nope, or Martha's Vineyard, of Nawsett, of Mannamoyk, of Sawkattukett, Nobsquasitt, Matakees and several others, and some of the Nipmucks. Their country, for the most part, falls within the jurisdiction of New-Plimouth colony. This people were a potent nation in former times; and could raise, as the most credible and ancient Indians affirm, about three thousand men. They held war with the Narragansitts, &c. This nation, a very great number of them, were swept away by an epidemical and unwonted sickness, an. 1612 and 1613, about seven or eight years before the English arrived in those parts to settle the colony of New-Plimouth. Thereby Divine Providence made way for the peaceable and quiet settlement of the English in those nations. What this disease was that so generally and mortally swept away, not only those, but other Indians, their neighbours, I cannot well learn. Doubtless it was some pestilential disease. I

* *Maqua* in the Mohegan tongue, which is the same with the Chippeway and Algonquin, means *bear*. See the vocabularies in Dr. Edwards's "Observations," "Carver's Travels," and the Appendix to Baron Le Hontan. So, *Mahingan* means a *wolf*; and their tribe was called *Les Loups* by the French, according to Mr. Jefferson.

have discoursed with some old Indians, that were then youths; who say, that the bodies all over were exceeding yellow, describing it by a yellow garment they showed me, both before they died, and afterward."—*Gookin.*

Of this people, the Wampanoags, or Wampanoogs, &c. (as it is differently written), seem to have been the immediate clan or family of old Massasoit, or Massasoiet, or Woosamequen,* the father of Metacom, or Metacomet,† called King Philip by the English. The latter, however, signs his treaties, "Philip, Sachem of Pokanoket, his mark, P."

"When Plimouth colony was first planted, within three monettes after their first landing, March 16, 1620, Massasoit, the chief sachem of all that side of the country, repaired to the English at Plimouth, and entered into a solemn league upon sundry articles, printed in N. E. Memorial, 1669, p. 24. The words are as followeth," &c.—*Hubbard, old edition* 7. *Edition of* 1814, p. 56.

"The which league the same sachim, Sept. 25, 1630,‡ a little before his death, coming with his eldest son [*Mooanam* or *Wamsutta*], afterward called Alexander, did renew with the English at the court of Plimouth, for himself and his son, and their heirs and successors; and after that he came to Mr. Brown's, that lived not far from Mount Hope, bringing his two sons, Alexander and Philip, with him, desiring that there might be love and amity after his death between his sons and them, as there had been betwixt himself and them in former times: yet it is very remarkable that this Massasoit, called also Woosamequen (how much soever he affected the English, yet) was never in the least degree any wayes well affected to the religion of the English, but would have had them engaged never to attempt to draw away any of his people from their old Pagan superstition and devilish idolatry," &c.—*Idem.*

"After the death of this Woosamequen, or Massasoit [about 1656], his eldest son succeeded him about twenty years since, Alexander by name, who, notwithstanding the league he had entered into with the English, together with his father, in the year 1639, had neither affection to the Englishmen's persons, nor yet to their religion, but had been plotting with the Narhagansets to rise against the English, of which the governour and council of Plimouth being informed, they presently sent for him to bring him to the court; the person to whom that service was committed was a prudent and resolute gentleman, the present governour of the said colony, who was neither afraid of danger, nor yet willing to delay in a matter of that moment.

* The Indians were in the habit of changing their names at their great war dances. Thus Canonchet was afterward called Nanunteno.

† Printed, I suppose, by mistake, *Metamocet*, in the Analectic Magazine, containing the life of Philip, by Mr. Irving. See *Increase Mather's Brief History of the War*, &c. Boston, 1676.

‡ Should be 1639, as Hubbard has it himself in the next page, and as it is in N. E. Memorial. The error is not corrected in the new edition of Hubbard.

He forthwith, taking eight or ten stout men with him well armed, intended to have gone to the said Alexander's dwelling, distant at least forty miles from the governour's house, but by a good providence he found him whom he went to seek at an hunting-house, within six miles of the English towns, where the said Alexander, with about eighty men, were newly come in from hunting, and had left their guns without doors, which Major Winslow, with his small company, wisely seized, and conveyed away, and then went into the wigwam, and demanded Alexander to go along with him before the governour, at which message he was much appalled, but being told by the undaunted messenger, that if he stirred or refused to go he was a dead man; he was, by one of his chief counsellors, in whose advice he most confided, perswaded to go along to the governour's house, but such was the pride and height of his spirit, that the very surprizal of him raised his choler and indignation, that it put him into a feaver, which, notwithstanding all possible means that could be used, seemed mortal; whereupon intreating those that held him prisoner, that he might have liberty to return home, promising to return again if he recovered, and to send his son as hostage till he could do so; on that consideration he was fairly dismissed, but dyed before he got half-way home."—*Idem.* Our author then makes a sort of apology for the treatment of Alexander. He says it was never urged as a cause of offence by the said Alexandar's brother, by name Philip, commonly for his ambitious and haughty spirit nicknamed King Philip. Nothing, he says, could have induced the said Philip to make war on the English, "besides the instigation of Satan, that either envied at the prosperity of the Church of God here seated, or else fearing lest the power of the Lord Jesus, that had overthrown his kingdome in other parts of the world, should do the like here, and so the stone taken out of the mountain without hands should become a great mountain itself, and fill the whole earth, no cause of provocation being given by the English."

Thus died of a broken heart the proud-spirited brother of Philip. Cotton Mather, who treats the Netops, as he calls them, with very little ceremony, condescends to mention, that "Alexander was treated with no other than that *humanity* and *civility* which was always *essential* to the major-general; nevertheless, the *inward fury* of his own guilty and haughty mind threw him into such a *fever* as cost him his life."—*Magnalia, Book VII. Ecclesianum prælia, or the Wars of the Lord*, p. 45, a. and b.

To him succeeded Metacom, or King Philip, anno 1662; "who," as the learned, but quaint, annalist goes on to state, "after he had solemnly renewed his *covenant* of *peace* with the English, most perfidiously broke it by making an attempt of war upon them in the year 1671, wherein being seasonably and effectually defeated, he humbly confessed his breach of *covenant*, and subscribed articles of *submission*, &c. Indeed, when the Duke of *Archette*, at his being made governour of *Antwerpe* castle, took an oath to keep it faithfully for King *Philip* of *Spain*; the officer that gave him his oath

used these odd words, *If you perform what you promise, God help you; if you do it not, the devil take you body and soul!* And all the standers by cried, *Amen.* But when the Indian King *Philip* took an oath to be faithful unto the government of *New-England*, nobody used *these words* unto him; nevertheless, you shall anon see whether these words were not expressive enough of what became of him."—*Idem*, p. 45, b.

It would be too troublesome, as well as unnecessary, to give even a sketch of the life of Philip up to the time when the poem commences. A connected account of the sachem's adventures may be found in *Mather's Magnalia, Increase Mather's Brief History, &c.; Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts*, vol. i.; and *Trumbull's History of Connecticut*, vol. i. The following note in *Holmes's American Annals* does justice to his character, and makes proper allowance for the measures taken by the English.

"The death of Philip, in retrospect, makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was then considered as the extinction of a virulent and implacable enemy; it is now viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, and a mighty prince. It then excited universal joy and congratulation, as a prelude to the close of a merciless war; it now awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage; and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of the barbarities of the warrior. Philip, in the progress of the English settlements, foresaw the loss of his territory, and the extinction of his tribe; and made one mighty effort to prevent those calamities. Our pity for his misfortunes would be still heightened, could we entirely rely on the tradition (mentioned by Calendar, 73), that Philip and his chief old men were at first averse to the war; that Philip wept with grief at the news of the first English who were killed; and that he was pressed into the measures by the irresistible importunity of his young warriors. The assurance, on the other hand, of the equity of our ancestors, in giving the natives an equivalent for their lands, is highly consoling. The upright and pious Governor Winslow, in a letter dated at Marsfield, 1st May, 1676, observes: 'I think I can clearly say, that before these present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony, but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors. We first made a law that none should purchase, or receive of gift, any land of the Indians, without the knowledge and allowance of our court. And lest yet they should be streightened, we ordered that Mount Hope, Pocasset, and several other necks of the best land in the colony, because most suitable and convenient for them, should never be bought out of their hands.' See Hubbard's Narrative (where this important letter is inserted entire), and Hazard, Coll. ii. 531–534."—*Holmes's American Annals*, vol. i. p. 365.

Whatever wrongs Philip may have sustained during his life, from the

arms and pens of his enemies, it seems that his shade will be fully propitiated in the present day. He will have Mr. Southey for his bard; and has already had Mr. Irving for his biographer. To those who have had occasion to examine the rude annals of the earlier settlers in the east, it must surely be a matter of admiration to see with what facility and grace the author of Knickerbocker has extricated and made use of all the prominent and interesting particulars in the history of that period.

Fiercely they trim their crested hair.

"Then she called for the Mount Hope men, who made a formidable appearance, with their faces painted, and their hair trimmed up in comb-fashion, with their powder-horns and shot-bags at their backs; which among that nation is the posture and figure of preparedness for war." *Thomas Church's "Entertaining History of King Philip's War," &c. Boston, 1716. Newport, reprinted, 1772.* By *comb-fashion*, is meant a crest, from the forehead to the back of the head. "The priests in Secota," says Purchas, "haue their haire on the crowne like a combe, the rest being cut from it: only a foretop on their forehead is left, and that combe. They are great wisards." *Purchas's Pilgrim, Part* 3d, p. 949. "Table 2, is an Indian man in his summer dress. The upper part of his hair is cut short, to make a ridge which stands up like the comb of a cock, the rest is either shorn off, or knotted behind his ear." *History of Virginia, second edition, London,* 1822; said in a manuscript note, in the copy belonging to the New-York Historical Library, to be by one Robert Beverly.

Their peäg belts.

The author last mentioned calls the wampum beads *peak;* it is generally written peag. "The women of distinction," says he, "wear deep necklaces, pendants, and bracelets, made of small cylinders of the conque-shell, which they call peak." The white beads were made from the hollow of conchs; the purple, which were most prized, from muscle-shells. They were strung on leather. *Colden's History of the Five Nations. Heckewelder,* &c. And see a subsequent note to this Canto.

STANZA V.

The red fire is blazing.

"It being now about sun-setting, or near the dusk of the evening, the Netops came running from all quarters loaden with the tops of dry pines, and the like combustible matter, making a huge pile thereof, near Mr. Church's shelter, on the open side thereof; but by this time supper was brought in, &c.; but by the time supper was over, the mighty pile of pine knots and tops, &c. was fired, and all the Indians, great and small,

gathered in a ring round it. *Awashonks*, with the oldest of her people, men and women mixed, kneeling down, made the first ring next the fire, and all the lusty stout men, standing up, made the next, and then all the rabble in a confused crew surrounded on the outside. Then the chief captain stepped in between the rings and the fire, with a spear in one hand, and a hatchet in the other, danced round the fire, and began to fight with it, making mention of all the several nations and companies of Indians in the country that were enemies to the English; and at naming of every tribe, he would draw out and fight a new fire-brand, and at finishing his fight with each particular fire-brand, would bow to him and thank him; and when he had named all the several nations and tribes, he stuck down his spear and hatchet, and came out; and another stept in and acted over the same dance, with more fury, if possible, than the first; and when about half a dozen of their chiefs had thus acted their parts, the captain of the guard stept up to Mr. Church, and told him, '*They were making soldiers for him*,'" &c. *Church's History*, p. 49, 50.

The hills of Pocasset replied to the call,
And their queen, &c.

Weetamoe, the sunk* squaw, or squaw sachem of the Pocassets, was a kinswoman of Philip. Captain Church was hard beset by her people, at the breaking out of the war. She is not to be confounded with Awashonks, squaw sachem of the Seaconets, who dwelt southerly from the Pocasset Indians.

Stanza VI.

Through Narraganset's countless clan.

"East of Connecticut were the Narraganset Indians: these were a numerous and powerful body. When the English settled Plymouth, their fighting men were reckoned at three or four thousand; fifty years after this time they were estimated at two thousand. The Pequots and Narragansets maintained perpetual war, and kept up an implacable animosity between them." *Trumbull*, I. 43. This jealousy was a great source of safety to the English, both in the Pequot war, when they were joined by the Narragansets, and in the war with Philip, when the Pequods (or Mohegans) assisted them in exterminating the Narragansets. The Niantics, or Nehantics, were a branch of the Narragansets who joined the English interest, under their sachem Aganemo. For a further account of the Narragansets, *see Gookin*.

The tributary Nipnets heard.

"On the northeasterly and northern part of the colony were the Nipmuck Indians. Their principal seat was about the great ponds in Oxford, in

* Written *snuke* in the very incorrect modern edition of Hubbard.

Massachusetts, but their territory extended southward into Connecticut more than twenty miles." *Trumbull*, I. 43. These people are also called Nipnets by Hubbard; it has been already mentioned that they were tributary to the Pawkanawkutts. The situation of all these tribes is thus briefly given by Hubbard. "The seacoast, from the pitch of Cape Cod to the mouth of Connecticut river, [was] inhabited by several nations of Indians, Wampanoogs (the first authors of the present rebellion), Narragansetts, Pequods, Mohegins, and the more inland part of the country by the Nipnets (a general name for all inland Indians betwixt the Massachusetts and Connecticut river)."

Stanza VII.

But Sausaman untimely slain.

Sausaman was the son of Christian Indians, but apostatized, and became King Philip's secretary, who, as Dr. Mather sarcastically remarks, could not even read. A letter dictated by Philip, and written by Sausaman, is preserved in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. ii. p. 40. Sausaman afterward returned to the English, and became an instructer among the Indians. In the year 1674, he informed the governor of Plymouth that Philip was plotting with all the Indian nations, to destroy the English. Little notice was taken of this communication at first. But Sausaman was soon after found murdered on Assawamsett pond, at a place now called Middleborough, Massachusetts. When he was missed, the neighbours sought for and found the dead body, which had been put under a hole in the ice; but his hat and gun, being left, led to the discovery. "A jury was impanelled," says C. Mather, "and it was remarkable, that one *Tobias*, a counsellor of King *Philip's*, whom they suspected as the author of this murder, approaching to the *dead body*, it would still *fall a bleeding afresh*, as if it had been newly slain, &c. Afterward an Indian, called *Patuckson*, gave his testimony, that he saw this *Tobias*, with certain other Indians, killing of *John Sausaman*, &c. Hereupon Tobias, with two other Indians, being apprehended, they were, after a fair trial, by a *jury* consisting half of English and half of Indians, convicted, and so condemned; and though they were all successively turned off the ladder at the gallows, utterly denying the fact, yet the last of them happening to break or slip the rope, did, before his going off the ladder again, confess that the other Indians did really murder John Sausaman, and that he was himself, though no actor in it, yet a looker on. Things began by this time to have an *ominous* aspect." —*Math. Magnalia*, VII. 46. a. See also *Hubbard*, new edition, 66–71. *Church*, 9. *Increase Mather*, 2, and the *Postscript* to the same; also the *Postscript* in the old edition of *Hubbard*, apologizing for the justness of the war, &c.

"*Philip*, conscious to his own guilt, pusht on the execution of his *plot* as fast as he could; he armed his *men*, and sent away their *women* [to the Narragansets], and entertained many strange Indians that flocked in unto him from several parts of the country, and began to be tumultuous."—*C. Mather ubi supra.*

Thus broke out King Philip's war, which terminated in almost the total extermination of his allies. Happily for the settlers, it commenced prematurely. The sachem's plans were general, and deeply laid. The Narragansets had promised to rise with four thousand men, according to Hubbard. It is unnecessary to make any particular references on the miseries of war, alluded to in Stanza VII.

Stanza VIII.

Till Narraganset's fortress blazed.

In the winter of 1675–6 the commissioners of the United Colonies determined to attack the Narraganset fortress, situated near Pawcatuck river, "on an elevated ground, or piece of upland, of perhaps three or four acres, in the middle of a hideous swamp; about seven miles nearly due west from *Narraganset* south ferry."—*Church*, 29. The following account of that tragical business is the most full and perspicuous.

"The next morning (Dec. 19th), at the dawning of the day, they commenced their march towards the enemy, who were in a swamp at about fifteen miles distance. The troops proceeded with great spirit, wading through the snow, in a severe season, until nearly one o'clock, without fire to warm or food to refresh them, except what had been taken on the way. At this time they had arrived just upon the seat of the enemy. This was upon a rising ground, in the centre of a large swamp. It was fortified with palisades, and compassed with a hedge without, nearly of a rod's thickness. The only entrance which appeared practicable was over a log, or tree, which lay up five or six feet from the ground. This opening was commanded in front by a kind of log-house, and on the left by a flanker. As soon as the troops entered the skirts of the swamp, they discovered an advanced party of the enemy, upon whom they immediately fired. The enemy returned the fire, and retired before them, until they were led to the very entrance by the block-house. Without reconnoitering the fort, or waiting for the army to march up and form for the attack, the Massachusetts troops, led on by their officers with great courage, mounted the tree and entered the fort; but they were so galled from the block-house, and received such a furious and well-directed fire from almost every quarter, that after every exertion of skill and courage of which they were capable, they were obliged to retreat out of the fort. The whole army pressed forward with the utmost courage and exertion, but such were the obstructions from the

swamp and the snow, that it was a considerable time before the men could all be brought up to action. Captains Johnson and Davenport, and many brave men of the Massachusetts, were killed. The Connecticut troops, who formed in the rear, coming up to the charge, mounted over the log before the blockhouse, the captains leading and spiriting up the men in the most undaunted manner. About the same time that the main body of the Connecticut troops were forcing their way by the blockhouse, a few bold men ran round to the opposite part of the fort, where they found a narrow spot where there were no palisades, but a high and thick hedge of trees and brush. The sharpness of the action in the front had drawn off the enemy from this part, and climbing over unobserved, they ran down between the wigwams, and poured a heavy and well-directed fire upon the backs of the enemy, who lay wholly exposed to their shot. Thus assaulted in front and rear, they were driven from the flanker and blockhouse. The captains crying out, they run, they run, the men pressed so furiously upon them that they were forced from that part of the fort. The soldiers without rushed in with great spirit, and the enemy were driven from one covert and hiding-place to another, until the middle of the fort was gained; and after a long and bloody action they were totally routed, and fled into the wilderness. As they retired, the soldiers set fire to the wigwams, about six hundred of which were instantly consumed. The enemy's corn, stores, and utensils, with many of their old men, women, and children, perished in the conflagration. It was supposed that three hundred warriors were slain, besides many wounded, who afterward died of their wounds and with the cold. Nearly the same number were taken, with three hundred women and children. From the number of wigwams in the fort, it is probable that the whole number of the Indians was nearly four thousand. Those who were not killed in battle, or did not perish in the flames, fled to a cedar swamp, where they spent the night without food, fire, or covering. It was, nevertheless, a dearly-bought victory. Six brave captains fell in the action, and eighty men were killed or mortally wounded. A hundred and fifty were wounded, who afterward recovered. After the fatiguing march, and hard-fought battle of three hours, in which the troops had been exercised, the army, just at the setting of the sun, having burnt and destroyed all in their power, left the enemy's ground; and carrying about two hundred dead and wounded men, marched back, sixteen or eighteen miles, to head-quarters. The night was very cold and stormy. The snow fell deep, and it was not until midnight, or after, that the army got in. Many of the wounded, who otherwise might have recovered, died with the cold," &c.—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut*, vol. i. p. 338–340. See also *Mather's Magnalia*, 49, 50. *Hubbard*, 130–133. *Increase Mather*, 20. Captain Church was severely wounded in this action. "He was struck with three bullets, one on his thigh, which was near half cut off as it glanced on the joint of his hip-bone; another through the gatherings of his breeches and drawers, with a small

flesh-wound; a third pierced his pockets, and wounded a pair of mittens that he had borrowed of Captain *Prentice;* being wrapped up together, had the misfortune of having many holes cut through them with one bullet; however, he made shift to keep on his legs," &c.—*Church*, 27. This kind of defensive armour seems to have been not unusual in those chivalrous days. "Mr. Gill was struck with a musket-ball on the side of his belly; but being clad with a buff coat, and some thickness of paper under it, it never broke his skin."—*Church*, 11.

Stanzas IX. and X.

Till of the tribes whom rage at first, &c.

The jealousies of the confederated Indians among themselves hastened their separation, and consequent destruction in detail. "This quarrel proceeded to that height, that from that time forward those several Indians that had for so long a time been combined together resolved now to part, and every one to shift for themselves, and return to their own homes; Philip to Mount Hope, and the Narragansets to their own country again; the Nipnets and the River [Connecticut] Indians bending their course westward, others northward," &c.—*Hubbard*, 211. C. Mather says their demons deserted them. See notes to Canto III.

Of the once powerful nation of the Narragansets, Mr. Hubbard, immediately after the war, says, "there is none of them left on that side of the country, unless some few, not exceeding seventy in number, that have sheltered themselves under the inhabitants of Rhode-Island, as a merchant of that place, worthy of credit, lately affirmed to the writer hereof. It is considered by what degrees they have been consumed and destroyed."—*Hubbard, new edit.*, p. 158. Most of the persecuted tribes went westward, and were never heard of thereafter. Some settled among the Moheagans, on the Hudson river. An incredible number were executed at different places.

Those who in slavery's galling chain, &c.

"After this," says Church, "Dartmouth's distresses required succour, great part of the town being laid desolate, and many of the inhabitants killed; the most of Plymouth forces were ordered thither; and coming to Russel's garrison at Ponoganset, they met with a number of the enemy that had surrendered themselves prisoners on terms promised by Captain *Eels* of the garrison, and Ralph Earl, who persuaded them (by a friend Indian he had employed) to come in. And had their promises to the Indians been kept, and the Indians fairly treated, it is probable that most, if not all the Indians in those forts had soon followed the example of the Indians who had now surrendered themselves; which would have been a good step towards finishing the war. But in spite of all that Captains Eels, Church, or Earl, could say,

argue, plead, or beg, somebody else that had more power in their hands improved it; and without any regard to the promises made them on their surrendering themselves, they were carried away to *Plymouth, there sold, and transported out of the country, being about eight-score persons.*"

In another place, the narrator says, "They met the general, and presented him with eighteen of the enemy they had captived. The general, pleased with the exploit, gave them thanks, particularly to Mr. *Church*, the mover and chief actor of the business, and sending two of them (likely boys) a *present* to *Boston*; smiling at Mr. *Church*, told him *that he made no doubt his faculty would supply them with* Indian boys *enough before the war was ended.*"

Again; "Captain *Church* hastening with his prisoners through the woods to *Plymouth*, disposed of them all, except only one *Jeffery*, who proved very ingenuous and faithful to him, in informing him where other parcels of Indians harboured," &c.—E.

Stanza XI.

When all whom kin or friendship made
To his fallen fortunes dear, were dead.

Philip's uncle *Uncompoën*, sometimes called *Uncomdaen*,* was slain July 31st, 1676, and his sister taken prisoner at the same time. On the 2d of August, he narrowly escaped from Captain Church, leaving his peag, wife and son. His friends of any distinction among the other tribes had been killed before, viz., Canonchet, Pomham, Matoonas, &c.

And bullets whispered death was near.

Among Philip's other hair-breadth deliverances, the following is recorded by Captain Church; it happened on Taunton river, near Bridgewater. "Next morning Captain Church moved very early with his company, which was increased by many of Bridgewater that enlisted under him for that expedition, and by their piloting, soon came very still to the top of the great tree which the enemy had fallen across the river; and the captain spy'd an Indian sitting on the stump of it on the other side of the river, and he clapp'd his gun up, and had doubtless despatched him, but that one of his own Indians called hastily to him not to fire, for he believed it was one of their own men; upon which the Indian upon the stump looked about, and Captain Church's Indian seeing his face, perceived his mistake, for he knew him to be Philip, clapp'd up his gun and fired, but it was too late, for Philip immediately threw himself off the stump, leap'd down a bank on the side of the river, and made his escape."—*Church*, 62.

* *Akkompoin*, according to Church.

STANZA XII.

South from the tangled swamp that spread
Below the mount, an upland rose.

"*Philip* was now upon a little spot of upland, that was in the
of the miry swamp, just at the foot of the mount, which was a spo
that *Captain Church* was well acquainted with."—*Idem*, 70.

So spreads beneath the liquid surge.

"The Indians," says C. Mather, "covered themselves with gre
a subtilty of the same *nature*, though not of the same *colour*, that
to be used by the cuttle-fish."

STANZA XIII.

The Paniese.

"The counsellors of the Indian kings in New-England were
Paniese. These were not only the wisest, but largest and brav
be found among their subjects. They were the immediate gua
respective sachems, who made neither war nor peace, nor atte
weighty affair, without their advice." "These paniese, or n
state, were in league with the priests, or powaws. To keep th
awe, they pretended, as well as the priests, to have convers
invisible world, and that Hobbamock* often appeared to them."—

STANZA XIV.

When in his royalties he sate,

"The moon now shining bright, he saw him [Annawon] at
coming with something in his hands, and coming up to Captain
fell upon his knees before him, and offered him what he had b
speaking in plain English, said, "Great Captain, you have ki
and conquered his country; for I believe that I and my comp
last that war against the English, so suppose the war is end
means; and therefore these things belong unto you." Then
pack, he pulled out Philip's belt, curiously wrought with wom
nine inches broad, wrought with black and white wompom,
figures and flowers, and pictures of many birds and beasts.
hung upon Captain Church's shoulders, reached his ankles; a

* Supposed by the English to be the devil. See Notes to Canto I

belt of wompom he presented him with, wrought after the former manner, which Philip was wont to put upon his head; it had two flags on the back part, which hung down on his back; and another small belt with a star upon the end of it, which he used to hang on his breast; and they were all edged with red hair, which Annawon said they got in the Mohog's country. Then he pulled out two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket. He told Captain Church these were Philip's royalties, which he was wont to adorn himself with when he sat in state."—*Church*, p. 84. I have seen a cape made of feathers, said to have been Philip's, and a pouch of the same materials, at Brown College, in Providence. The Antiquarian Society in Rhode-Island profess, I believe, to have his scull.

Stanza XV.

As the panther's sight.

I am well aware that there is, properly, no such American animal; but it is a better sounding word, in poetry, than cat of the mountain, &c. I have also called a couguar a *tiger*, in the sixth Canto, to avoid a repetition of the word.

The crystal wave
Where the spirit dwells in his northern cave.

"About thirty miles below the falls of St. Anthony, at which I arrived the tenth day after I left Lake Pepin, is a remarkable cave of an amazing depth. The Indians term it Wakon-teebe, that is, the Dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance into it is about ten feet wide, the height of it five feet. The arch within it is near fifteen feet high and about thirty feet broad. The bottom of it consists of fine clear sand. About twenty feet from the entrance begins a lake, the water of which is transparent, and extends to an unsearchable distance; for the darkness of the cave prevents all attempts to acquire a knowledge of it. I threw a small pebble towards the interior parts of it with my utmost strength: I could hear that it fell into the water, and notwithstanding it was of so small a size, it caused an astonishing and horrible noise that reverberated through all those gloomy regions. I found in this cave many Indian hieroglyphics, which appeared very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss, so that it was with difficulty I could trace them. They were cut in a rude manner upon the inside of the walls, which were composed of a stone so extremely soft that it might easily be penetrated with a knife; a stone everywhere to be found near the Mississippi. The cave is only accessible by ascending a narrow steep passage that lies near the brink of the river."—*Carver's Travels*, p. 39, 40.

Stanza XIX.

Yet does our warm breath buoyant rise, &c.

"Whither is that breath flown, which a few hours ago sent up smoke to the Great Spirit?"—*Carver's Travels*, p. 282. The usual Indian metaphors for war and peace are generally known.—"Straight roads, smooth waters, clear sky, smoking the white calumet on a beaver blanket under the tree of peace, the war kettle," &c. &c. are terms familiar to all who have looked into Colden's History of the Five Nations, Carver's Travels, &c. I have not, therefore, thought it needful to make any note on particular expressions of this description. The following list of metaphors is extracted from Heckewelder, and comprises, I believe, most of those employed in the text.

"'The sky is overcast with dark blustering clouds.' We shall have troublesome times; we shall have war.—'A black cloud has arisen yonder.' War is threatened from that quarter, or from that nation.—'The path is already shut up.' Hostilities have commenced; the war is begun.—'The rivers run with blood.' War rages in the country.—'To bury the hatchet.' To make or conclude a peace.—'To lay down the hatchet, or to slip the hatchet under the bedstead.' To cease fighting for a while, during a truce; or, to place the hatchet at hand, so that it may be taken up again at a moment's warning.—'The hatchet you gave me was very sharp.' As you have satisfied me, I have done the same for you; I have killed many of your enemies.—'Singing birds.' Tale-bearers, story-tellers, liars.—'Don't listen to the singing of the birds which fly by.' Don't believe what stragglers tell you.—'To kindle a council fire at such a place.' To appoint a place where the national business is to be transacted; to establish the seat of government there.—'I will place you under my wings.' (Meaning under my arm-pits.) I will protect you at all hazards; you shall be perfectly safe; nobody shall molest you.—'Suffer no grass to grow on the war-path.' Carry on the war with vigour.—'To open a path from one nation to another, by removing the logs, brush, and briers out of the way.' To invite the nation to which the path leads to a friendly intercourse; to prepare the way to live on friendly terms with them.—'I have covered yon spot with fresh earth; I have raked leaves, and planted trees thereon;' means, literally, I have hidden the grave from your eyes; and figuratively, you must now be cheerful again!—'To bury deep in the earth' (an injury done). To consign it to oblivion."—*Heckewelder*, p. 125, 126, 127, 128, 129.

As the wretch by subtile sorcerer near.

"It is incredible to what a degree the superstitious belief in witchcraft operates on the mind of an Indian. The moment his imagination is struck with the idea he is bewitched, he is no longer himself. Of this extraordinary

power of their conjurers, of the causes which produce it, and the manner in which it is acquired, they have not a very definite idea. The sorcerer, they think, makes use of some deadening substance, which he conveys to the person he means to 'strike,' in a manner which they can neither understand nor describe. The person thus 'stricken' is immediately seized with an unaccountable terror. His spirits sink, his appetite fails, he is disturbed in his sleep, he pines and wastes away, or a fit of sickness seizes him, and he dies at last a miserable victim to the workings of his own imagination." —*Heckewelder*, 229–231. See also *Carver*, *Charlevoix*, *Bartram*, *Hearne*, &c. *referred to in Dr. Jarvis's discourse on the religion of the Indian tribes*, &c. *delivered before the N. Y. Historical Society*, *December* 20, 1819. And see notes to Canto IV. Dr. Jarvis, p. 51, takes notice of the mistake, made by Carver and others, in confounding the jongleurs, or jugglers (in English), with the priests. The expression, *sorcerer*, made use of in the text, alludes to the former order. I have generally, however, termed them *pow-wahs*, and their brethren, who followed the more regular practice, *prophets*. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Southey, in one of his 'Songs of the North-American Indians,' should put the French term *jongleur* in the mouth of a native.

Like the coward ghosts whom the bark of stone.

"They believe (the Chepewyans) that immediately after their death they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe, and that a gentle current bears them on to an extensive lake, in the centre of which is a most beautiful island; and that in the view of this delightful abode, they receive that judgment for their conduct during life which terminates their final state and unalterable allotment. If their good actions are declared to predominate, they are landed upon the island, where there is to be no end to their happiness; which, however, according to their notions, consists in an eternal enjoyment of sensual pleasure and carnal gratification. But if their bad actions weigh down the balance, the stone canoe sinks at once, and leaves them up to their chins in water, to behold and regret the reward enjoyed by the good, and eternally struggling, but with unavailing endeavours, to reach the blissful island from which they are excluded for ever."—*Mackenzie's Voyages*, p. 84, *New-York edit.* 1802.

The hunters came, the charm they brought.

It is said in Bartram's Travels that the deer are enticed by the olive leaves.

Stanza XXI.

Taubut. "Thank you."—*Heckewelder.*

As fierce the enclosing circle burns.

"Les chasseurs se rangent sur quatre lignes, qui forment un très grand quarré, et commencent par mettre le feu aux herbes, qui sont séches alors, et fort hautes; puis, à mesure que le feu gagne, ils avancent en se reserrant. Les bœufs, qui craignent extrêmement le feu, fuyent toujours, et se trouvent à la fin si serrés les uns contre les autres, qu'on les tuë ordinairement jusqu'au dernier." "Quand il [le bœuf] est blessé il est furieux, et se retourne sur les chasseurs."—*Charlevoix, tom.* iii. 131.

Stanza XXIII.

Miantonimo's honoured head.

I know not if the quantity of this word be correct. Miantonimo was the chief sachem of the Narragansets, and was defeated and taken prisoner in a pitched battle with Uncas, who cut off his head and sent it to the English. They stuck it on a pole, *in terrorum*, anno 1643. Canonchet was Miantonimo's son. He was captured in 1676 by the Connecticut forces and their Indian confederates, the Mohegans and Niantics, under their sachem, old Ninigret. Canonchet was one of the most gallant chieftains of that day. A very interesting account, too long to be inserted, is given of his capture, in Hubbard, p. 159–162. He was *honourably* shot by some Mohegans of his own rank. Mr. Irving has mentioned him in his life of Philip. Panoquin was the friend of Canonchet, and also a sub-sachem among the Narragansets.—*Hubbard. Mather's Magnalia. Increase Mather*, &c.

Ne'er from his path shall traveller turn,
Beside their grassy mound to mourn.

"But on whatever occasion they [the Indians' mounds] may have been made, they are of considerable notoriety among the Indians: for a party passing, about thirty years ago, through the part of the country where this barrow is, went through the woods directly to it, without any instructions or inquiry; and having staid about for some time, with expressions which were construed to be those of sorrow, they returned to the high road, which they had left about half a dozen miles to pay this visit, and pursued their journey."—*Jefferson's Notes*, p. 161, 162.

Stanza XXIV.

The battle-god.

"Il paroît, madame, que dans ces chansons on invoque le dieu de la guerre, que les Hurons appellent *Areskoui* et les Iroquois *Agreskoué*. Je ne sçai pas quel nom ou lui donne dans les langues Algonquines." "*L'Areskoui* des Hurons et *l'Agreskoué* des Iroquois est dans l'opinion de ces peuples le Souverain Etre, et le Dieu de la Guerre."—*Charlevoix*, III. 207–344. I do not know, any better than Father Charlevoix, the name of the war-god among the Lenapé; but find a totally different word for the verb *to make war*, which, in the Iroquois, is derived from the name of the deity. The New-England Indians, I believe, had no such person in their mythology.* The word is, therefore, improperly put into King Philip's mouth. Mr. Campbell writes it *Ariouski*, in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Stanza XXV.

So where at first with gurgling rush.

"I observed that the main body of the Fox river came from the south-west, that of the Ouisconsin from the north-east. That two such rivers should take their rise so near each other, and after running different courses, empty themselves into the sea, at a distance so amazing (for the former, having passed through several great lakes, and run upwards of two thousand miles, falls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the other, after joining the Mississippi, and having run an equal number of miles, disembogues itself into the Gulf of Mexico), is an instance scarcely to be met in the extensive continent of North America. I had an opportunity, the year following, of making the same observations on the affinity of various head branches of the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi [which] in some places approached so near that I could have stepped from the one to the other."—*Carver's Travels*, p. 28.

Stanza XXVI.

Enkindles at polluted fires—
The stem must crack.

"They will not suffer any belonging to them to fetch such things as are necessary, even fire, from these retreats, though the want is attended with the greatest inconvenience. They are also so superstitious as to think, if a

* See the notes to Canto IV.

pipe-stem cracks, which among them is made of wood, that the possessor has lighted it at one of these polluted fires," &c.—*Carver's Travels*, p. 152. This alludes to a particular custom, to which the simile in the text has no reference. See, also, for that custom, *Adair's History of the North American Indians*. *M'Kenzie's History of the Fur Trade*, p. 87. *Star in the West, by Dr. Boudinot*, &c. and the notes to Canto IV.

Stanza XXVII.

No Weko-lis shall ever sing.

"The Indians say that when the leaf of the white oak, which puts forth in the spring, is of the size of the ear of a mouse, it is time to plant corn; they observe that now the whipperwill has arrived, and is continually hovering over them, calling out his Indian name '*Wekolis*,' in order to remind them of the planting time, '*Hackihack !*' go to planting corn !"—*Heckewelder*, p. 305. Carver, mentioning the same circumstance, says, the Indians term the bird "*Muckawiss*."—p. 310.

The blasting wind with poisoned breath.

The mortality among the Indians, previous to the coming of the English, has been mentioned before, in the note from *Gookin*, on the Pawkanawkutts. And see notes to Canto III.

The Owannox.

This was the name given to the English by the Indians. Thus, when the enemy approached Mystic Fort, the sentry of the Pequods cried out, O wanux ! O wanux ! or, as C. Mather has it, Wannux ! Wannux !—*Magnalia*, VII. 42.

The gloomy ghosts of dead renown,

Is, I perceive, borrowed from Young,—

The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
All point to earth, and hiss at human pride !

Stanza XXVIII.

The council fire.

"*One house, one fire, and one canoe*, is to say that they constituted together one people, one family."—*Heckewelder*, 79.

Mysterious as the wave,
Where Huron disembogues its tides.

I transcribed these lines hastily, without referring to their precise allusion. The second line may be stricken out, without injuring the sense of the

passage. Those, however, who are disposed to be captious, are perfectly welcome to all the blunders *I* may have committed, here and elsewhere.

"I had like to have omitted a very extraordinary circumstance relative to these straits (Michillimackinack). According to observation, made by the French, while they were in possession of the fort, although there is no diurnal flood or ebb to be perceived in these waters, yet, from an exact attention to their state, a periodical alteration in them has been discovered. It was observed that they rose by gradual, but almost imperceptible degrees, till they had reached the height of about three feet. This was accomplished in seven years and a half; and in the same space they as gently decreased, till they had reached their former situation; so that in fifteen years they had completed this inexplicible revolution."—*Carver*, p. 92.

Stanza XXX.

Go howl around the walls of heaven!

"He," the Prophet, "likewise told me, that departed souls always went southward; and that the difference between the good and bad was this—that the former were admitted into a beautiful town, with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those walls, and in vain attempt to get in," &c.—*Diary of David Brainerd.*—E. See also *Carver*, p. 251. *M'Kenzie*, &c. &c.

The white man's arms.

Cotton Mather thus pathetically laments the introduction of fire-arms among the Indians. "After this the Land rested from War for forty Years together, even until the Sins of the Land called for a *new Scourge*; and the *Indians*, by being taught the use of *Guns*, which hitherto they had not learnt, were more capable to be made the instruments of inflicting it. The English Interest in *America* must at last, with Bleeding Lamentations, cry out *Heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis*. For after this, the *Auri* sacra *Fames*, that *cursed Hunger of Lucre*, in the diverse Nations of Europeans here, in diverse Colonies bordering upon one another, soon furnished the Savages with Tools to destroy those that furnish'd them;—*Tools pregnant with infernal flame*," &c.—*Magnalia*, VII. 44. The Dutch sold great quantities of fire-arms to the Indians.

Stanza XXXI.

By Sassacoüs' honoured bones.

This mode of expression is, I believe, improper for an Indian. The author last quoted has this curious remark, speaking of the destruction of the Pe-

quod fort. "When they came to see the ashes of their friends mingled with the ashes of the fort, and the bodies of so many of their Country terribly *Barbikew'd*, where the English had been doing a good morning's work, they Howl'd, they Roar'd, they stamp'd, they tore their hair; and though they did not *Swear* (*for they knew not how!*) yet they *Curs'd*, and were the Pictures of so many *Devils* in Desperation."—*Magnalia*, VII. 43.

In the fierce Maqua's clime.

The Indians in the western parts of Connecticut were tributary to the Mohawks. The cry of "a Mohawk! a Mohawk!" struck them with universal panic. The Mohawks announced their coming by the shout, "We are coming, we are coming, to suck your blood!" See *Colden's History*, vol. i. p. 3., and *Trumbull*, p. 56. These conquerors made a descent upon Philip's confederates, during this war, and destroyed numbers of them. See the notes to Canto III.

Stanza XXXII.

That Philip killed an Indian for proposing terms of peace, and that the brother, or friend, of the deceased, betrayed the sachem's haunts to the English, are historical facts, recorded by all the contemporary historians of that day. Cotton Mather says,—"A man belonging to *Philip* himself, being disgusted at him for killing an Indian, who had propounded an expedient of *peace* with the *English*, ran away from him to *Rhode Island*, where Captain Church was then recruiting of his weary forces."—*Magnalia*, VII. 45. "One of *Philip's* men (being disgusted at him, for killing an Indian, who had propounded an expedient for peace with the English), ran away from him, and coming to *Road Island*, informed," &c.—*Increase Mather*, p. 46. "Such had been his inveterate malice and wickedness against the English, that, despairing of mercy from them, he could not hear that any thing should be suggested to him about a peace, insomuch as he caused one of his confederates to be killed, for propounding an expedient of peace; which so provoked some of his company, not altogether so desperate as himself, that one of them (being near of kin to him that was killed), fled to Road Island," &c.—*Hubbard, old edit.* p. 103. See Captain Church's account in a note to Canto III. As to the mode of Agamoun's execution, it is, I believe, justifiable.

"The Sachem was not only examiner, judge, and executioner, in all criminal cases, but in all matters of justice between one man and another. The Sachem whipped the delinquent, and slit his nose, in cases which required these punishments; and he killed the delinquent, unless he were at a great distance. In this case, in which execution could not be done with his own hands, he sent his knife, by which it was effected. The Indians would not

receive any punishment that was not capital, from the hands of any except their Sachems. The Sachems were so absolute in their government, that they contemned the limited authority of the English governors."—*Trumbull*, p. 52, 53.

"In the time of *Bacon's* rebellion, one of these *Werowances* [Virginia Sachems], attended by several others of his nation, was treating with the English in *New Kent* county, about a Peace; and during the time of his Speech, one of his Attendants presum'd to interrupt him, which he resented as the most unpardonable Affront that could be offered him, and therefore he instantly took his *Tomahawk* from his girdle, and split the Fellow's head, for his presumption. The poor Fellow dying immediately upon the spot, he commanded some of his men to carry him out, and went on again with his Speech where he left off, as unconcern'd as if nothing had happen'd."—*History of Virginia*, p.194.

Stanza XXXIV.

The brave, the generous Annawon.

See a note to Canto V.

As in his dream the Initiate's faith.

See a subsequent note to this Canto.

Their courage is an old year's flame.

"The Indians esteem the old year's fire as a most dangerous pollution, regarding only the supposed holy fire, which the Archimagus annually renews for the people."—*Adair*, p. 22.

The insatiate hawk.

"The Cheerake Indians have a pointed proverbial expression, signifying 'The great hawk is at home.'"—*Adair*, p. 17, speaking of the Indian contempt of avarice.

Since childhood's earlier moons were dead, &c.

The following extracts relate to what some writers call "making black boys," and Mr. Heckewelder, "the initiation of boys." See the notes to Dr. Jarvis's discourse; and to the Fourth Canto.

"I do not know how to give a better name (initiation of boys) to a superstitious practice which is very common among the Indians, and, indeed, is universal among those nations that I have become acquainted with. By certain methods which I shall presently describe, they put the mind of a boy in a state of perturbation, so as to excite dreams and visions; by means of which they pretend that the boy receives instructions from certain spirits or

unknown agents as to his conduct in life, that he is informed of his future destination, and of the wonders he is to perform in his future career throughout the world.

"When a boy is to be thus *initiated*, he is put under an alternate course of physic and fasting, either taking no food whatever, or swallowing the most powerful and nauseous medicines, and occasionally he is made to drink decoctions of an intoxicating nature, until his mind becomes sufficiently bewildered, so that he sees, or fancies that he sees, visions, and has extraordinary dreams, for which, of course, he has been prepared beforehand. He will fancy himself flying through the air, walking under ground, stepping from one ridge or hill to the other across the valley beneath, fighting and conquering giants and monsters, and defeating whole hosts by his single arm. Then he has interviews with the Mannitto, or with spirits, who inform him of what he was before he was born, and what he will be after his death. His fate in this life is laid entirely open before him, the spirit tells him what is to be his future employment, whether he will be a valiant warrior, a mighty hunter, a doctor, a conjuror, or a prophet. There are even those who learn, or pretend to learn, in this way, the time and manner of their death.

"When a boy has been thus initiated, a name is given to him analogous to the visions that he has seen, and to the destiny that is supposed to be prepared for him. The boy, imagining all that happened to him while under perturbation to have been real, sets out in the world with lofty notions of himself, and animated with courage for the most desperate undertakings. They could always cite numerous instances of valiant men, who, in former times, in consequence of such dreams, had boldly attacked their enemy with nothing but the *Tamahican* in their hand, had not looked about to survey the number of their opponents, but had gone straight forward, striking all down before them."—*Heckewelder*, p. 238–9.

The extract which follows, is, perhaps, as satisfactory an explanation of this singular custom, as any that has been given since the author's time. The same, or similar rites, being used by the Indians of the north, probably gave occasion to the same superstition among the settlers there, as was entertained by those of the south; namely, that the savages sacrificed their children to Moloch, or the Devil.

"The Indians have their altars and places of sacrifice. Some say, they now and then sacrifice young children: but they deny it, and assure us, that when they withdraw their children, it is not to sacrifice them, but to consecrate them to the service of their god. *Smith* tells of one of these Sacrifices in his time, from the Testimony of some People who had been Eye-witnesses. His Words are these." Here follows a quotation from *Smith*, referred to in the notes to Dr. Jarvis's *Discourse*. He then proceeds; "I take this story of *Smith's* to be only an example of *Huskanawing*, which, being a ceremony then altogether unknown to him, he might easily mistake some of the Circumstances of it.

"The solemnity of the *Huskanawing* is commonly practis'd once every fourteen or sixteen years, or oftener, as their young Men happen to grow up. It is an Institution or Discipline which all young Men must pass, before they can be admitted to be of the Number of the great Men, Officers, or *Cockarouses* of the Nation; whereas by Captain *Smith's* Relation, they were only set apart to supply the Priesthood. The whole ceremony of *Huskanawing* is performed after the following manner:—

"The choicest and briskest young Men of the Town, and such only as have acquired some Treasure by their Travels and Hunting, are chosen out by the Rulers to be *Huskanawed;* and whoever refuses to undergo this Process, dares not remain among them. Several of those odd preparatory Fopperies are premis'd in the Beginning, which have been before related; but the principal Part of the Business is, to carry them into the Woods, and there keep them under Confinement, and destitute of all Society, for several Months; giving them no other Sustenance, but the Infusion or Decoction of some poisonous, intoxicating Roots; by virtue of which Physick, and by the severity of the Discipline which they undergo, they become stark staring Mad: In which raving Condition they are kept eighteen or twenty Days. During these Extremities, they are shut up, Night and Day, in a strong Inclosure, made on Purpose, one of which I saw, belonging to the *Pamaunkie Indians*, in the year 1694. It was in Shape like a Sugar-loaf, and every way open like a lattice, for the air to pass through. In this Cage, thirteen young men had been *Huskanaw'd*, and had not been a Month set at liberty when I saw it. Upon this Occasion it is pretended, that these poor Creatures drink so much of that Water of *Lethe*, that they perfectly lose the Remembrance of all former Things, even of their Parents, their Treasure, and their Language. When the Doctors find that they have drank sufficiently of the *Wysoccan* (so they call this mad Potion), they gradually restore them to their senses again, by lessening the Intoxication of their Diet; but before they are perfectly well, they bring them back into their Towns, while they are still wild and crazy, through the Violence of the Medicine. After this they are very fearful of discovering any thing of their former Remembrance; for if such a thing should happen to any of them they must immediately be *Huskanaw'd* again. Thus they unlive their former Lives, and commence Men, by forgetting that they ever have been Boys. The Indians pretend that this violent Method of taking away the Memory, is to release the Youth from all their childish Impressions, and from that strong Partiality to Persons and Things which is contracted before Reason comes to take place."—*History of Virginia*, p. 175, 176, 177, 178, 179.

This too oft sung the illumined priest.

"One thing," says Dr. Mather, "which imboldened King *Philip* in all his Outrages, was an assurance which his *Magicians*, consulting their *Oracles*, gave him, that no *Englishman should ever kill him;* and indeed if

any *Englishman* might have had the honour of *Killing* him, he must have had a good measure of *Grace* to have repressed the *Vanity of Mind* whereto he would have had some Temptations. But this will not extend the Life of that *Bloody* and *Crafty* Wretch above *half his daye*."—*Magnalia*, VII. p. 54.

STANZA XXXV.

Yamoyden.

A word euphonized by my deceased friend, I believe, from some more uncouth name. All the letters, however, belong to the alphabet of these Indians. The rude sound of the Indian names was distressing to the writers of Philip's age, as appears from several remarks of Mather, and others. The author of some verses, meant to be complimentary, prefixed to Hubbard's Narrative, calls them,

"Names uncouth which ne'er Minshew could reduce,
By's Pollyglotton to the vulgar use."

With all due deference, however, the appellations of many of these chieftains, particularly in the vicinity of Narraganset bay, if connected with classical associations, would seem full as sonorous as the names of the ancient heroes.

Prove if the spirits yet be dumb—
The sacrifice of blood.

See notes to Cantos III. and IV.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

The Virgin Mother's meek full eye.

"Christ himself, and the Virgin Mary had most beautiful eys, as amiable eys as any person, saith Barradius, that ever lived; but withall so modest, so chaste, that whosoever looked on them, was freed from that passion of burning lust; if we may believe Gerson and Bonaventure, there was no such antidote against it as the Virgin Marie's face."—*Burton's Anat. Mel.*

Stanza III

Round moon.

So the Indians term the full moon.—*Heckewelder*, p. 307.

Stanza V.

Sad Nora sits.

The name of the heroine was, in the original copy, scriptural. My friend afterward altered it; and I have left the one he selected.

A Nipnet chieftain wooed and won
Her virgin love.

I believe no example is on record, of a Christian woman, of any refinement, voluntarily leaving her friends, and going off with an Indian. There have been many instances where they have been carried off by the savages; and after having become used to their mode of life, refused to return to their connexions. La Hontan and Charlevoix are at issue, on a point respecting the taste of the French women. I quote from a poor translation of the former author, not having the original work. Speaking of the conduct of the savages, at the fair at Montreal, after they have intoxicated themselves a little, he says,—"'Tis a comical sight to see 'em running from shop to

shop, stark naked, with their bow and arrow. The nicer sort of women are wont to hold their fans before their eyes, to prevent their being frighted with the view of their ugly parts. But these merry Companions, who know the brisk She-Merchants as well as we, are not wanting in making an offer, which is sometimes accepted of, when the present is tempting. If we may credit the common report, there are more than one or two of the Ladies of this country, whose Constancy and Vertue have held out against the attacks of several officers, and at the same time vouchsafed a free access to these homely paramours. 'Tis presum'd their Compliance was the effect of Curiosity, rather than of any nice Relish; for, in a word, the Savages are neither brisk nor constant. But whatever is the matter, the women are the more excusable upon this Head, that such opportunities are very unfrequent."—*La Hontan's Voyage to N. America, done into English, London*, 1703.

"Si par hazard, Madame, vous tombez sur le livre de la HONTAN, où il est parlé de cette Foire, donnez vous bien de garde de prendre tout ce qu'il en dit pour des vérités. La vraisemblance n'y est pas même gardée. Les Femmes des Montreal n'ont jamais donné lieu à ce que cet Auteur y met sur leur compte, et il n'y a rien à craindre pour leur honneur de la part des Sauvages. Il est sans exemple qu'aucun d'eux ait jamais pris la moindre liberté avec les Françoises, lors même qu'elles ont été leurs Prisonnieres. Il's n'en sont pas même tentés, et il seroit a souhaiter que les François eussent le même dégout des Sauvagesses. La Hontan ne pouvoit pas ignorer ce qui est de notorieté publique en ce Pays; mais il vouloit égayer ses Mémoires, et pour y réussir, tout lui étoit bon," &c.—*Charlevoix*, III. p. 142–3.

STANZA VII.

The shores where the wife of the giant was thrown.

There is a tradition, preserved in the *Mass. Hist. Society*, vol. i. p. 137, of the Indians on one of the islands near Narraganset bay. They say that a giant, called Moshup, one of their ancestors, getting in a passion with his wife, hurled her through the air, and she dropped on Seaconet Point. There she beguiled those who were passing on the water with a melancholy song, which drew them to the shore, where she made them pay her tribute. She finally turned into stone.

STANZA IX.

The wakon bird descends from heaven.

"The Wakon bird, as it is termed by the Indians, appears to be of the same species as the birds of paradise. The name they have given it is expressive of its superior excellence and the veneration they have for it; the

Wakon bird being in their language the bird of the Great Spirit. It is nearly the size of a swallow, of a brown colour, shaded about the neck with a bright green; the wings are of a darker brown than the body; its tail is composed of four or five feathers, which are three times as long as its body, and which are beautifully shaded with green and purple. It carries this fine length of plumage in the same manner as a peacock does," &c.—*Carver*, p. 814. *Wakon*, however, is the term for God, or the Great Spirit, in the Naudowessie dialect. In the language of the Algonquins, Chippewyans, &c. which is radically the same with that of the New-England Indians, the name of the Deity, or Good Spirit, is *Kitchi Manitou;* as that of bad Spirits is *Matchi Manitou*. The term used in the text is therefore improper, as is also (though less objectionable, as it is applied), the phrase *Wakon cave*, employed in the Fourth Canto.

The great good Spirit's belovëd speech.

According to Adair, the Southern Indians termed the sacred traditions of their forefathers, "the beloved speech."

Stanza XI.

Wept like the roebuck when he flies.

"On dit qu'il [le Chevreuil] jette des larmes, lorsqu'il se voit poussé à bout par les chasseurs."—*Charlevoix*, III. p. 132.

Stanza XII.

I sought Seaconet's queen.

Awashonks, the "Sunke Squaw" of Seaconet, shortly before this time, had submitted, with ninety of her warriors, to Major Bradford. Her Indians accompanied the English in their last chase after Philip. See *Magnalia*, VII. 53. *Hubbard, new edit.*, 213. *Church*, 21, 43, &c.

Hunter genii.

Charlevoix mentions a feast in honour of what may be supposed to be the Hunter Genius, p. 118.

The wily red fox leap,
To snare the sportive birds.

"Les Renards donnent la chasse aux oiseaux de Riviere, d'une maniere fort ingénieuse. Ils s'avancent un peu dans l'Eau, puis se retirent et font cent cabrioles sur le Rivage. Les Canards, les Outards, et d'autres Oiseaux semblables, que ce jeu divertit, s'approchent du Renard; quand il les voit à

sa portée, il se tient fort tranquile d'abord, pour ne les point effaroucher, il renmuë seulement sa Queuë, comme pour les attirer de plus près, et ces sots Animaux donnent dans le piége, jusqu'a becquetter cette Queuë. Alors le Renard saute dessus, et manque rarement son coup."—*Charlevoix*, III. p. 183.

Balmy fountains of the west.

"Un officier digne de foi m'a assûré avoir vû une Fontaine, dont l'Eau est comme de l'Huile, et a le goût de Fer. Il m'a ajoûté qu'un peu plus loin, il y en a une autre toute semblable, et que les Sauvages se servent de son Eau, pour appaiser toutes sortes de douleurs."—*Idem*. p. 224.

Stanza XIII.

The wanderer of the lonely place
Waylaid, and tortured to confess.

"They soon captivated the Numponsets, and brought them in, not one escaping. This stroke he [Church] held several weeks, never returning empty handed. When he wanted intelligence of their kennelling places, he would march to some place likely to meet with some travellers or ramblers, and scattering his company, would lie close, and seldom lay above a day or two, at the most, before some of them would fall into his hands, whom he would compel to inform where their company was; and so, by his method of secret and sudden surprises, took great numbers of them prisoners."—*Church*.—E.

All the pure waters of thy faith.

The savages, naturally enough, ascribed supernatural effects to the sacrament of Baptism.—See *Charlevoix*, 249.

Stanza XVI.

"The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake, or marsh, called Ouaquaphenogan, which lies between Flint and Oukmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands, or knolls, of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creeks represent to be a most blissful spot of the earth: they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful; they also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game, who, being lost in inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing, were unex-

pectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they call daughters of the sun, who kindly gave them such provisions as they had with them, which were chiefly fruit, oranges, dates, &c. and some corn cakes, and then enjoined them to fly for safety to their own country; for that their husbands were fierce men, and cruel to strangers: they further say that these hunters had a view of their settlements, situated on the elevated banks of an island, or promontory, in a beautiful lake; but that in their endeavours to approach it they were in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return; which, after a number of inexpressible difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, their young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country; but all their attempts hitherto have proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot, nor even any road or pathway to it; yet they say that they frequently meet with certain signs of its being inhabited, as the building of canoes, footsteps of men, &c. They tell another story concerning the inhabitants of this sequestered country, which seems probable enough, which is, that they are the posterity of a fugitive remnant of the ancient Yameses, who escaped massacre after a bloody and decisive conflict between them and the Creek nation (who, it is certain, conquered, and nearly exterminated, that once powerful people), and here found an asylum, remote and secure from the fury of their proud conquerors."—*Bartram's Travels through North and South Carolina*, &c. *London*, 1792, p. 25, 26.

Stanza XVII.

And she had heard an Indian tell,
Such sounds foreboded sudden bale.

"As soon as night comes on, these birds will place themselves on the fences, stumps, or stones that lie near some house, and repeat their melancholy notes without any variation till midnight. The Indians, and some of the inhabitants of the back settlements, think if this bird perches upon any house, that it betokens some mishap to the inhabitants of it."—*Carver*, 311.

It was the soul of a love-lorn maid.

The author of the "*History of Virginia*," before quoted, makes mention, p. 185, of a bird, said to contain the soul of one of their princes, by the Indians. Their ideas of the transmigration of souls are referred to in the notes to Canto V.

STANZA XX.

Each stepping where the first had gone.

"They march one man behind the other, treading carefully in each other's steps, so that their number may not be ascertained by the prints of their feet."—*Heckewelder.*

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

Bright as the bird whom Indian legends sing, &c.

"The notion which the Chepewyans entertain of the creation is of a very singular nature. They believe that at the first the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightnings, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth," &c. &c. —*Mackenzie's Voyages*, p. 74.—E.

STANZA I.

The garden of the deep.

The island of Rhode Island has always been celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and the salubrity of its climate. Its surface is delightfully varied into hill and dale, wood and field, and unquestionably merits the appellation here bestowed. It was the rendezvous of the English colonists during the wars with Philip.—E.

STANZA X.

The plagues which sleep
In earth's dark bosom buried deep,
As the poor savage deems.

It is mentioned in "*New England's Memorial*," that the Indians supposed the white men had the power of burying the smallpox under ground, or letting it escape among them. They were severely afflicted with this disease, particularly in the spring of 1634. Owing to their total want of comfort and cleanliness, few of them could escape, who caught it. "Being very sore,"

says the *memorial*, "what with cold and other distempers, they die like rotten sheep." Cotton Mather says, it was the plague, which Squanto told his countrymen the English kept in a cellar.

Stanza XII.

How oft the storm their barks delayed.

The difficulties encountered by the first emigrants, in crossing the ocean, and after their arrival, are generally known. They are faithfully narrated in the *Magnalia*, *Prince's Chronological History*, *New-England's Memorial*, *Purchas's Collections*, &c. and in the modern histories of *Hutchinson*, *Trumbull*, &c. It would be useless to make any extracts in these brief notes, unless required by the text.

Stanza XIII.

A meteor fierce their herald came.

"Some of the ancient Indians, that are surviving at the writing hereof, do affirm, that about some two or three years before the first English arrived here, they saw a blazing star, or comet, which was a forerunner of this sad mortality, for soon after it came upon them in extremity. Thus God made way for his people by removing the heathen." &c.—*N. E. Memorial, Boston printed, Newport reprinted*, 1772. Of this mortality among the Indians, mentioned in the notes to Canto First, the Memorial says,—"The Lord was disposed much to waste them by a great mortality, together with which were their own civil dissensions and bloody wars, so as the twentieth person was scarce left alive when these people arrived; there remaining sad spectacles of that mortality in the place where they seated, by many bones and skulls of the dead lying above-ground: whereby it appeared that the living of them were not able to bury them." *Id.* p. 25.

C. Mather, *Magnalia*, I. 7, speaking of this mortality, says, "It is remarkable that a Frenchman, who not long before these transactions had by a shipwreck been made a captive among the Indians of this country, did, as the survivors reported, just before he dy'd in their hands, tell these tawny Pagans that God, being angry with them for their wickedness, would not only destroy them all, but also people the place with another nation, which would not live after their brutish manners. Those infidels then blasphemously reply'd, God could not kill them; which blasphemous mistake was confuted by an horrible and unusual *plague*," &c. This story is told more at length in *N. E. Memorial*, p. 29, 30.

Their powahs met with purpose fell.

"But before I pass on, let the reader take notice of a very remarkable particular, which was made known to the planters at Plymouth some short space after their arrival; that the Indians, before they came to the English to make friendship with them, got all the powahs in the country, who for three days together, in a horrid and devilish manner, did curse and execrate them with their conjurations; which assembly and service they held in a dark and dismal swamp. Behold how Satan laboured to hinder the gospel from coming into New-England."—*N. E. Memorial*, p. 32.

Stanza XIV.

Gaunt famine came.

That the miseries of this famine are not exaggerated may be seen by a reference to the authorities.

Crawled forth the myriad insect host.

"It is to be observed, that the spring before this sickness there was a numerous company of flies, which were like for bigness unto wasps' bumble-bees; they came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up the green things, and made such a constant yelling noise as made the woods ring of them, and ready to deafen the hearers; the Indians said that sickness would follow, and so it did very hot in the months of June, July, and August, of that summer."—*N. E. Memorial*, 99. The account of the sickness is given in the same place.

On steril soil.—
Oft blazed their roofs with raging flame—
And oft the fierce tornado came.

See the same book, p. 43, 103, &c.

Stanza XV.

A mortal terror o'er them came.

This circumstance is particularly dwelt upon by Nathaniel Morton (author of the Memorial), and C. Mather.

STANZA XVI.

When in their agonies they cried,
On Christ.

"After the English of the Massachusetts were returned, the Pequots took their time and opportunity to cut off some of the English at Connecticut, as they passed up and down upon their occasions; and tortured some of them in putting them to death in a most barbarous manner, and most blasphemously in (the Pequots' horrible blasphemy) this their cruelty, bade them call upon their God, or mocked and derided them when they so did."—*N. E. Memorial*, 107.

"Those who fell into their hands alive were cruelly tortured after a most barbarous manner, by insulting over their prisoners in a blasphemous wise, when in their dying agonies, under the extremity of their pains (their flesh being first slashed with knives, and then filled with burning embers), they called upon God and Christ, with gasping groans, resigning up their souls into their hands; with which words these wretched caitiffs used to mock the English afterward, when they came within their hearing and view."—*Hubbard*, p. 23, 24.

O'er daring sin—
Prolific schism.—

Alluding to the differences in religious opinions, which were so unsavoury in the nostrils of those worthy and stubborn sectarians, who had themselves emigrated that they might enjoy the free exercise of their tenets. One Thomas Morton, at an early period, appears to have been particularly and deservedly obnoxious for his open profanity. See *N. E. Memorial*, p. 76, 77. *Magnalia*, &c. This man, among the other offences laid to his charge, is said to have sold guns and powder to the natives.

Wo to the worm whate'er it be!

"But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered."—*Jonah*, c. iv. v. 7.

"Verba Doct. *Arrowsmith*, in Orat. Antiweigeliana, *Facit Deus Optimus, Maximus, tenacem adeo veritatis hanc Academiam, ut deinceps, in* Angliâ *Lupum, in* Hibernia *Bufonem, invenire facilius sit, quàm aut* Socinianum *aut* Arminianum *in* Cantabrigiâ."—*Magnalia*, iv. 138.

STANZA XVII.

On Moloch's streaming pyre.

See the Notes to Canto IV.

Thus saith the Lord.

Josh. c. 10. v. 8.

STANZA XVIII.

That polluted night
That saw the heathens' damning rite.

"The Indians took five or six of the English Prisoners; and that the Reader may understand, *crimine ab uno*, what it is to be taken by such *Devils Incarnate*, I shall here inform him: They *Stripp'd* these unhappy Prisoners, and caused them to run the *Gantlet*, and Whipped them after a Cruel and Bloody manner; they then threw Hot Ashes upon them, and cutting off Collops of their Flesh, they put *Fire* into their Wounds, and so, with Exquisite, Leisurely, Horrible Torments, *Roasted* them out of the World."—*Magnalia*, vii. 51, b. "But NOW was the time for Deliverance! There was an *Evil Spirit* of *Dissention* strangely sent among the *Indians*, which disposed them to separate from one another: The *Dæmons*, who visibly exhibited themselves among them at their *Powawing* or Conjuring, signified still unto them that they could now *do no more for them*: the *Maquas*, a Powerful Nation in the West, made a Descent upon them, ranging and raging through the Desart with irresistible Fury; *Fevers* and *Pluxes* became *Epidemical* among them, &c. And an unaccountable terror at the same time so Dispirited them, that they were like men under a Fascination."—*Idem*, p. 52, a.

"Whether for the loss of some of their own company in that day's enterprise (said to be an hundred and twenty), or whether it was the devil in whom they trusted that deceived them, and to whom they made their address the day before by sundry conjurations of their powaws; or whether it were by any dread that the Almighty sent upon their execrable blasphemies, which it is said they used in torturing some of their poor captives (bidding Jesus come and deliver them out of their hands from death, if he could), sure it is that after this day they never prospered in any attempt they made against the English, but were continually scattered and broken, till they were in a manner all consumed."—*Hubbard*, *new ed.* p. 186.

Then talked they of the sign beheld
By their advancing troop.

A central eclipse of the moon in Capricorn, according to Hubbard, happened on the 26th of June, when some troops from Boston were on their march to Mount Hope. "Some melancholy fancies would not be persuaded but that the eclipse, falling out at that instant of time, was ominous, conceiving also that in the centre of the moon they discerned an unusual black spot, not a little resembling the scalp of an Indian: As others, not long before,

imagined they saw the form of an Indian bow, accounting that likewise ominous (although the mischiefs following were done by guns, and not by bows). Both the one and the other might rather have thought of what Marcus Crassus, the Roman General, going forth with an army against the Parthians, once wisely replied to a private soldier, that would have dissuaded him from marching that time, because of an eclipse of the moon in Capricorn, that he was more afraid of Sagittarius than of Capricornus, meaning the arrows of the Parthians." &c.—*Hubbard*, p. 74.

Cotton Mather recording this circumstance, has the same remark with respect to Sagittarius and Capricornus. This is not the only instance in which he condescends to borrow from Hubbard. The latter, speaking of the butchery in cold blood, of thirty Pequods, says, "They were turned presently into Charon's ferryboat, under the command of Skipper Gallop, who despatched them a little without the harbor." This sentimental piece of wit is thus copied in the *Magnalia*, VII. p. 44. "They put the men on board a vessel of one Skipper *Gallop*, which proved a *Charon's* ferryboat unto them, for it was found the quickest Way to feed the Fishes with 'em."

Nor this alone portended war.

"Yea, and now we speak of things *Ominous*, we may add, Some time before this, in a Clear, Still, Sunshiny Morning, there were divers persons in *Malden* who heard in the Air, on the South-East of them, a *Great Gun* go *off*, and presently thereupon the Report of *Small Guns* like Musket Shot, very thick discharging, as if there had been a *Battel*. But that which most of all astonished them was the Flying of *Bullets*, which came Singing over their Heads, and seemed very near to them; after which the sound of *Drums* passing along Westward was very Audible; and on the same day, in *Plymouth* Colony, in several Places, invisible *Troops* of Horses were heard Riding to and fro."—*Magnalia*, VII. p. 46. For a further account of these prodigies, see *Hubbard*, p. 74, and *Increase Mather*, p. 34, who says he had the relation "from serious, faithfull, and Judicious hands, even of those who were ear-witnesses of these things."

Of timely rains, &c.

There are several instances related of the interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of the English, during their conflicts with the Indians. One of the most remarkable is said to have happened at Bridgewater. We borrow the words of Hubbard. "The Indians presently began to fire the town, but it pleased God so to spirit and encourage several of the inhabitants, issuing out of their garrison houses, that they fell upon them with great resolution, and beat them off; at the same instant of time, the Lord of Hosts also fighting for them from Heaven, by sending a storm of thunder and rain very seasonably, which prevented the burning of the houses which were fired."—E.

STANZA XX.

Dark, even in youth, the orphan's fate.

The story of Fitzgerald, previous to his emigration, is irrelevant to our subject. I have retained it, however, as it formed so considerable a portion of my friend's share of the poem. I have added three long stanzas, narrating the manner in which the daughter was won and carried off by the Indian. The ideas are probably borrowed from the wooing of Othello. How should they not be?

Like eastern birds of Paradise.

"Manucodiatæ, eastern birds of Paradise, that doe live on aire and dew."—*Burton's Anat. Mel.*

Who follows not the torch of hope, &c.

"Who builds not upon hope," says *Sir Philip Sidney*, "shall fear no earthquake of despair."—*Aphorisms.* So *Seneca*, in *Medea*,

Qui nil potest operare, desperet nihil.—E.

STANZA XXIV.

When even the brother had imbued
His hands amid his brother's blood;
The parent wept no more his son,
In that disastrous strife undone.

Sed postquam tellus scelere est imbuta nefando,
Iustitiam que omnes cupidâ de mente fugârunt,
Perfudere manus fraterno sanguine fratres,
Destitit extinctos natos lugere parentes, &c. &c.
Propertius, Epithal. Pelei et Thetidos.

STANZA XXV.

Naseby's fatal plain.

The decisive battle of Naseby was fought in the year 1645, with nearly equal forces, on the sides both of the king and parliament. The fortune of the day turned against Charles, and he was finally obliged to quit the field, with the loss of about eight hundred men; though the parliament lost above a thousand.—E.

Stanza XXVIII.

Perchance too long alone she strayed, &c.

"As fern grows in untild grounds, and all manner of weeds, so do grose humours in an idle body: *ignavum corrumpunt otia corpus.*" "Cozen german to idleness, and a concomitant cause, which goes hand in hand with it, is *nimia solitudo*, too much solitude—which is either coact, enforced, or else voluntary." "Voluntary solitude is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on, like a Screw, a shooing horn, or some Sphinx, to this irrevocable gulf. Most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole dayes, and keep their chambers, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*," &c. &c. —*Anat. Mel.*

Stanza XXIX.

Is it not written, &c.

Deuteronomy, chap. vii. ver. 1–4.

Stanza XXX.

Up to the camp two horsemen rode.

In the account of the means by which the intelligence of Philip was conveyed, we have deviated, not materially, however, from historical accuracy, in order the better to interweave it with the story. We quote the following from *Church's* history.—"Not seeing or hearing of any of the enemy, they went over the ferry (from *Pocasset*) to Rhode Island, to refresh themselves. The Captain, with about half a dozen in his company, took horse and rid about eight miles down the island, to Mr. *Sandford's*, where he had left his wife; who no sooner saw him but fainted with surprise; and by that time she was a little revived, they spied two horsemen coming a great pace. Captain *Church* told his company that those men (by their riding) came with tidings. When they came up they proved to be Major *Sandford* and Captain *Golding;* who immediately asked Captain *Church*, what he would give to hear some news of Philip? He reply'd, That was what he wanted. They told him, They had rid hard with some hopes of overtaking him, and were now come on purpose to inform him, that there were just now tidings from Mount Hope; an Indian came down from thence (where Philip's camp now was) on to Sand-point, over against Trip's, and halloo'd, and made signs to be fetched over, he reported, That he was fled from Philip, who,

(said he) has killed my BROTHER just before I came away, for giving some advice there displeased him. And said, he was fled for fear of meeting with the same thing his brother had met with; told them also, That Philip was now in Mount Hope neck."—E.

STANZA XXXIV.

And how to dust by sorrow borne, &c.

"Sir" (said some of the Indians to Captain Church), "you have now made Philip ready to die, for you have made him as poor and miserable as he used to make the English; for you have now killed or taken all his relations. That they believed he would now soon have his head, and that this bout had almost broke his heart."—*Church.*—E.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

Mid mazes strange the dancers seem to fly,
Wildly the unwearied hunters drive the Bear.

"Ils (les Iroquois et les Hurons) nomment les Pleyades, *les Danseurs* et les *Danseuses*. Ils donnent le nom *d'Ours* aux quatre premieres de ce que nous appellons la grande Ourse; les trois qui composent sa queuë, ou qui sont le train du Chariot de David, sont, selon eux, trois Chasseurs, qui poursuivent l'Ours; et la petite Etoile, qui accompagne celle du milieu, est la Chaudiere dont le second est chargé. Les Sauvages de l'Acadie nommoient tout simplement cette Constellation et la suivante, la grande et la petite Ourse; mais ne pourroit-on pas juger que quand ils parloient ainsi au sieur Lescarbot, ils ne répétoient que ce qu'ils avoient oüi dire à plusieurs François?"—*Charlevoix*, III. 400.

"It has been surprising unto me to find, that they have always called Charles's Wain by the name of *Paukunnawa*, or *The Bear*, which is the name by which *Europeans* also have distinguished it."—*Magnalia*, III. 192.

Manitto,

Or *Spirit*. The word is thus written by Heckewelder. By the English authors it is written Manitou, whence Mr. Campbell has it so, in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

"As when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods," &c.

The mistake may have arisen from the French authors writing it Manitou, which is pronounced Manetou.

The incantation which I have introduced in this place, is founded on the subsequent passages from Charlevoix; which are, I believe, abundantly sufficient to justify the expressions in the text, unless it be, perhaps, those in the second verse of the third stanza, where the Spirit is apostrophized as the Muse, or personification of the imagination itself. I have also taken the liberty of ascribing to one Spirit the congenial attributes of many. If Father Charlevoix has not been deceived, and led too far by his own fancy, surely, the elements of poetry cannot be denied to our aborigines.

"Before we launch out into the particulars of their worship, it will be proper to remark that the savages give the name of *Genius* or *Spirit* to all that surpasses their understanding, and proceeds from a cause that they cannot trace. Some of their Spirits they take to be Good, and some Bad; of the former sort are the *Spirit of Dreams*, &c. Of the latter sort are *Thunder*, *Hail falling upon their corn, a great Storm*," &c.—*La Hontan*, vol. ii. p. 30. The Manittos of the Lenapé are the same as the *Okkis* of the Iroquois.—*Charlevoix*, p. 345.

When the Indians had dreams, it was indispensable to their quiet, that the vision should be immediately accomplished. One of them, who dreamed that he was tormented by his enemies, had himself tied to a stake, and would not be pacified until he had been severely mangled. Many stories of this kind are told by Charlevoix, p. 354. The longest and most curious is that of a Huron woman, narrated p. 230, in the third volume. It is too long to be here inserted; though several ideas in the text are taken from it.

Stanza I. Ver. 2.

Thy whisper creeps where leaves are stirred, &c.

"Et l'on prétend que la présence de l'Esprit se manifeste par un Vent impétueux, qui se leve tout à coup; ou par un Mugissement, que l'on entend sous terre," &c. Charlevoix is here speaking, however, of the Spirit which occasions mental wandering in sickness; which I have identified with the Spirit of Dreams.

Stanza II. Ver. 1.

From the land, &c.

"They (four savages from the west) further informed us, That the Nation of the *Asseni poulaes*, whose lake is down in the map, and who lie North-East of the *Issatti*, was not above six or seven Days Journey from us: That none of the Nations within their Knowledge, who lie to the West and the North-West of them, had any great Lake about their Countries, which were very large, but only Rivers, which coming from the North, run cross the countries of their Neighbouring Nations, which border on their Confines, on the side of the Great Lake, which, in the Language of the Savages is the same as sea. That Spirits, and Pigmies, or men of little Stature, did inhabit them, as they had been informed by People that lived farther up than themselves; and that all the nations which lie beyond their Country, and those which are next to them, do dwell in Meadows and large Fields, where are many wild Bulls and Castors, which are greyer than those of the North, and have their Coat more inclining to Black; with many other wild Beasts,

which yield very fine Furrs."—*Hennepin's New Discovery of a Vast Country in America*, &c. *London, translated with additions*, 1699.

It is probable that Father Hennepin confounded the general name of the sea, among the savages, with the particular name given to the Assinapoil lake. Charlevoix says, "Le veritable Pays des Assinaboils est aux environs d'un Lac, qui porte leur nom, et que l'on connoit peu. Un François, que j'ai vu à Montreal m'a assûré y avoir été, mais il l'avoit vû, comme on voit la mer dans un Port, et en passant, L'opinion commune est que ce Lac a six cent lieuës de circuit; qu'on ne peut y aller que par des chemins presque impratiquables; que tous les Bords en sont charmans, &c. Quelques Sauvages le nomment Michinipi, qui veut dire la *Grande Eau*. C'est bien dommage que ce Lac n'ait pas été connû des Sçavans, qui ont cherché partout le Paradis Terrestre; il auroit été pour le moins aussi bien placé là que dans la Scandinavie,"—III. p. 185.

Ver. 2.

Then to the chief who has fasted long, &c.

"Celui qui doit commander ne songe point à lever des Soldats qu'il n'ait jeûné plusieurs jours, pendant lesquels il est barbouillé de noir, n'a presque point de conversation avec personne, invoque jour et nuit son Esprit tutelaire, observe surtout avec soin des Songes. La persuasion où il est, suivant le génie présomptueux de ces Barbares, qu'il va marcher à une Victoire certaine, ne manque guéres de lui causer des Rêves selon ses desirs."—*Charlevoix*, III. p. 216.

Ver. 3.

Then shall the hunter who waits for thee.

"C'est toujours un Chef de Guerre, qui marque le tems de la chasse de l'ours, et qui a soin d'inviter les chasseurs. Cette invitation est suivie d'une Jeûne de huit jours, pendant lesquels il n'est pas même permis de boire une goutte d'eau. Le Jeûne s'obverve pour obtenir des Esprits qu'ils fassent connôitre où l'on trouvera beaucoup d'ours," &c. &c.—*Charlevoix*, p. 115.

Where the hermit bear
Keeps his long fast.

"Le tems de la chasse de l'Ours est l'Hyver. Alors ces Animaux sont cachés dans les creux d'arbres; ou s'ils en trouvent d'abattus, ils se font de leurs Racines une Taniere, dont ils bouchent l'entrée, avec des Branches de Sapin, et où ils sont parfaitément à l'abri des rigueurs de la Saison. Si tout cela leur manque, ils font un Trou en Terre, et ont grand soin, quand ils y

sont entrés, d'en bien fermer l'ouverture. On est bien assûré qu'il n'y porte ancune provision, et par conséquent que pendant tout ce temps-là il ne boit, ni ne mange."—*Charlevoix*, p. 117.

With regard to the state in which the savages supposed the soul to be during sleep, Charlevoix has this passage. "Il n'y a rien, sur quoi ces Barbares ayent porté plus loin la superstition, et l'extravagance, que ce qui regarde les Songes; mais ils varient beaucoup dans la maniere, dont ils expliquent leurs pensées sur cela. Tantôt c'est l'Ame raisonnable, qui se promene, tandis que l'Ame sensitive continue d'animer le corps. Tantôt c'est le Génie familier, qui donne des avis salutaires sur ce qui doit arriver: tantôt c'est une visite, qu'on reçoit de l'Ame de l'Objet, auquel on rêve; mais de quelque façon, que l'on conçoive le Songe, il est toujours regardé comme une chose sacrée, et comme le moyen le plus ordinaire, dont les Dieux se servent pour faire connôitre aux Hommes leurs volontés."—*Charlevoix*, p. 354.

STANZA III. Ver. 1.

Thine the riddle, strange and dark.

It formed, according to our author, a great amusement of the savages, to tell their dreams in an enigmatic manner, and compel each other to divine them. A feast of dreams, as it was ordinarily called, but which was named by the Iroquois "the confusion of brains," was occasionally held. Its orgies were fantastical, and sometimes dangerous; for if any one took it into his head to say that he had dreamed of killing another, the person threatened had need of ready wit, to avert the literal fulfilment of the vision. An account of this festival is given in *Charlevoix*, p. 356. There was another strange custom growing out of this superstition. Previous to entering the enemies' country, the warriors ran about their camp, proclaiming their obscure visions; and he whose riddle was not satisfactorily guessed, had the privilege of returning without comment or dishonour. "Voila," says *Charlevoix*, "qui donne beau jeu aux Poltrons."—P. 237. These enigmas, as this author repeatedly remarks, were always ascribed to the inspiration of a genius.

Thine to yield the power to mark, &c.

"Il n'est pas étonnant après cela que les Sauvages croyent aux Revenans: aussi en font-ils des contes de toutes les façons. J'ai vû un pauvre Homme, qui à force d'en entendre parler, s'étoit imaginé qu'il avoit toujours une troupe de Morts a ses trousses, et comme on avoit pris plaisir à augmenter sa frayeur, il en etoit devenu fou."—P. 374.

Ver. 3.

When of thought and strength despoiled, &c.

"On ne refuse rien au malade de ce qu'il demande, parce que, dit-on, ses desirs en cet état sont des ordres du Génie, qui veille à sa conservation; et quand on appelle les Jongleurs, c'est moins à cause de leur habilité, que parce qu' on suppose, qu'ils peuvent mieux sçavoir des Esprits la cause du mal, et les remedes, qu'il y faut appliquer." "Selon les Iroquois, toute Maladie est un desir de l'Ame, et on ne meurt, que parce que le desir n'est pas accompli."—P. 367–370.

In consequence of this superstition, they would not begrudge any trouble or danger, to satisfy the wildest wishes of an invalid. The jugglers or quack doctors among them, take advantage of this belief, to prescribe, in desperate cases, the accomplishment of some impossible task, which they pretend is wished by the patient, as the Spirits have revealed to them.—*Id.* p. 368.

Ver. 4.

When the dizzy senses spin, &c.

Fools and madmen were supposed to be entirely under the influence of Spirits. The words of the latter were regarded as oracles.—*Idem.*

Like the Powah, when first within,
The present Spirit feeling.

"Il se commence (le Jongleur) par se faire suer, et quand il est bien fatigué à crier, à se debattre, et à invoquer son Génie, &c. Alors, plein de sa prétenduë Divinité, et plus semblable à un Energumene, qu'a un homme inspiré du Ciel," &c.—*Idem.*

"The Conjurer is a partner with the Priest, not only in the Cheat, but in the Advantages of it, and sometimes they officiate for one another. When this Artist is in the act of Conjuration, or of *Pauwawing*, as they term it, he always appears with an Air of Haste, or else in some convulsive posture, that seems to strain all the Faculties, like the Sybils, when they pretended to be under the power of Inspiration."—*History of Virginia*, p. 183.

Stanza V.

Loose o'er his frame the bear-skin hung.

"Of all the sights I ever saw among them, none appeared so near akin to what is usually imagined of *infernal powers*, as the appearance of one who

was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather restorer, of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bear-skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes, a pair of bear-skin stockings, and a great wooden face," &c.—*Brainerd's Diary.*—E.

"The Habit of the Indian Priest is a Cloak made in the Form of a Woman's Petticoat; but instead of tying it about their middle, they fasten the Gatherings about their neck, and tye it upon the Right Shoulder, always keeping one Arm out to use upon Occasion. This Cloak hangs even at the Bottom, but reaches no lower than the middle of the thigh; but what is most particular in it is, that it is constantly made of a Skin drest soft, with the Pelt or Fur on the Outside, and revers'd; insomuch, that when the Cloak has been a little worn, the Hair falls down in Flakes, and looks very shagged and Frightful."—*History of Virginia*, p. 143.

Stanza VI.

O saw ye that gleaming unearthly of light?

"Among their various superstitions, they [the Algonquins] believe that the vapour which is seen to hover over moist and swampy places, is the spirit of some person lately dead."—*Mackenzie.*—E.

Stanza VII.

Since earth from the deep—
Rose green o'er the waters.

See the first note to Canto III. There are many varieties in the account of the creation, given by the Indians, all agreeing in the circumstance of the earth's emerging from the deep. It is unnecessary to quote them here.

He perished, the Mammoth.—

An Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, who visited the Governor of Virginia during the revolution, informed him "that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock (on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen), and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one at

length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes.*

Yohewah.

I have retained this word in the text, because it sounds well; and, for the purposes of poetry, it is of little consequence whether it be a significant word, or a mere series of guttural noises. Yo-he-woh, as it is written by Adair, is precisely the noise made by the sailors, when hauling together; and as the Indians used it during their most violent dances, it is likely that similar exertions produced similar sounds; the giving utterance to which, in some measure, alleviated the pain of the effort. No doubt an Indian, when chopping wood, makes the same sort of grunt that a white man does. In like manner, Allelujah, or the sound resembling it, which the Indians are said to utter, is no more to be derived from the Hebrew, than from the Greek αιαι, or the Irish howl, Ullaloa, or the English Halloa.

Where now are the giants, the soil who possess'd?

See the first chapter of Heckewelder's "Historical Account," &c. The tradition of the Lenapé is, that when their fathers crossed the Mississippi, they met, on this side of it, with a nation called Alligewi, from whom, the author says, the Alleghany river and mountains received their name. "Many wonderful things are told of this famous people. They are said to have been remarkably stout and tall, and there is a tradition that there were giants among them; people of a much larger size than the tallest of the Lenapé. It is related that they had built to themselves regular fortifications, or entrenchments, from whence they would sally out, but were generally repulsed." Mr. H. describes two entrenchments he has seen. "Outside of the gateway of each of these two entrenchments, which lay within a mile of each other, were a number of large flat mounds, in which, the Indian pilot said, were buried hundreds of the slain Talligewi, whom I shall hereafter, with Col. Gibson, call Alligewi." The traces of gigantic feet, in different parts of the country, mentioned in several books, are ascribed to this people in the text.

STANZA VIII.

Lo! even now like some tree where a Spirit before, &c.

"Autrefois les Sauvages voisins de l'Acadie avoient dans leur Pays sur le bord de la Mer un Arbre extrémement vieux, dont ils racontoient bien des merveilles, et qu'on voyoit toujours chargé d'offrandes. La Mer ayant découvert toute sa racine, il se sôutint encore longtems presqu'en l'air contre la violence des vents et des flots, ce qui confirma ces Sauvages dans la pensée qu'il étoit le siége de quelque grand Esprit: sa chute ne fut pas même capa-

ble de les détromper, et tant qu'il en parut quelque bout de branches hors de l'eau, on lui rendit les mêmes honneurs, qu'avoit reçûs tout l'Arbre, lorsqu'il étoit sur pied."—*Charlevoix*, p. 349.

The simile of Lucan must occur to every classical reader :—

Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
Exuvias veteres populi, sacrata que gestans
Dona ducum ; nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
Pondere fixa suo est ; nudosque per aëra ramos
Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram.

Our nations, the children of earth.

See Mr. Heckewelder, chapter xxxiv. and Charlevoix, p. 344, and as before quoted, for the Indian ideas of the origin of mankind. The latter author mentions various and different accounts ; one of which coincides with that of the former. According to both authors, the Indians only considered man as the first of animals. They had a future state for the souls of bears, &c. as well as for those of men. Mr. Heckewelder quotes this tradition from a MS. of the Reverend Christopher Pyrlæus : "That they [the Iroquois] had dwelt in the earth where it was dark, and where no sun did shine. That though they followed hunting, they ate mice, which they caught with their hands. That Gauawagahha (one of them) having accidentally found a hole to get out of the earth at, he went out, and that in walking about on the earth, he found a deer, which he took back with him, and that, both on account of the meat tasting so very good, and the favourable description he had given them of the country above and on the earth, their mother concluded it best for them all to come out ; that accordingly they did so, and immediately set about planting corn, &c. That, however, the Nocharanorsul, that is, *the ground hog*, would not come out, but had remained in the ground as before." For this reason, they would not eat this animal. Mr. Heckewelder says that this tradition is common to the Iroquois and Lenapé. It resembles the account given by Æschilus, of the state in which Prometheus found mankind :

Οι πρῶτα μὲν βλέποντες ἔβλεπον μάτην,
Κλύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον· ἀλλ' ὀνειράτων
Ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι, τον μακρὸν χρόνον
Ἔφυρον ἐικῇ πάντα, κοὔτι πλινθυφεῖς
Δόμους προσείλους ἦσαν, οὐ ξυλουργίαν·
Κατώρυχες δ' ἔναιον, ὡστ' ἀήσυροι
Μύρμηκες, ἀντρων ἐν μυχοῖς ἀνηλίοις. κ. τ. λ.

Stanza X.

Like the swarms of the doves o'er the meads that descend.

"We imbarqued and made towards a meadow, in the neighbourhood of which the trees were covered with that sort of Fowl more than with leaves: For just then 'twas the season in which they retire from the North Countries, and repair to the Southern Climates; and one would have thought that all the Turtle-Doves upon Earth had chose to pass through this place. For the eighteen or twenty days that we stay'd there, I firmly believe that a thousand men might have fed upon 'em heartily, without putting themselves to any trouble."—*La Hontan*, i. p. 62.

"L'autre Manne, dont j'ai parlé, est une espece de Ramiers, qui passent ici dans les mois de Mai et de Juin; on dit qu'autrefois ils obscurcissoient l'Air par leur multitude; mais ce n'est plus la même chose aujourd'hui. Il en vient encore néanmoins jusqu'aux environs des Villes un assez grand nombre se reposer sur les arbres. On les appelle communement *Tourtes*, et ils different en effet des Ramiers, des Tourterelles et des Pigeons d'Europe, assez pour en faire un quatrième espece. Ils sont plus petits que nos plus gros Pigeons, dont ils ont les Yeux, et les Nuances de la Gorge. Leur Plumage est d'un brun obscur, à l'exception des Ailes, où il y a des plumes d'un très-bien Bleu. On diroit que ces Oiseaux ne cherchent qu'à se faire tuer; car s'il y a quelque Branche séche à un Arbre, c'est celle-là, qu'ils choisissent pour se percher, et ils se rangent de maniere, que le plus maladroit Tireur en peut abattre une demie douzaine au moins d'un seul coup de Fusil."—*Charlevoix*, p. 171.

Stanza XI.

Like the plants which by pure hands of virgins alone
Must be plucked.

"L'on montre certaines Plantes fort salutaires, qui n'ont point de virtu, disent les Sauvages, si elles ne sont employées par des mains vierges."—*Idem*, 350.

The foul bird of avarice.

The Hawk. See a Note to the First Canto.

STANZA XII.

The avenging Spirit's fiery breath
Had poured the withering storm of death, &c.

A superstition akin to this is recorded in Carver's Travels, p. 30.

Stolen when polluted walls were razed, &c.

This being a sacrifice to evil spirits, its materials were supplied by the opposites to all that was esteemed holy. As it is founded in error and mistake, the following Notes are selected merely to show whence the ideas in the text were derived; and by no means to support them.

"The Indian women are remarkably decent during their periodical illness; those nations that are most remote from the European settlements, as the Nadowessies, &c. are more particularly attentive to this point; though they all without exception adhere in some degree to the same custom. In every camp or town there is an apartment appropriated for their retirement at this time, to which they retreat, and seclude themselves with the utmost strictness, during this period, from all society," &c.—*Carver*. The rest of the passage with respect to the polluted fires is extracted in the Notes to Canto First. The author in another place says, that these houses were fired, and immediately abandoned. See also *Mackenzie*, *Adair*, &c.

STANZA XIV.

The Pow-wahs, &c.

"The manner of their devotion was, to kindle large fires in their wigwams, or in the open fields, and to sing and dance round them in a wild and violent manner. Sometimes they would all shout aloud, with the most antic and hideous notes. They made rattles of shells, which they shook in a wild and violent manner, to fill up the confused noise. Their priests, or powahs, led in these exercises. They were dressed in the most odd and surprising manner, with skins of odious and frightful creatures about their heads, faces, arms, and bodies. They painted themselves in the most ugly forms which could be devised. They sometimes sang, and then broke forth into strong invocations, with starts, and strange motions and passions. When these ceased, the other Indians groaned, making wild and doleful sounds. At these times they sacrificed their skins, Indian money, and the best of their treasures. These were taken by their Powahs, and all cast into the fires and consumed together. The English were also persuaded that they sometimes sacrificed their children as well as their most valuable commodities. Milford people observing an Indian child, nearly at one of these times of their devotion, dressed in an extraordinary manner, with all

kinds of Indian finery, had the curiosity to inquire what could be the reason. The Indians answered that it was to be sacrificed, and the people supposed that it was given to the devil. The Evil Spirit which the New-England Indians called Hobbam-ocko [or Hobam-oqui], the Virginia Indians called Okee. So deluded were these unhappy people, that they believed these barbarous sacrifices to be absolutely necessary. They imagined that unless they appeased and conciliated their gods in this manner, they would neither suffer them to have peace nor harvests."—*Trumbull*, I. p. 49. The Historian of Connecticut, on the authority of Mather and Purchas, thus assents to the popular belief with regard to the custom of human sacrifices among the Indians. In page 51 he has this passage,—"The stoutest and most promising boys were chosen, and trained up with peculiar care in the observation of certain Indian rites and customs. They were kept from all delicious meats, trained to coarse fare, and made to drink the juice of bitter herbs until it occasioned violent vomitings. They were beaten over their legs and shins with sticks, and made to run through brambles and thickets to make them hardy, and, as the Indians said, to render them more acceptable to Hobbam-ocko." This is undoubtedly the same custom mentioned in the previous extract; and is precisely that which prevailed among the Indians of Virginia, as seen by Captain John Smith, and which he thought was a sacrifice to the devil. His account is preserved in Purchas, and in the History of Virginia; and is explained in the latter book by the ceremony of Huskanawing. See a Note to Canto First. Heckewelder calls it the *Initiation of Boys;* and Charlevoix, "getting a tutelary Genius," iii. p. 346. See the notes to the Rev. Dr. Jarvis' Discourse; where most of the authorities on this subject are quoted. It is fully manifest that there was no such thing as the sacrifice of children among our Indians. The plot of the poem was hastily formed, when we had scarcely read any thing on the manners of the Indians, or even the history of the times. This ignorance led us, not only to introduce a rite which never had any existence, but to ascribe to Philip a useless piece of treachery and cruelty, with scarcely any necessity for it, even in supporting the fiction. I have endeavoured to make the incantations consistent with themselves, and with the error we fell into. As originally written, by myself, they did not possess even that merit. It is unnecessary to quote more from the old writers on the New-England Indians, to show their belief on this subject. They all agree, pretty much in the same point. "'Tis an unusual thing for them," says Mather, "to have their Assemblies, wherein, after the usage of some Diabolical *Rites*, a *Devil* appears unto them, to inform them and advise them about their circumstances; and sometimes there are odd Events of their making these applications to the *Devil*. For instance, 'tis particularly affirmed, That the *Indians* in their wars with us, finding a sore inconvenience by our *Dogs*, sacrificed a *Dog* to the Devil; after which no *English* Dog would bark at an *Indian* for divers months ensuing."—*Magnalia*, iii. 193. What interpreter

the Devil had on these occasions does not appear. That he did not understand the Indian tongue is manifest from what our author says himself immediately after. "Once finding that the *Dæmons* in a possessed young Woman understood the *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *Hebrew* Languages, my Curiosity led me to make Trial of this *Indian* Language, and the *Dæmons* did seem as if they did not understand it." Daniel Gookin gives this account of the matter. "Their religion is as other gentiles are. Some, for their God, adore the Sun; others the moon; some the earth; others the fire; and like vanities. [This is confounding the Spirits, or ministerial agencies, with the One Supreme Being, whom the Indians undoubtedly worshipped, as the writer goes on to say.] Yet generally they acknowledge One great supreme doer of good; and him they call Wonand, or Mannitt: another that is the great doer of evil or mischief; and him they call Mattand, which is the devil; and him they dread and fear *more* than they love and honour the former chief good, which is God. There are among them certain men and women whom they call powows. These are partly wizards and witches, holding familiarity with Satan, that evil one; and partly are physicians, and make use, at least in show, of herbs and roots, for curing the sick and diseased, &c. The powows are reputed, and I conceive justly, to hold familiarity with the devil; and therefore are, by the English laws, prohibited the exercise of their diabolical practices within the English jurisdiction, under the penalty of five pounds,—and the procurer, five pounds, —and every person present twenty pence. Satan doth strongly endeavour to keep up this practice among the Indians, and these powows are lactors for the devil," &c.—*Gookin*, p. 14.

Even Charlevoix believed in this absurd superstition. "Il est encore vrai que le Jongleurs roncontrent trop souvent juste dans leur Prédictions, pour croire qu'ils devinent toujours par hazard, et qu'il se passe dans ces occasions des choses, qu'il n'est presque pas possible d'attribuer à aucun secret naturel. On a vû les pieux dont ces Etuves étoient fermées, se courber jusqu'à terre tandis que le Jongleur se tenoit tranquille, sans remuer, sans y toucher, qu'il chantoit, et qu'il prédisoit l'avenir. Les Lettres des anciens Missionaires sont remplies de faits, qui ne laissent aucun doute que ces Seducteurs n'ayent un veritable commerce avec le Pere de la seduction et du mensonge."—III. 362.

Some writers, on the contrary, have gone too far, in asserting that the Indians had no knowledge of the Evil Spirit. The prophet, mentioned by Brainerd, who pretended to restore the ancient religion of the Indians, told him "that there was no such creature as the devil known among the Indians of old times." Baron La Hontan very dryly remarks, "that, in speaking of the devil, they do not mean that Evil Spirit that in Europe is represented under the figure of a Man, with a long Tail, and great Horns and Claws." His conclusion on the subject appears to be correct—"that these Ecclesiasticks [Jugglers] did not understand the true import of that great word

Matchi Manitou. For by the Devil they understand such things as are offensive to 'em, which, in our language, comes near to the signification of Misfortune, Fate, Unfavourable Destiny," &c. It was to *deprecate* the wrath of these baleful agencies, and not to *conciliate* their friendship and court their alliance, that sacrifices were offered to them.—*History of Virginia*, 170. The Indian worship extended to all the objects of nature. The Spirits of groves, torrents, mountains, rivers, and caves, had all their adorers and oblations. The minutest and most contemptible particle of matter, by the craft of the Juggler, or sickly fancy of the patient, became a genius, and was connected with a magic spell. How far their philosophy went, in the adoration of moral influences, seems more questionable; and though they are said to be believers in destiny, their worship of Fate, which La Hontan seems to imply, is highly improbable. As to their *Witchcraft*, no doubt its professors may have pretended a familiarity with the powers of evil. Their tricks were as simple and ridiculous, and often as fatal, as those of the practisers of the Obeah art among the negroes.

Save their girdles rude from the otter torn, &c.

"The Conjuror shaves all his hair off, except the crest on the crown; upon his Ear he wears the Skin of some dark-coloured Bird; he, as well as the Priest, is commonly grim'd with Soot, or the like; he hangs an Otter skin at his girdle," &c. "He has a black Bird, with expanded wings, fastened to his Ear."—*History of Virginia*, p. 143, 183. "Les os et les Peaux des Serpens servent aussi beaucoup aux Jongleurs et aux Sorciers, pour faire leurs prestiges; et ils se font des bandeaux et des Ceintures de leurs Peaux." "Un Jongleur paroit ensuite, ayant à la main un bâton orné de plumes par le moyen duquel il se vantoit de deviner les choses les plus cachées."—*Charlevoix.* The chichicoe, or chichicou, is a rattle, made of different materials, sometimes of a gourd, &c. It generally formed the music of a *powowing* assembly, and is mentioned under the same name by many different writers. See *Carver*, *Charlevoix*, *History of Virginia*, &c. "He advanced toward me with the instrument in his hand, that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry *tortoise shell*, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle."—*Brainerd's Diary.*—E. The mode of painting the bodies, described in the text, is mentioned by *Carver* and *Charlevoix.*

Stanza XV.

A woman once.

The Indian women are described as peculiarly addicted to the worship of evil spirits.—*Charlevoix*, p. 359, 360.

STANZA XVI.

And now began the Initiates' Dance.

The term "Initiate" is borrowed from Carver. He uses it, however, in reference to those who were admitted into "The Friendly Society of the Spirit."—p. 175. He mentions, in the same place, the Pawwah, or Black Dance, by which the Devil was supposed to be raised. The Dances of the Indians are described in so many places, and their mode is so well known, that I shall only insert the note left by my friend, from the *Diary of Brainerd.*

"Lord's day, Sept. 21.—I spent the day with the Indians on the island. As soon as they were up in the morning I attempted to instruct them, and laboured to get them together, but quickly found they had something else to do; for they gathered together all their powwows, and set about half a dozen of them to playing their tricks, and acting their frantic postures, in order to find out why they were so sickly, numbers of them being at that time disordered with a fever and bloody flux. In this they were engaged for several hours, making all the wild, distracted motions imaginable; sometimes singing, sometimes howling, sometimes extending their hands to the utmost stretch, spreading all their fingers, and seemed to push with them, as if they designed to fright something away, or at least keep it at arm's end; sometimes sitting flat on the earth; then bowing down their faces to the ground; wringing their sides, as if in pain and anguish; twisting their faces, turning up their eyes, grunting or puffing. These monstrous actions seemed to have something in them peculiarly suited to raise the devil, if he could be raised by any thing odd and frightful. Some of them were much more fervent in the business than others, and seemed to chant, peep, and mutter, with a great degree of warmth and vigour. I sat about thirty feet from them (though undiscovered), with my Bible in my hand, resolving, if possible, to spoil their sport, and prevent their receiving any answer from the infernal world."—E.

Then pealed the loud hah-huh!

"Heh, heh, heh,—These notes, if they might be so termed, are articulated with a harsh accent, and strained out with the utmost force of their lungs." "Whoo, Whoo, Whoop, is continued in a long, shrill tone, nearly till the breath is exhausted, and then broken off with a sudden elevation of the voice."—*Carver*, 172, 217.

Stanza XVII.

Beyond the hills the Spirit sleeps.

The Sun was often worshipped as the visible God. In the most solemn sacrifices, the fire was sometimes kindled from his heat.—*Carver, La Hontan, vol. second.* The Hurons are said to have confounded Areskoui with the Sun.—*Charlevoix.* When the Sun has set, they say he is dead.—*Carver, Charlevoix,* III. 219. *Adair,* 76.

The Wakon Cave.

See a note in Canto First, and on the "Wakon-Bird," in the notes to Canto Second.

Stanza XVIII.

Your serpent scar
On the blasted trunk is graven.

"Ces Peuples ne connoissent pas mieux la nature du Tonnerre; quelques uns le prenoient pour la voix d'une espéce particuliere d'Hommes, qui voloient dans les airs: d'autres disoient que ce bruit venoit de certains Oiseaux, qui leur étoient inconnus. Selon les Montaguais, c'etoit l'effort, que faisoit une Génie pour vomir une Couleuvre, qu'il avoit avalée; et ils appuyoient ce sentiment sur ce que, quand le Tonnerre étoit tombé sur un Arbre, on y voyoit une figure assez approchante de celle d'une Couleuvre."—*Charlevoix,* iii. 401.

The other superstitions referred to in this stanza, being local, and some of them belonging, moreover, to the Hurons, are far-fetched for an Incantation of the New-England Powaws.—*Transeant cum cæteris.* "Nearly half way between Saganaum Bay and the north-west corner of the Lake, lies another, which is termed Thunder Bay. The Indians, who have frequented these parts from time immemorial, and every European traveller that has passed through it, have unanimously agreed to call it by this name."—*Carver,* 91. "One of the Chipeway chiefs told me that some of their people, being once driven on the island of Maurepas, found on it large quantities of heavy, shining, yellow sand, that, from their description, must have been gold dust. Being struck with the beautiful appearance of it, in the morning, when they re-entered their canoe, they attempted to bring some away; but a spirit, of an amazing size, according to their account, sixty feet in height, strode in the water after them, and commanded them to deliver back what they had taken away. Since this incident, no Indian that has ever heard of it will venture near the same haunted coast."—*Idem,* 85. This island is known by the name of Manataulin, which signifies a Place of Spirits, and is

considered by the Indians as sacred as those already mentioned in Lake Superior. Two small islands near Detroit were called "les Isles de Serpens à Sonnettes;" Charlevoix says, "on assûre qu'elles sont tellement remplies de ces Animaux, que l'Air en est infecté." Serpent worship was common to all the Indians, but more peculiarly cultivated among some nations, as the Malhomines.—*Charlevoix*, 291.

Stanza XIX.

Come ye hither who o'er the thatch
Of the coward murderer hold your watch.

"Les Hurons étendoient le corps mort sur des Perches, au haut d'une Cabanne, et le Meurtrier étoit obligé de se tenir plusieurs jours de suite immédiatement au dessous, et de recevoir tout ce qui découloit de ce Cadavre, non-seulement sur soi, mais encore sur son manger, qu'on mettoit auprès de lui, à moins que par un présent considérable, fait à la Cabanne de Défunt il n'obtînt de garantir ses Vivres de ce Poison."—*Charlevoix*, III. p. 274.

Stanza XX.

Come ye who give power
To the curse that is said, &c.

"On a vû des Filles s'étrangler, pour avoir reçû une réprimande assez légere de leurs Meres, ou quelques gouttes d'Eau au Visage, et l'en avertir en lui disant, *Tu n'auras plus de Fille.*"—*Id.* 226.

Stanza XXI.

Come ye who as hawks hover o'er
The spot where the war-club is lying.

As a commencement of hostilities, according to Heckewelder, the Indians murder one of the enemy, and leave the war-club lying near the body; it is painted with their devices, that the party attacked may know their enemies, and not execute revenge on an innocent tribe.—*Page* 165.

Stanza XXII.

Ye who at the sick man's bed, &c.

As before mentioned, sickness is always ascribed to the agency of some spirit, of whatever form the Juggler's fancy pleases, which must be driven out of the patient before his recovery can be effected. If the force of imagination, in sickness, be duly considered, the practice of treating all diseases as cases of hypochondria, may not be so ridiculous as the fantastic manœuvres of these quacks would, at first sight, imply.

Stanza XXIII.

And ye who delight,
The soul to affright, &c.

"Ils disent que l'Ame séparée du corps conserve les mêmes inclinations, qu'elle avoit auparavant, et c'est la raison pourquoi ils enterrent avec les Morts tout ce qui étoit a leur usage." "Les Ames lorsque le tems est venu qu'elles doivent se séparer pour toujours de leurs corps, vont dans une Région, qui est destinée pour être leur demeure éternelle. Cette Région, disent les Sauvages, est fort éloignée vers l'Occident, et les Ames mettent plusieurs mois à s'y rendre. Elles ont même de grandes difficultés a surmonter, et elles courent de grands risques, avant que d'y arriver." "Dans le Pays des Ames, selon quelques-uns, l'Ame est transformée en Tourterelle."—*Charlevoix*, p. 351, 352.

Stanza XXV.

Not beneath the mantle blue,
Spread below Yohcwah's feet, &c.

Sacrifices to good Spirits were made when the sky was clear, the air serene, &c.—*La Hontan*, ii. 31, 32.

O serpent god.

This is one of the forms under which the Indians supposed the Evil Spirit to appear. "Another power they worship whom they call Hobbamock, and to the northward of us Hobbamoqui; this as farre as wee can conceive is the devill; him they call upon to cure their wounds and diseases. This Hobbomock appears in sundry formes unto them, as in the shape of a man, a deare, a fawne, an eagle, &c., but most ordinarily as a Snake."—*Winslow's "Good News from New-England," Anno* 1622, *in Purchas*, iv. p. 1867. And see *ante*, notes on this Canto.

STANZA XXVIII.

The hawks high are roving.

"Before a thunder-shower, these birds [night-hawks] are seen at an amazing height in the air, assembled together in great numbers."—*Carver.*

The elk-skin about him,
The crow-skin above.

It has been already mentioned, that the skin of some dark coloured bird was made use of at all conjurations. The elk-skin was also employed, according to Carver and others. Charlevoix says that it was always considered a good omen to dream of the elk.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

Stanza II.

Where yon old elm its arm extends, &c.

"They also fancy another spirit which appears in the shape of a man upon the trees near the lodge of a person deceased, whose property has not been interred with them. He is represented as bearing a gun in his hand, and it is believed that he does not return to his rest until the property that has been withheld from the grave has been sacrificed to it."—*M'Kenzie's Hist. of the Fur Trade*, p. 74.

Stanza VI.

Like some lone bird whose pinions hover, &c.

M. de Champlain remarked, among the fishes in the Lake which bears his name, one called by the savages *Chaousarou*, which is termed by Charlevoix "Le Poisson Armé." "Il a le corps à peu près de la figure d'un Brochet; mais il est couvert d'une Ecaille à l'épreuve du Poignard: sa couleur est d'un gris argenté, et il lui sorte de dessous la Gueule une Arête platte, dentelée, creuse et percée par le bout, &c. Un tel Animal est un vrai Pirate parmi les Habitans des Eaux; mais on n'imagineroit peutêtre pas qu'il fait aussi la Guerre aux Habitans des Airs; il la fait néanmoins, et en habile Chasseur; voici comment. Il se cache dans les Roseaux, de telle sorte qu'on ne peut voir que son Arme, qu'il tient élevée perpendiculairement au-dessus de l'Eau. Les Oiseaux qui viennent pour se reposer, prennent cette Arme pour un Roseau sec, ou un morceau de Bois, et se perchent dessus. Il n'y sont pas plûtôt, que la Poisson ouvre la Gueule, et fait si subitement le mouvement nécessaire pour ravir sa Proye, que rarement elle lui échape," &c.—*Charlevoix*, p. 153.

Even the vile fox's part essay.

The fox is said by Charlevoix to play the part of jackall for the carcajou, or quincajou, as it is termed by him.

Stanza IX.

The carcajou about him dart.

"This creature, which is of the cat kind, is a terrible enemy to the deer, elk, moose, carraboo, &c. He either comes upon them from some concealment unperceived, or climbs up into a tree, and waits till one of them, driven by an extreme of heat or cold, takes shelter under it; when he fastens upon his neck, and opening the jugular vein, soon brings his prey to the ground. This he is enabled to do by his long tail, with which he encircles the body of his adversary; and the only means they have to shun their fate, is by flying immediately to the water; by this method, as the carcajou has a great dislike to that element, he is sometimes got rid of before he can effect his purpose."—*Carver.*

Stanza XII.

Low in the swamp's unequal ground, &c.

This is an error which I omitted to correct. The Indians were not in the swamp, but on an upland, as is mentioned, correctly, in the Sixth Canto.

Stanza XIV.

Tradition meet for vulgar faith, &c.

Philip was said to have seen the devil in a dream the night before he was killed. Hubbard merely notices it in a parenthesis. "Whether the devil appeared to him in a dream that night, as he did unto Saul, foreboding his tragical end, it matters not." Increase Mather says,—"It seemeth that night *Philip* (like the man in the host of *Midian*) dreamed that he was fallen into the hands of the English, and just as he was saying to those that were with him, that they must fly for their lives that day, lest the Indian that was gone from him should discover where he was, Our Souldiers came upon him," &c. Cotton Mather borrows the account from his namesake. "That very night *Philip* (like the Man in the Army of Midian) had been dreaming that he was *fall'n into the hands of the English*," &c. Connecting the story of the dream with what Mather says Philip's Powaws had told him,—with the vision said to be revealed during the ceremony of Huskanawing,—and the belief in Destiny, which the Indians are said by Adair to entertain,—I have

endeavoured to make some poetical use of those several superstitions; and to give some unity to that part of the plot which is taken from history. I have made Ahauton shoot Philip; though that exploit is said, by Increase Mather, to have been performed by a Pocasset Indian, named *Alderman* by the English.

There was a tradition that Philip and the Devil used to amuse themselves, during their nocturnal interviews, by pitching quoits from the top of Mount Hope to Popasquash neck. I have understood that some large flat stones are still to be seen at the latter place, which are singularly situated; and that the mark of a large foot is visible somewhere on the rocks in the vicinity of Mount Hope, which was once attributed to the impress of the Devil.

Stanza XV.

Massasoiet—Ouamsutta—Uncompoëin.

See the Notes to Canto First.

Calumets.

Carver says he knows not why the Pipe of Peace was so termed by the French. La Hontan, in his explanatory Table, says,—"Calumet in general signifies a Pipe, being a *Norman* Word, deriv'd from Chalumeau. The Savages do not understand this Word. The Pipe of Peace is called in the Iroquese Language *Ganǫndaǫë*, and by the other Savage Nations *Poagen*."

Flutes and tabours.

The Indians had rude musical instruments resembling these. To the south, as might be expected, their music was more tolerable, or rather, less execrable than in the north. See *Bartram's Travels*.

Stanza XVI.

Assawomsett's lake—Sausaman.

See Notes to Canto First.

Stanza XVII.

Metapoiset's forest—Weetamoe.

"August 6. Twenty Souldiers marched out of Taunton, and took all those Indians, in number thirty and six, only the *Squaw-Sachem of Pocasset*, who was next unto *Philip*, in respect of the mischief that hath been done, and the blood that hath been shed in this Warr, escaped alone; but not long after some of *Taunton* finding an Indian Squaw in *Metapoiset* newly dead,

cut off her head, and it happened to be *Weetamoo*, i. e. *Squaw Sachem* her *head*. When it was set upon a pole in *Taunton*, the Indians who were prisoners there knew it presently, and made a most horrid and diabolical Lamentation, crying out that it was their Queen's head. Now here it is to be observed, that God himself, by his own hand, brought this enemy to destruction. For in that place where, the last year, she furnished *Philip* with Canooes for his men, she herself could not meet with a Canoo, but venturing over the River upon a Raft, that brake under her, so that she was drowned just before the English found her. Surely *Philip's* turn will be next."—*Increase Mather*, p. 45, 46.

Stanza XXII.

The belief in a metempsychosis, which Philip is here made to express, is not unwarranted.—"I once took great pains to dissuade from these notions a very sensible Indian. He asserted very strange things of his own supernatural knowledge, which he had obtained not only at the time of his initiation, but at other times, even before he was born. He said he knew he had lived through two generations; that he had died twice, and was born a third time, to live out the then present race, after which he was to die, and never more to come to this country again. He well remembered what the women had predicted, while he was yet in his mother's womb," &c. &c.—*Heckewelder*, p. 240.

"The Indians call this Altar by the Name of Powcorance, from whence proceeds the great Reverence they have for a small Bird that uses the Woods, and in their Note continually sound that Name. They say this is the Soul of one of their Princes; and on that score they would not hurt it for the World."—*History of Virginia*, p. 185. "The Chepewyans have some faint notion of the transmigration of the soul, so that if a child be born with teeth, they instantly imagine, from its premature appearance, that it bears a resemblance to some person who had lived to an advanced period, and that he has assumed a renovated life, with these extraordinary tokens of maturity."—*M'Kenzie. History of the Fur Trade*, 24.

"They brought me word that some new married Women were running to receive the Soul of an old Fellow that lay a dying. From thence I concluded that the People were *Pythagoreans;* and upon that Apprehension, ask'd 'em how they came to eat Animals, into which their Souls might be transfus'd: But they made answer, that the Transmigration of Souls is always confin'd to the respective Species, so that the Soul of a Man cannot enter into a Fowl, or that of a Fowl cannot be lodged in a quadruped, and so on."—*La Hontan*, I. 120.

"D'autres reconnoissent dans tous les Hommes deux Ames; ils attribuent à l'une tout ce que je viens de dire, ils prétendent que l'autre ne quitte

jamais le corps, si ce n'est pour passer dans un autre; ce qui n'arrive pourtant guéres, disent-ils, qu'aux Ames des Enfans, lesquels ayant peu joui de la vie, obtiennent d'en recommencer une nouvelle," &c.—*Charlevoix*, p. 351.

Stanza XXIII.

No wingëd sorcerer, &c.

"The Fish Hawk skims over the lakes and rivers, and sometimes seems to lie expanded on the water, as he hovers so close to it, and having by some attractive power drawn the fish within its reach, darts suddenly upon them. The charm it makes use of is supposed to be an oil contained in a small bag in the body," &c.—*Carver*.

No charmed bough, &c.

The Witch Hazel has been supposed to have the property of detecting veins of precious metal. The superstition is improperly introduced in the speech of an Indian.—T. C. C.

To see the foul and senseless beast
On generous valour coldly feast.

"However remarkable it may appear, it is certain that though the venom of the rattle-snake affects, in a greater or less degree, all animated nature, the *hog* is an exception to the rule, as that animal will readily destroy them, without dreading their poisonous fangs, and fatten on their flesh."—*Carver*.

Stanza XXVI. Ver. 3.

Along the mist-clad mountain's brow, &c.

Carver (page 265) gives a beautifully characteristic account of the conduct of an Indian woman on the successive deaths of her son and husband. The third verse, in the death-song of Philip, is taken from her Lament. "If thou hadst continued with us, my dear son, how well would the bow have become thy hand, and how fatal would thine arrows have proved to the enemies of our band. Thou wouldst often have drank their blood, and eaten their flesh,* and numerous slaves would have rewarded thy toils. With a nervous arm wouldst thou have seized the wounded buffaloe, or have combatted the fury of the enraged bear. Thou wouldst have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer," &c.

* These Indian metaphors, it is well known, are not to be taken literally. They mean no more than killing their enemies, simply; though several stories are related of the literal execution of their threat, "that they would suck the blood of their enemies." *Uncas* is said to have eaten a piece of Miantonimo. But the authority is very questionable.

Ver. 4. *Say, have I left ye, champions brave!*

"The bones of our deceased countrymen lie uncovered; they call out to us to revenge their wrongs, and we must satisfy their request. Their spirits cry out against us. They must be appeased. Sit, therefore, no longer inactive; give way to the impulse of your natural valour, anoint your hair, paint your faces, fill your quivers; let the forests resound with your songs; console the spirits of the dead, and tell them they shall be revenged." —*Carver*, p. 195.

Stanza XXVII.

Tiask. Tespiquin. Annawan.

Tiask, or Tiash, Tespiquin, Totoson, and others, were Philip's chief counsellors. Those mentioned in the text were with him in the swamp. They were all caught and killed soon after. Annawan, or Annawon, was also a chief captain and counsellor, and seems to have been an intelligent and high-minded warrior. He was taken by Captain Church soon after his escape from the swamp where Philip was killed; and behaved with great composure and magnanimity after his capture. "He was put to death, as he justly had deserved," says Mr. Hubbard.

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

Thee, Indians tell, the first of men to win,
Clomb long the vaulted heaven's unmeasured height.

The Iroquois do not go back to the earth for the creation of man. Six men first appear in their mythology; one of whom ascended to heaven to seek a woman, named Atahansic. He found her; and when she was detected in having received his visit, she was precipitated from the upper regions. She alighted on the back of a tortoise, where she was delivered of twins, one of whom killed the other, &c.—*Charlevoix*, p. 344.

Thou weeping comest, the sweet sagamité to strow.

"Chacun se retire ensuite chez soi, mais des Femmes reviennent pendant quelques jours verser au même endroit de la Sagamité."—*Idem*, p. 378. Sagamité is a mixture of Indian corn and other ingredients.

Stanza XVI.

The account of the ambushment and death of Philip is taken from Captain Church.

"By that time they were got over the ferry, and came near the ground, half the night was spent. The Captain commands a halt, and bringing the company together, he asked Major *Sandford's* and Captain *Golding's* advice, what method was best to take in making the onset, but they declined giving him any advice, telling him, *That his great experience and success forbid their taking upon them to give advice.* Then Captain *Church* offered Captain *Golding* that he should have the honour (if he would please to accept of it) to beat up *Philip's* head-quarters. He accepted the offer, and had his alloted number drawn out to him, and the pilot. Captain *Church's* instructions to him were to be very careful in his approach to the enemy, and be sure not to shew himself until by day light they might see and discern their own men from the enemy; told him also, that his custom in the like cases was, to creep, with his company, on their bellies, until they came as near as they could; and that as soon as the enemy discovered them they would cry

out; and that was the word for his men to fire and fall on. Directed him, when the enemy should start, and take into the swamp, they should pursue with speed, every man shouting and making what noise they could; for he would give orders to his ambuscade to fire on any that should come silently.

"Captain *Church* knowing that it was *Philip's* custom to be foremost in the flight, went down to the swamp, and gave Captain *Williams* of *Scituate* the command of the right wing of the ambush, and placed an *Englishman* and an Indian together behind such shelters of trees, &c. that he could find, and took care to place them at such distance that none might pass undiscovered between them; charged them to be careful of themselves, and of hurting their friends, and to fire at any that should come silently thro' the swamp; but being somewhat further thro' the swamp than he was aware of, he wanted men to make up his ambuscade. Having placed what men he had, he took Major *Sandford* by the hand, said *Sir, I have so placed them that it is scarce possible* Philip *should escape them.* The same moment a shot whistled over their heads, and then the noise of a gun towards *Philip's* camp. Captain *Church* thought at first it might be some gun fired by accident; but before he could speak, a whole volley followed, which was earlier than he expected. One of *Philip's* gang going forth, looked round him, and Captain *Golding* tho't the Indian looked right at him (though probably it was but his conceit) so fired at him, and upon his firing, the whole company that were with him fired upon the enemies' shelter before the Indians had time to rise from their sleep, and so overshot them. But their shelter was open on that side next the swamp, built so on purpose for the convenience of flight on occasion. They were soon in the swamp, and *Philip* the foremost, who starting at the first gun, threw his petunk and powder-horn over his head, catch'd up his gun, and ran as fast as he could scamper, without any more clothes than his small breeches and stockings, and ran directly on two of Captain *Church's* ambush; they let him come fair within shot, and the Englishman's gun missing fire, he bid the Indian fire away, and he did so to purpose, sent one musket bullet through his heart, and another not above two inches from it; he fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him. By this time the enemy perceived they were waylaid on the east side of the swamp, tack'd about short. One of the enemy, who seemed to be a great surly old fellow, halloo'd with a loud voice, and often called out, *Iootash, Iootash.* Captain *Church* called to his Indian *Peter*, and asked him, *who that was that call'd so?* He answered, It was old *Annawon*, *Philip's* great Captain, calling on his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly. Now the enemy finding that place of the swamp which was not ambush'd, many of them made their escape in the *English* tracks. The man that had shot down *Philip*, ran with all speed to Captain *Church*, and inform'd him of his exploit, who commanded him to be silent about it, and let no man more know it, until they had drove the swamp clean; but when they had drove the swamp thro', and found the enemy had

escaped, or at least the most of them, and the sun now up, and so the dew gone, that they could not easily track them, the whole company met together at the place where the enemies' night shelter was; and then Captain *Church* gave them the news of *Philip's* death; upon which the whole army gave three loud huzzas. Captain *Church* ordered his body to be pulled out of the mire on to the upland, so some of Captain *Church's* Indians took hold of him by his stockings, and some by his small breeches (being otherwise naked), and drew him thro' the mud to the upland, and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain *Church* then said, *That forasmuch as he had caused many an* Englishman's *body to be unburied, and to rot above ground, that not one of his bones should be buried.* And calling his old Indian executioner, bid him behead and quarter him; accordingly he came with his hatchet and stood over him, but before he struck he made a small speech, directing it to *Philip;* and then went to work, and did as he was ordered. *Philip* having one very remarkable hand, being much scarred, occasioned by the splitting of a pistol in it formerly; Captain *Church* gave the head and that hand to *Alderman*, the Indian who shot him, to show such Gentlemen as would bestow gratuities upon him; and accordingly he got many a penny by it. This was in the latter end of August, 1676."—*Church's History*, p. 70, 71, 72, 73.

The death of Philip draws from Captain Church no other comment, than that his company got but four shillings and sixpence a piece for their trouble. They shot but few Indians, and Philip's head went with the rest, at thirty shillings each.

There is a comical history of the Discovery of America and the Wars with the Indians, written by one H. Trumbull, which seems to have gone through several editions. He states that Philip was lying in a swamp, near Mount Hope, with ninety *Seaconet* Indians, and was shot by a *Mohegan*, on the *twenty-seventh of October*, 1679. Also, that Oneco, son of Uncas, broiled and ate a pound of Philip's flesh. Now the *Seaconets* were with Captain Church; Philip was shot by a *Pocasset* Indian; and that event took place on the *twelfth of August*, 1676. All the authorities agree in this point; and the story of Oneco and the pound of flesh is an embellishment, drawn entirely from the sanguinary imagination of this blundering chronicler. The rest of his history, at least as far as I am acquainted with the facts it professes to record, is equally, and as surprisingly, inaccurate.

Stanza XVII.

But as the elks in northern wood, &c.

The mode of hunting the elk, by driving him into the water, where other hunters are disposed in a semicircle of canoes, is described by *Charlevoix*, p. 7, 126.

STANZA XXIV.

As amber gum to feverish vein.

The balm of the sweet gum-tree, or liquid amber, is reckoned by the Indians to be an excellent febrifuge.—*Carver*, 335.

It will be seen from the extract from Church, in what respect we have deviated from history. It is unnecessary to add any thing more to these notes; except that Philip's quarters were hung up, "and his head (in the words of Mather) carried in Triumph to Plymouth, where it arrived on the very day that the Church there was keeping a solemn Thanksgiving to God. God sent 'em in the Head of a Leviathan for a Thanksgiving Feast.

ὕτως πᾶς ἀπόλοιτο, ὅτις τοιαῦτα ῥέξοι.
Sic pereat quisquis captârit talia posthac!"

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